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CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OF

Politics, Science, Art and Literature.

JOHN A. COOPER, EDITOR.

VOL. VIII.

NOVEMBER, 1896, TO APRIL, 1897, INCLUSIVE.

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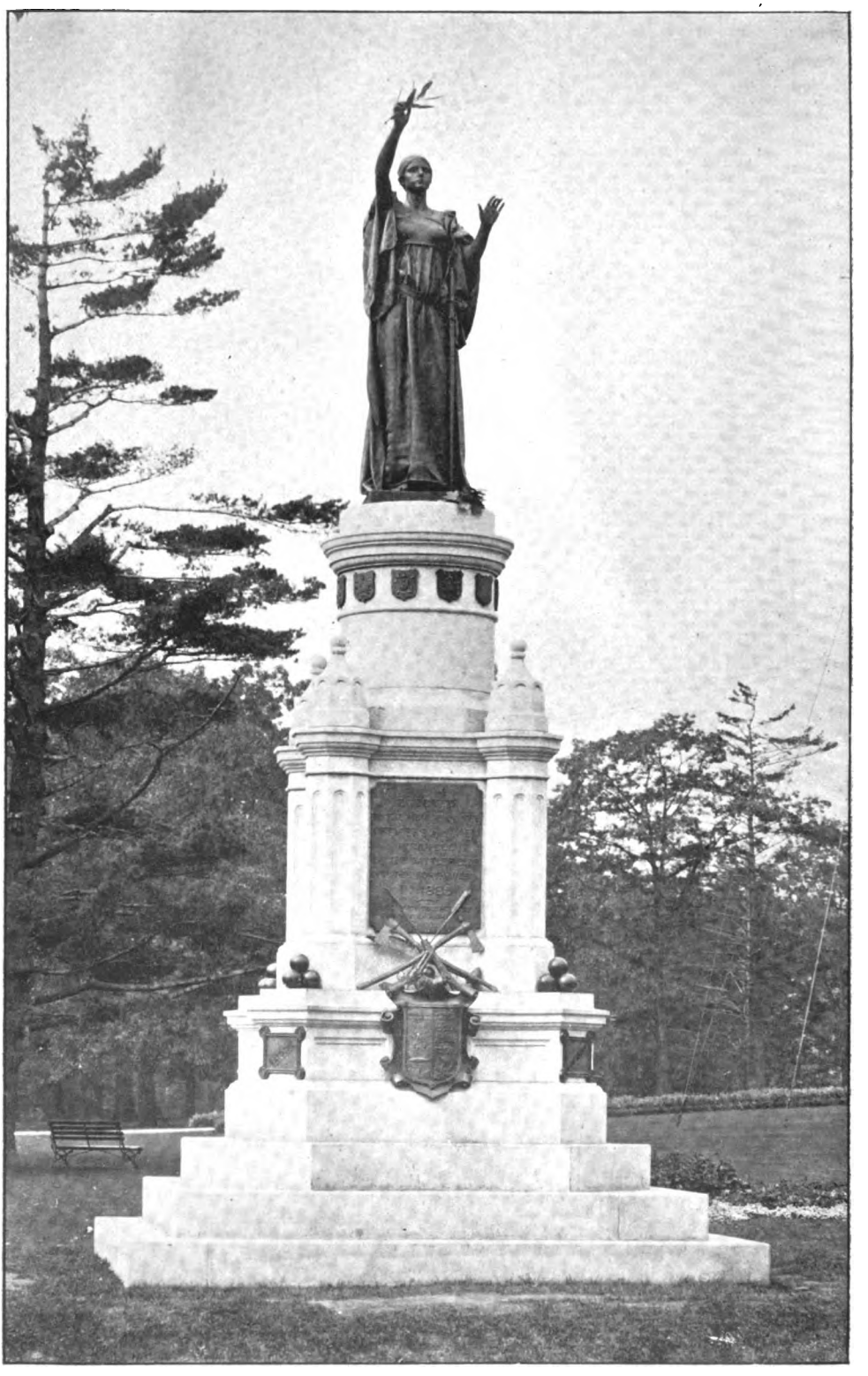
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MONUMENT TO SOLDIERS KILLED IN THE NORTH-WEST, IN 1885.

QUEEN'S PARK, TORONTO.

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THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. VIII. NOVEMBER 1896. No. 1.

REMINISCENCES OF FORT MACLEOD IN 1885.

BERTIE W. ANTROBUS.

"HALT! Who goes there?"
"Friend!"

"Pass, friend; all's well," came in shrill, ringing sounds directly under my window, at intervals, all through the long night—or nights, I should say, for that was an awful time of suspense, that spring of 1885, when the Indians in the North-West were up in arms and ready to swoop down upon the Whites at any moment; and we, at Fort Macleod, were two hundred miles from the nearest railway station, and there was no telegraph.



THF NORTHWEST MEDAL.

It is true there were couriers stationed at intervals of twelve miles all along the route, but in spite thereof the rebels somehow succeeded in getting news sooner than we, and it was well known they were only waiting the turn of events to make an attack. If things had gone differently that day at Batoche, it would have been a sorry time for us, for the Redskins were better armed than ourselves, and their red cousins on the other side of the boundary line were ready to join them at a moment's notice.

Bastions were added to the stockade, the big guns, that were always bright and shining, had an extra rubbing up, and every possible measure for defence taken, for Major Cotton and my husband were determined not to be caught napping or taken by surprise. Provisions were secured and stored in the Fort, twenty horses kept saddled night and day—not that anyone intended to attempt escape, for there were no cowards—but for emergencies and the use of couriers. There were a number of children to be considered, too, and after a deal of discussion it was decided to send them with their mothers to a place of safety.

Will we ever forget the day when the big, red, four-horse mail coach and two large waggon-loads of women and children left for Calgary to take the train east? It was a sad-looking little band, with an escort of well-armed Mounted Policemen on either side—women trying to smile and be brave, yet with eyes red from weeping at the thought of leaving their husbands—not knowing but it was

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for the last time. And when they were all gone, it seemed very desolate to feel I was the only woman in the Fort. My husband had done his best to persuade me to go; but I had no encumbrances like the others, no young life to think of before my own, and I thought I might be of use.

A few days after the women left, orders came for a detachment of Police to proceed to the front under command of Inspector Perry, and to take with them one of the big "nine pounders." Two companies of Rifles were sent to replace them, "Black Soldiers" the Indians called them, not having as much respect for the dark uniform as for the "red coat." They used to say "Little boy better go home to his mother; he no can ride, and his feet too big to run"—so much for government boots! But if the "Black Soldiers" could not run, the boots did not prevent their fighting, and when there were no Indians handy they did not hesitate to practise fisticuffs, at least, on one another, or even on one of their own officers when occasion seemed to demand. Then besides the Police and the gallant 9th, we also had as defenders the "Rocky Mountain Rangers," with Captain Jack Stuart at their head; and how these fellows longed for a scrimmage with a real live Indian instead of a clump of furze. When, after some good scouting work over the prairie, "Captain Jack" telegraphed their exploits to Ottawa—thinking, of course, they would immediately be sent to the scene of action, the reply came, "You done well! keep on,"—it was somewhat damping to their pride and ardour. But if disappointing to "The Rangers," that telegram was "nuts" to the Police, with whom it is a slang expression to this day, for when one of "the boys" is tempted to blow a bit, he is invariably greeted

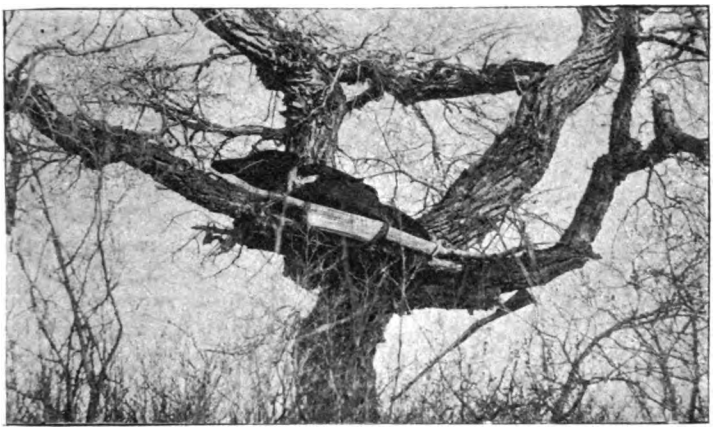


OBVERSE OF NORTHWEST MEDAL.



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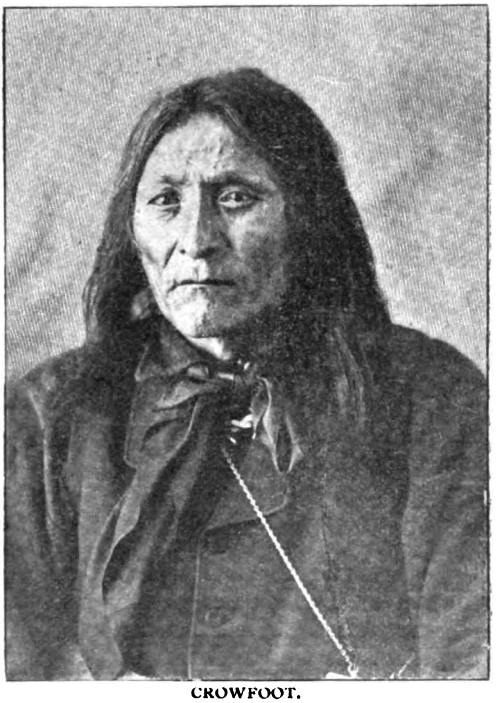


INDIAN GRAVE (AERIAL).

with "You done well; keep on," which is the key-note to any amount of chaff that is apt to cool bubbling, misplaced enthusiasm.

And then came news from the north of the awful massacre at Frog Lake; of the dear friends whom we had so lately left besieged at Battleford; how our old friend, Captain Dickens (son of the author), "Little Charlie" as he was familiarly styled by his brother officers, was shut up at Fort Pitt with a handful of men, and cut off in every way from assistance; and how our gallant old Colonel and his brave little band were shut up in Prince Albert—"Gophers in their holes" the newspapers dubbed them, but we knew better, and that they were merely obeying orders like good soldiers. Then there was the terrible fight at Duck Lake, where so many were killed and wounded. Then followed the burning of old Fort Carlton.

How little we thought when, only a short time before, traversing this quiet, peaceful-looking northern district, that it would speedily be the scene of terrible bloodshed. And after our long, tiring drive in the rain and sleet, when the ferryman—Louis Riel's lieutenant-governor, Fisher by name—refused to cross us at the South Branch of the Saskatchewan, how thankful we were to turn back to the comfortable house of old Batoche for the night—the house that held so prominent a place in the history of this rebellion.* Here, after laying aside our soaking garments, we passed upstairs, and landed in a long, wide hall, with bedrooms opening off which, after having slept on the hard ground so



CROWFOOT.

*I may here remark that it was in this house that Capt. French was shot. Dashing into the building, reckless of life, in quest of Riel's prisoners, he received a bullet in his breast while passing a window. His last words were: "Don't forget, boys, that I led you here!" Close behind him was Colonel Williams, who, in company with others, entered a neighboring building, wrenched open a trap door and released the white captives.

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REDRAWN FROM AN ENGRAVING.

A MOUNTED POLICE OFFICER.

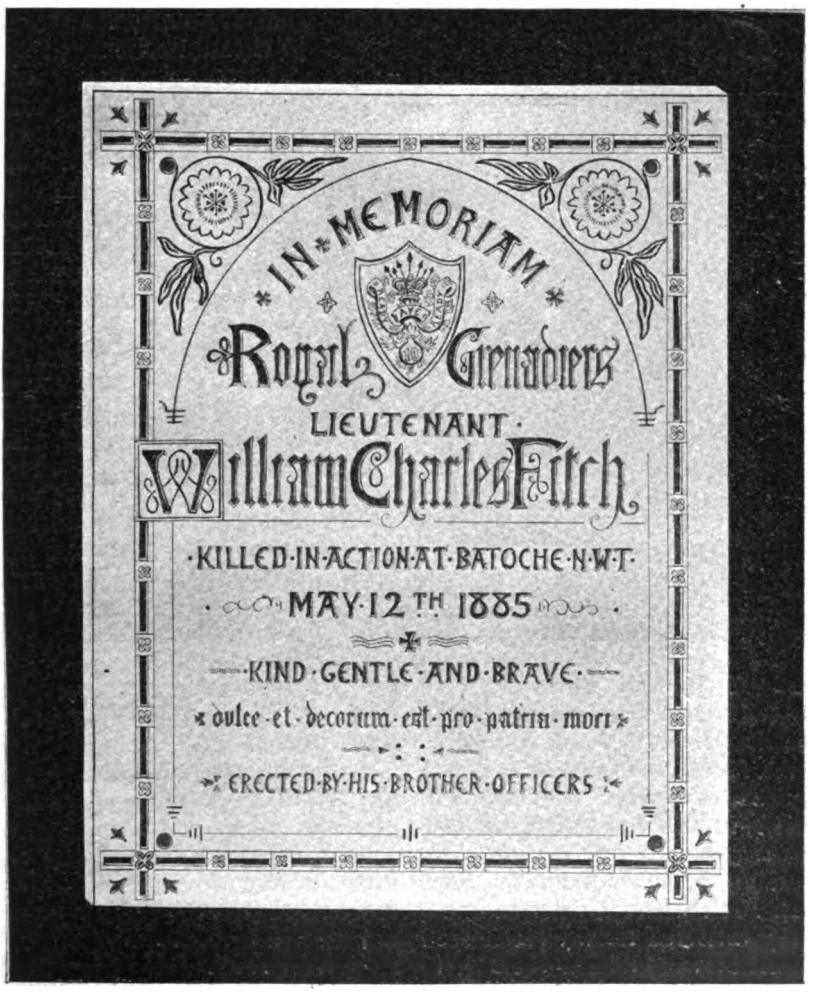
many nights, with their feather beds and piles of soft Hudson Bay blankets, looked the very personification of rest and comfort. Off this hall was the large drawing-room, with its upright horsehair chairs and sofas placed stiffly at respectful distances against the wall, with a gaily painted and suggestive-looking spittoon in front of each. Then there was the centre table, with its gay, bright covering, and big glass water pitcher and goblets—for ornament only; the lace curtains stretched to their full length and breadth, lined with turkey-red cotton to show off the pattern. But to tired travellers, all this display lost its vulgarity, and appeared bright and cheerful. Old Batoche personally did the honours, and while we were awaiting supper, proudly exhibited the contents of a large cupboard at the end of the room. First of all a bandbox carefully lifted down disclosed within a lovely sealskin cap, a purchase from "the Hudson's Bay Store"; then came a case with a huge meerschaum pipe, presented by "The Company"; and last, but not least, two beautiful China dinner sets, for which he had paid, he with much dignity informed us, $90 and $150, respectively. Both were brought into use in my honour, one for supper and the other for breakfast, though it is perhaps needless to add all the dishes were not required, since the meals were alike. They consisted chiefly of those two staple delicacies, boiled pork and potatoes in their jackets. I felt very much tempted to eat the latter half-breed fashion, on the wide blade of my knife, after fruitless endeavors to balance even the smallest portion on the end of a two-pronged fork. With what pride the old man showed us his treasures, little dreaming, I dare say, how short a time they were to be his, for instead of joining the other "breeds," he remained loyal and his place was looted while he was away trading for furs.

Loyalty was at a premium those days, hence I may speak of old "Moosomin," a Cree chief who went about with a

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tattered Union Jack draped over his shoulders, to show that he and his had no sympathy with the followers of Louis Riel. And there was also "Crowfoot," the head chief of the Blackfeet, peacefully disposed, but who had hard work to keep his young braves in order. He often declared he could not answer for his followers after the first shot was fired. They were very busy making arrows all this time, and had sent their women and children to a distance, evidence that they were spoiling for a fight.

One day when alone in my quarters, hearing a "How?" I looked up to see a young brave standing in the doorway. I happened to be wearing a dress with bright buttons, which latter took his eye, for putting both hands on my shoulders, he said, "Oh! Expesonia!" (lovely, beautiful), and by signs conveyed the information that he would like them cut off for his benefit. This I told him was impossible, but if he would wait on the doorstep I would get him some others, as I happened to have some of very gay character in my button box; and he was so pleased thereat he offered a dollar bill in



THE FITCH TABLET, IN ST. JAMES CATHEDRAL, TORONTO.

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FIGURE ON VOLUNTEERS MONUMENT IN QUEEN'S PARK, TORONTO; DESIGNED BY WALTER S. ALLWARD, SCULPTOR.

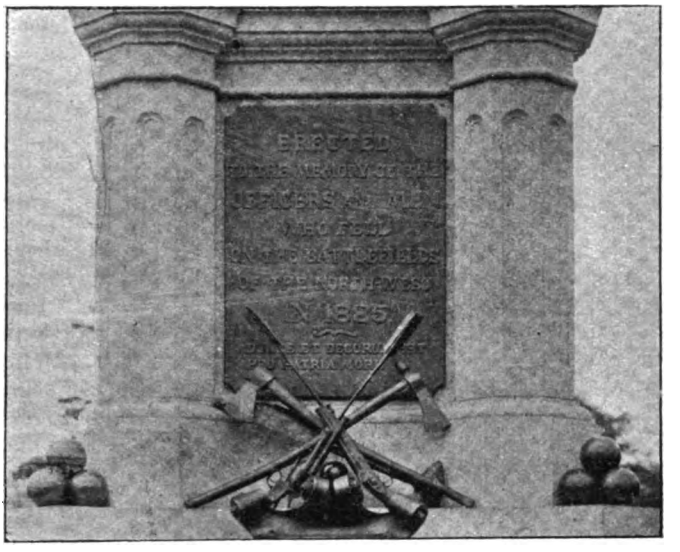
return. All Indians, however, were not so civil; they often used to come in with the demand "Nook-se-so-kit" (give me food). On one occasion I had quite a tea-party; no less than five chiefs, in full war paint and feathers, walked into my sitting-room and, seating themselves on the floor in a half-circle with rifles across knees as if they intended to stay, intimated refreshments would be agreeable, to which, when supplied, they did full justice. If my husband had not come in and suggested they should go to the store and get a plug of tobacco all around, I fancy they would have remained until everything in the house was devoured.

One of these warriors, "White Calf" by name, was covered with wounds which he delighted in showing, and describing how he had broken off the feathered ends and pushed the arrows through his body to remove them; indeed, he could have gotten rid of them in no other way, since if an attempt was made to withdraw them, the sharp, flat, iron point would instantly become detached and remain imbedded in the flesh. Their bows, too, were beautifully made, often being covered with rattlesnake skin as a sort of charm, and decorated with scalp locks. These were the weapons they were preparing, and possibly they were counting our scalp locks at the time, when came tidings of the battles of Fish Creek and Cut Knife, where so many brave men, who have since gone to rest, took part—Colonel William Herchmer, then Superintendent in the N.W.M. Police, afterwards Assistant Commissioner; Capt. Short, of B. Battery, who so heroically lost his life at Quebec; and where our well-known friend "Paddy" Bourk (bugler) was killed—poor Paddy!

Following the battles of Cut Knife and Fish Creek came news of that glorious charge and grand victory at Batoche, speedily followed by the return of our troops. What excitement there was the day they arrived, not only in barracks, but throughout all the country round! Every one turned out to meet and escort them in, every available old "cayuse" was in requi-

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sition, and even a dog belonging to one of the absent ones was dressed in full regimentals and rode out on the gun carriage to meet his master. And what a noise that old gun did make when it reached the top of the hill!—"the boys" could not load fast enough to satisfy their ardour. We had no band then, but everyone considered it a solemn duty to do his best in the way of making a noise, and this part of the celebration at least was a great success. And the big dance we had in their honour,—and that supper!—even our dusky friends had some part in the latter. Will any one who attended that ball ever forget it? Even the very violins themselves seemed to enter into the spirit of the affair. The sky had cleared, the storm was past, and white-winged peace brooded again over the fair North-West.







TABLETS FROM VOLUNTEERS MONUMENT, TORONTO.

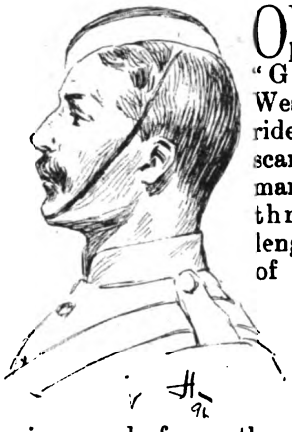
Bertie W. Antrobus.

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THE NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICEMAN.

A Character Sketch.

BY AN EX-POLICEMAN.



OVER the wide prairies of that "Great North-West" of ours there rides a gallant, scarlet-clad horseman, omnipresent throughout the length and breadth of that vast territory. From the fertile fields of Manitoba to the towering peaks of the Rockies, and from the bleak, desolate plains of Montana to the far-off, lonely Slave Lake, his scarlet jacket is known, feared and honoured. He it is who upholds the majesty of law and order, and sways the sceptre of authority over a tract of semi-wilderness measured by tens of thousands of square miles. Within the limits of his jurisdiction mighty is his word and great is his power. He has made the strong arm of British justice a terror to evil-doers, a bulwark and a defence to the peaceable colonist. From the low doorway of his teepee, the Redman scowls askance at the scarlet-coated figure, but the herds of the Paleface graze unmolested. After one glimpse of the blue and yellow forage cap, the typical western desperado, the "Bad Man," fresh from lording it over those who frequent the saloons and gambling-hells of the Western States, degenerates (?) into a quiet, peaceful, inoffensive personage.

This scarlet-clad horseman is the North-West Mounted Policeman of Canada, and of his brilliant record, of his gallantry and of his efficiency, all Canadians should be proud. On the margin of every page in the history of the civilization of the North-West, his figure is indelibly stamped, and though he follow the vanishing Indian down the fast dimming trail of the buffalo, yet will his name and his fame ever be remembered in the land which he has helped to civilize.

He presents himself for our observation in a variety of guises. On a warm summer day he may be met strolling down the street of some rising railroad town, or found seated at the dining table of some first-class hotel, as a natty cavalry man. From the button of his forage cap to his brilliantly burnished spurs, he is as spick and span as any dandy trooper in the Imperial service; and looks exactly what he is, a smart, active soldier. On the contrary, while doing



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MOUNTED PARADE, N. W. M. POLICE, REGINA.

special duty far removed from civilization, he looks exactly what he is not, a border ruffian. Clad in sombrero, buckskin shirt, and "Shaps,"* with unshaven (alas! often dirty) face, he looks as tough as a broken-down cow-puncher. At the same time it must be admitted that he looks extremely business-like. He may be dirty, but his horse is not; he may not look fit to appear upon a full dress parade, but the condition of his accoutrements is above reproach. Again, when the gentle zephyrs of the North-West blow softly from the pole, he appears in a third character. Wrapped from head to foot in furs, and seated in his narrow "Flatsleigh," † as he threads his way through the forests and muskegs of the far north, he appears more like an Eskimo than anything else. And he must needs be like an Eskimo in more than outward resemblance, in order to face, on those long dreary miles of patrol, the icy breath of the Arctic winter.

Though he appear in divers outward garbs and upon various duties, yet the inner man is essentially the same, a distinct, though broad type, and as a type easily considered. The elements constituting his nature are not so incongruous as might be supposed. It is true that he is a combination of "All sorts and conditions of men," men blown together by the "round-up" of the winds of heaven, but these do not differ from one another so much as might at first glance appear. The wanderer, the rolling-stone, the ne'er-do-well, and the prodi-



DETACHMENT GUN SQUAD.

* Chapareros, or heavy riding overalls of horsehide or calfskin.
† A large toboggan, with low back and sides, drawn by dogs or horses.

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DRAWN FROM LIFE BY HEMING.

MOUNTED POLICEMAN IN STREET DRESS.

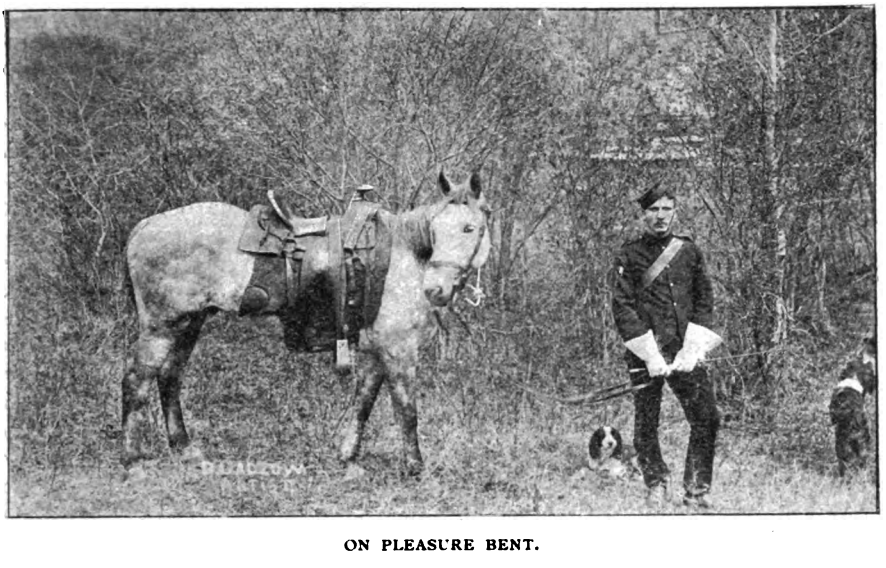
that he patrols the prairies as a North-West Policeman.

In his veins flows the hot, strong blood of the Anglo-Saxon, that fierce, restless current, which, ever surging impetuously onward, has encircled the globe from sunrise to sunrise. Some slight admixture of foreign element there is, a dash of the Teuton or the Gaul, but it is merely a drop in the flood and does not appreciably affect the intensely national character of the man. His is the deep thirst for excitement and adventure, the admiration for muscle and manliness, the generous scorn for all baseness and cowardice, that distinguishes England's sons all the world over. His is the reckless, dashing bravery, the cool, calculating courage, the calm, quiet endurance, that has conquered so many fields for our Motherland. With a heart that beats a maddened response to the clanging and clashing of steel, to the thunder of galloping hoofs, or the sweet, clear notes of the trumpet singing of fame and glory and honour, small wonder that he holds a foremost and an honourable place among the people whose guardian he has become.

gal, who chiefly recruit the ranks of the force, are practically one and the same individual, and any minor differences of rank or station they may possess are soon effaced in the mill of discipline. Whatever has been the previous life of the recruit, whether clerk or aristocrat, student or farmer, he soon becomes but one of a class, and but one uniform among many. From the midst of a heterogeneous collection of humanity he rises as a distinct figure, and it is as a distinct figure

In the close pursuit of horse-thieves or other criminals, our friend is in his glory. Should he win the race, the prize will probably consist of an interchange of leaden courtesies, oft-times deeply felt and long remembered—but this prospect only adds to

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ON PLEASURE BENT.

his enjoyment, only sinks the spurs deeper into his horse's flanks. He rather enjoys hearing the sharp whip-like report of carbine or revolver, and the vicious scream of a ricocheting bullet sends no chill to his heart. He calls it "living" to gallop along with tiny spats of dust rising from the prairie around him, and the zipping as of insects in his ears. He considers it "an experience" to have a bullet through his body, and fondly imagines that it enlarges his views of life. And death—what cares he for death as he rushes along through the fragrant prairie breezes, swaying responsive in the saddle to every motion of his horse, and each nerve tingling with excitement as his quarry comes into view on the crest of a rise ahead! What cares he that the Rider of the White Horse follows close upon his trail, while yet the intoxicating joy of the headlong chase fills his breast!

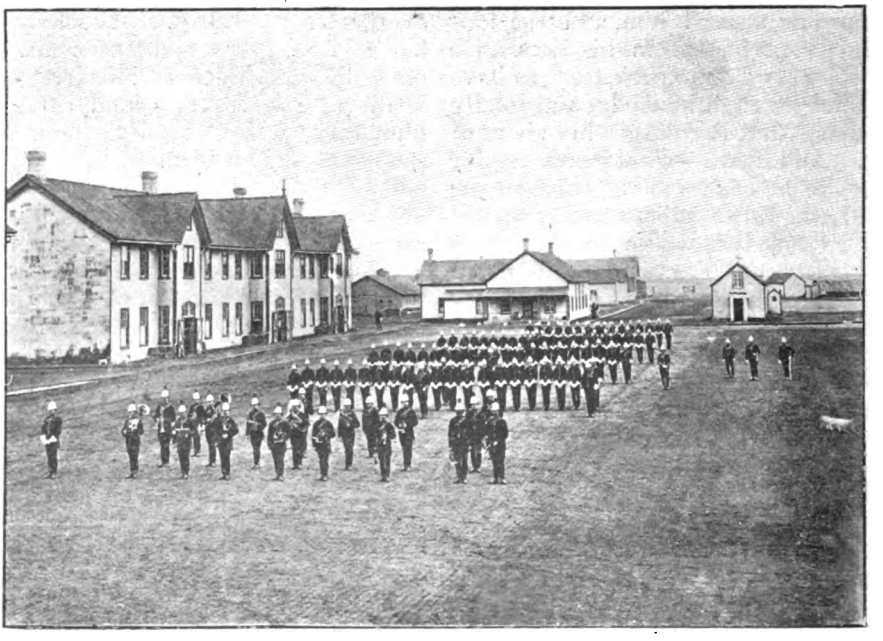
If there is no chance of a stray bullet or two flying about, he is not averse to an encounter with a prairie fire; nor will he murmur at a miners' strike or even a bar-room row. All are pies in which he delights to have a finger; and when these and other duties fail, he falls back upon field-sports and athletics. He dearly loves a horse, a dog, or a gun, and is ever ready for anything that will keep his muscles active and his mind free from *ennui*, anything in the shape of fun or excitement. In this, as in many other ways, he is nothing but an overgrown schoolboy, a schoolboy in his love of fun and amusement, in his light-heartedness and his irresponsibility. The troubles and cares of humanity weigh lightly upon his shoulders, the problems of life trouble not his brain. It is nothing to him whether the world be advancing or retrograding—he has his duty to do and he means to do it, at the same time extracting all the pleasure possible out of life. So when not engaged in sterner games, he rides and shoots, plays cricket and football, and enjoys himself mightily. Utterly wild and careless, he has absolutely no thought for the morrow, no care or anxiety for the future. Food and clothing are provided for him in abundance, and these, with a regular supply of pocket money, are quite sufficient, he thinks, to satisfy the heart of man.

The amusements mentioned above

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are, unfortunately, not his only ones; others he has that are not perhaps so innocent. Often, far too often, he embraces vice in the form of pleasure, confounding dissipation with amusement. He drinks more or less, gambles habitually, and his language at times is positively heart-rending. His faults cannot be denied, but many excuses may be made for them. There is no gentle hand of mother, sister or sweetheart to hold him in check by its soft restraint; no home ties to subdue his stormy passions by their sweet, refining influence. Living in the moral (or rather immoral) atmosphere of a barrack-room, separated from most of the culture and refinements of life, his temptations are peculiarly strong. Let him, therefore, be judged gently, for if he has many vices he has also many virtues. Brave, open-hearted and generous to a fault, intensely loyal to his friend and comrade, with a high sense of duty (as he sees it), and a stern resolution in executing it, he possesses most of the qualities that endear a man to his fellows. His truly are the rougher and grosser vices, but his also are the rougher and sturdier virtues. He drinks, but he is no hypocrite; he swears, but he does not lie; he gambles, but he does not steal and call it politics or business or some gentler name.

His is a stern, hard life, a life that, in a very short time stamps itself clearly upon his individuality, not only of character but also of appearance. After a year or two in the force, his eye acquires a sternness eminently suited to drag the truth from the deceitful bosom of the Indian, but quite unsuited to the tender, veiled glances of a drawing-room. There is a ring of command in his voice that is not exactly "the smooth phrase of peace." His hand, once white and soft, becomes hard, brown and muscular, more fitted to grasp the butt of a pistol or the hilt of a sabre than to turn the leaves of a music book. His bronzed, weather-beaten face clearly tells the tale of many a hardship and privation, of many a difficulty and danger. Heat and cold, hunger and thirst, fatigue

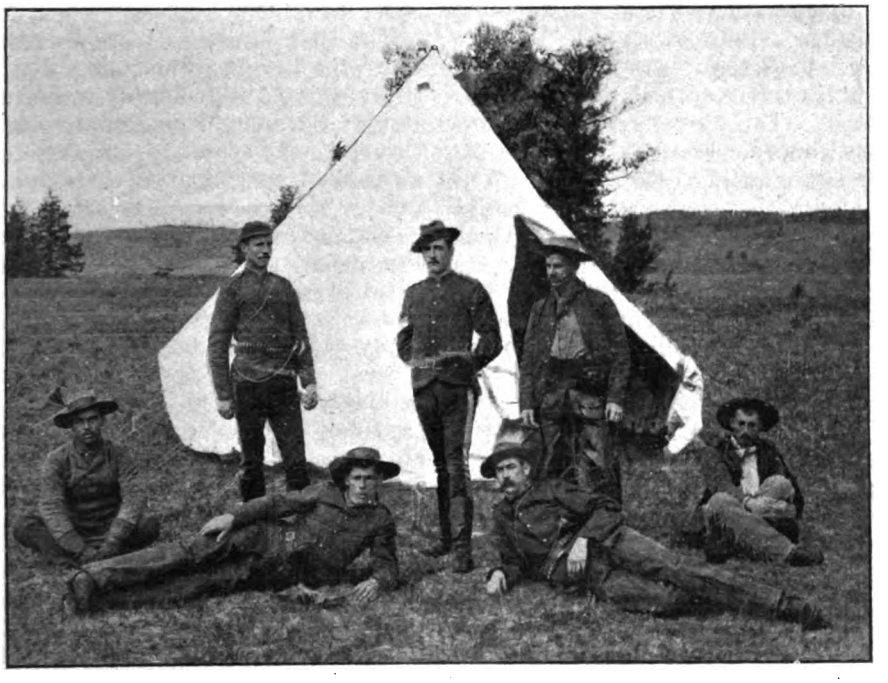


A CHURCH PARADE AT REGINA.

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and suffering, have stamped endurance resolution and self-reliance upon every feature.

If his life be rough and savage, it contains much of sweetness and beauty, and this fact our guardian of the peace fully realizes. Though he does not gush with sentiment or rhapsody, though he rarely turns to poetry in order to relieve his pent-up emotions, yet deep down in his heart he feels and appreciates the glory of the wilderness. Living day after day within the encircling arms of Nature, he learns to love her with no common love. Even in her wildest and most savage moods, his heart finds something strangely akin to hers. Riding by day through the fragrant prairie grasses, bivouacing by night beneath the silent stars, he learns somewhat of the greatness and wideness of the world and of human life. Seated beside the lonely camp-fire, and gazing musingly into its glowing embers, he realizes how free from care and sorrow and trouble his lot really is, in what pleasant places his lines are cast, and he silently thanks God that he lives not in the land of brick and mortar.



CAMPED ON THE PRAIRIES.

This scene shows the Police on herd duty or the guarding of the horses sent out to graze. On the left is the half-breed guide. Three of the men wear Shaps and Sombreros.

There, seated beside his fire, we must take leave of him. As the flames burn low he knocks the ashes from his pipe, and with a sigh of deep content rolls himself in his blankets and lies down to rest. Soon, lulled by the whispering voices of the prairie night, he sinks into the deep, dreamless slumber vouchsafed to Nature's children.

Harold Christie Thomson.

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SIR JOHN SCHULTZ AND THE "CANADA FIRST" PARTY.

Recollections.

LT.-COL. GEORGE T. DENISON.

THE foundation of the Dominion in 1867 had a marked effect upon the imagination of the Canadians of that day. Before that time the scattered Provinces were comparatively small in territory and weak in population. The people felt that they were simply colonists and were somewhat provincial in their ideas. With Confederation came a marked change. It was felt that Canada had become a great country with immense resources, with entire control of local affairs; and the public mind looked forward to possibilities of future greatness that were limited only by the power of the imagination.

The young men, particularly, were affected in this way. It was only a few months after the first Dominion Day, in the early part of 1868, that chance brought together, in Ottawa, five young Canadians. They were: Robert Grant Haliburton, of Halifax, son of the celebrated author of "Sam Slick"; William A. Foster, of Toronto; Charles Mair, of Lanark, Ont.; Henry J. Morgan, of Ottawa; and the writer of these Recollections. We met repeatedly and spent our evenings together, the topic of conversation being almost always the future of Canada, her brilliant prospects, and the duty of her sons to study her interests and to do all in their power to advance her welfare. These discussions led to a pledge being taken that each in his way would do his utmost to encourage and foster a national spirit in our people, and that on all public questions we would put the country before political or any other considerations. From this pledge naturally came the motto "Canada First," which was assumed when the ideas had spread and the movement began to exert an influence on public opinion.

The first idea was to endeavor to bring the Provinces more together by encouraging intercolonial trade, and Robert Haliburton delivered lectures through the country, urging this method of consolidating the Dominion.

The next object was to get in more Provinces, particularly the North-West Territories, the acquisition of which was then being discussed. Already there had been at work for several years in that quarter, the brilliant intellect, the unflagging energy and the devoted efforts of one of Canada's most loyal sons, Sir John Schultz. His boyhood had been passed around scenes made historic by Brock and Tecumseh, and His youthful imagination had been fired by the recital of their deeds of valor and daring, inspiring in him a deep and fervid love for his country, which increased with his years, and only passed away with his last breath. Up to the moment of his decease, he was arranging plans for the bettering of the condition of his less fortunate countrymen of the far north or Arctic circle. He was at the time of which I speak a young physician of great promise and large practice, but one who put country above all other considerations and was busy working in its interests. He saw clearly that the true destiny of both the Territories and the Dominion lay in their being united politically, and in communications being opened up between them. Seeing all this himself, he sought in every way to

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awaken the people of the place to a knowledge of the possibilities which lay before them. His facile pen and eloquent, persuasive powers did good work to this end.

Charles Mair went to Fort Garry in the fall of 1868, and arrangements were made that he should write letters to the Toronto *Globe* describing the country and using the opportunity to encourage an emigration that would secure the territory to Canada. His letters were extensively copied, and brought before the minds of the Ontario people the immense heritage that lay open to them. The strong national spirit which breathed through these letters must have awakened the people of the older Provinces, and no doubt exercised a good effect when a year or so later a rebellion broke out, and there seemed a danger that intrigue or carelessness might for a long time delay the opening up of the newly-acquired territory.

In March, 1869, I first met Sir John Schultz. He was then quite a young man, under 30, of magnificent physique, with clear, blue eyes, golden hair with a dash of brown in it, an exceedingly erect carriage, a man who impressed one with the idea of strength of mind and will power. Mair had written to me about him, telling me that he had given Dr. Schultz a letter of introduction to me, and asking that I should introduce him into our little organization, and secure him as an associate. He spoke very strongly of Dr. Schultz's strong patriotic Canadianism, said that he was easily the foremost of the few Canadians in the Red River Settlement, and predicted (truthfully) that he would certainly be the foremost man in the North-West Territories after they were incorporated in the Dominion.

Soon after Dr. Schultz arrived from the West. I introduced him to Foster and Haliburton, and we had long conversations on the object we had in view. Dr. Schultz, already full of the idea, entered into it enthusiastically, and agreed to work heartily with us. All who have watched and followed his career, know how nobly he took his part for Canada, and that he did more for her in the North-West than any other man. Now, when the work has been done, when the Canadian Pacific Railway has bound the Provinces together, and Confederation has been established for a generation, it is difficult to appreciate how different everything looked in 1869, when 600 miles of unbroken wilderness separated Fort William from Fort Garry, and when there was no communication with it or British Columbia, except by way of the States, and over immense tracts of unsettled country.

Dr. Schultz returned to Fort Garry, and on Dominion Day, 1869, he and Mair arranged for a celebration of the day by the few Canadians in the country. A large flag-pole was put up in front of the place occupied by Dr. Schultz on what is now Main street, Winnipeg, and a Union Jack with the word "Canada" across it in large letters, was hoisted by the Doctor.

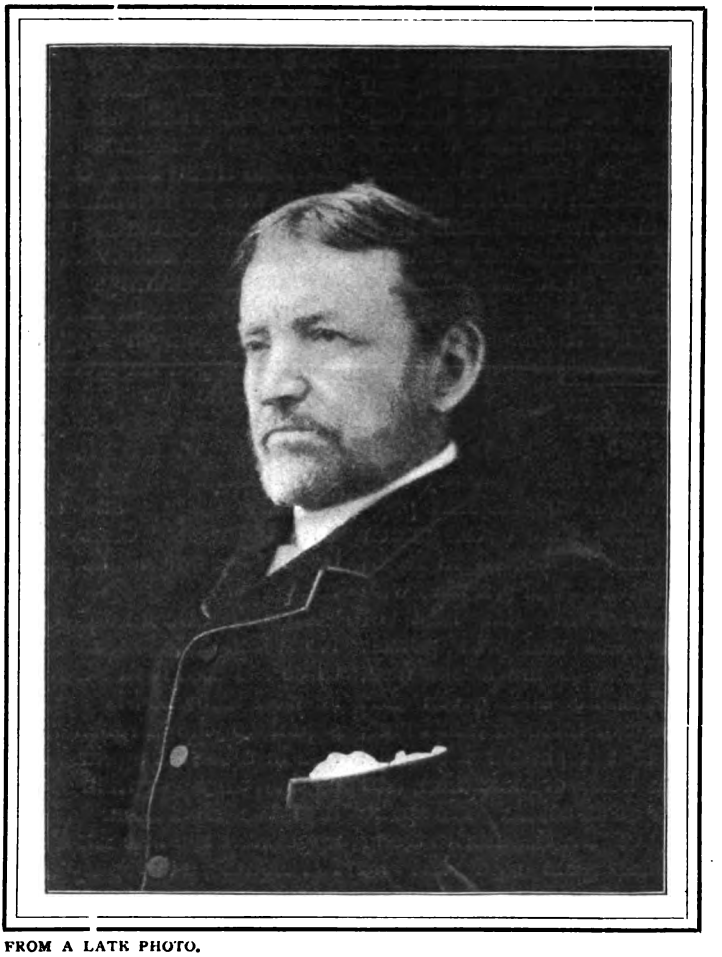
In the autumn of that year the Hon. Wm. Macdougall was appointed to be the first Lieut.-Governor, and as is well known, his approach was a signal to the French half-breeds to rise in rebellion against his entry, and against the absorption of the Territory into the Dominion. Mr. Macdougall appointed the late Lt.-Col. J. Stoughton Dennis, as Deputy Lt.-Governor, and conservator of the peace, with power to raise the loyal portion of the community, and put down the rebellion. As soon as he arrived at Fort Garry, Col. Dennis put himself in communication with Schultz, Mair, Lynch and the other leading loyalists. Schultz at once saw the importance of Dennis' commission, and said that it gave the loyal men authority to act, and suggested storming the Fort that night. This was the proper and wise

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course, and showed that he had the true soldierly instinct. Dennis refused to consent to this, but ordered the Canadians to organize and arm, while he himself went to the lower or "Stone Fort" to raise the inhabitants of that neighborhood. Time was lost until any opportunity of doing anything was gone, and then Dennis started for the frontier, leaving an order for his followers to disperse to their homes.

In the meantime Schultz's little party were besieged in his house, where they had been defending Government property, and being cut off from supplies and water were obliged to surrender to Riel. They were at once put in close confinement in Fort Garry, and kept in great misery for several months of a hard winter.

Schultz and Mair escaped about the same time, but went in opposite directions, Mair to Portage la Prairie and Schultz to the Lower Settlements down the river. They both appear to have at once commenced organizing expeditions for the release of their comrades, who were still in prison, and a junction of the two bodies was



FROM A LATE PHOTO.

THE LATE SIR JOHN SCHULTZ.

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effected, and an attack upon the Fort was threatened, when Riel agreed to release all his prisoners. This he did, and thereupon the loyal men disbanded and went to their homes. Mair immediately left for St. Paul, travelling over 400 miles of unsettled country on snowshoes. Schultz in the same manner making his way to



SIR JOHN SCHULTZ AT THE AGE OF 40.

Duluth, over 600 miles of almost unbroken prairie. After they left, Riel, who by basest treachery had re-arrested a number of loyalists, threatened to execute Col. Boulton, and did put to death Thomas Scott, one of the loyal Ontario men.

News came to Toronto of these proceedings very slowly and without much detail, and it can be readily understood how anxiously the friends of Schultz watched the progress of affairs. So little was known in Ontario of what was going on, and it was so manifestly the interest of the Government to have as little said as possible, that not much interest seemed to be taken in the matter. Following shortly after the news of Scott's execution, came the information that Schultz had reached Duluth, and that Mair had arrived at St. Paul. The "Canada First" Committee had been watching anxiously for news, and were consulting every day. It was decided that some public reception should be given to them on their arrival in Toronto.

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By this time additions had been made to the little committee, which now included the late Richard Grahame; the late George R. Kingsmill, editor of the *Telegraph;* James D. Edgar, now speaker of the House of Commons; Joseph Macdougall, now County Judge; Dr. Canniff, Hugh Scott, Thomas Walmsley, and George M. Rae. A meeting was called in Foster's office, and a number of people invited to take part in arranging for some demonstration. A requisition was prepared, calling upon the Mayor to hold a public meeting, and a deputation waited on him and arranged that the loyal refugees should be the guests of the city at the Queen's Hotel, while in Toronto.

In the meantime, Foster had been writing vehement editorials for the *Telegraph*, and these had attracted great attention throughout the Province and were generally copied in the country press. They were written in a high key, and filled with Canadian patriotism. The death of Scott was referred to in burning words, the paper was put into mourning for him and the whole country was ablaze with indignation. The meeting to receive Schultz and his comrades was so large that no room could hold more than a fraction of the people present, and it had to be adjourned to the open air in front of the City Hall. It was one of the largest meetings ever held in the City of Toronto. Speeches were made by Schultz, Mair and Lynch, and the people of Ontario heard of the wrongs of the loyal men in the Red River Settlement. Dr. Schultz made an eloquent and most powerful appeal to the men of his native Province.

The following is a short extract from his speech as reported in the next day's paper:

"This assembly wished to hear something of the situation of affairs at Red River Well he would give it in a few words, referring more particularly to the condition of affairs at Fort Garry. The situation at that Fort was simply this, that the Fenian flag floats from its flagstaff. The rebels hold high revelry within its walls, and Canadians lay in dungeons within it. It was to tell the people of Canada this, that he had come over a long and tedious journey, and to ask them what they intended to do in the matter."

A resolution was carried urging the Government to take prompt action, and the following resolution, with reference to the proposed reception of the rebel emissaries who were on their way down to Ottawa, was passed with great enthusiasm:

"That this meeting expresses the strongest indignation at the cold-blooded murder of poor Scott, sympathizes deeply with his relatives and friends, and considers that it would be a gross injustice to the loyal inhabitants of Red River, humiliating to our national honor, and contrary to all British traditions, for our Government to receive, negotiate, or treat with the emissaries of those who have robbed, imprisoned and murdered loyal Canadians, whose only fault was zeal for British institutions, whose only crime was devotion to the Old Flag."

This meeting was followed by others in various places, and from that time no Government dared to have refused to send an expedition to put things right.

Our committee requested me to accompany Schultz and his friends to Ottawa to aid them in laying their case before the Government. At Cobourg, Belleville, and other places on our way to Ottawa, large crowds gathered at the stations, the municipal authorities taking the lead in welcoming back to their native Province these loyal men.

On arriving in Ottawa, the "Free Press" of that city gave an account of the refugees, and the following pen picture of Sir John Schultz, when he was a comparatively unknown man, is interesting:

"Dr. Schultz is a tall, athletic man over six feet high, with reddish hair and beard, both close cut, broad shoulders, deep chested, and straight as a dart. His clear eyes look you straight in the face with a quiet power that commands involuntary respect, and the repose and firm purpose developed by the features are the very picture of determination and unflinching courage."

At Ottawa a large public meeting, addressed by Dr. Schultz and others,

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was held to welcome the fugitives. I discovered in an interview with Sir John Macdonald, that the French-Canadian influence in the Cabinet was all powerful, and that the Government intended to confer with the rebel delegates. These delegates consisted of Father Richot, one Scott and Judge Black, and had been sent down by Riel, at the request of the Government, as commissioners to arrange terms of settlement with the Government. Thomas Scott had been murdered by Riel's orders after the Government had made this request, and it was held by most Ontario men that after Scott's murder no parley should be held with them. Foster arranged for a warrant to be issued for the arrest of Richot and Scott as accessories to the murder of Thomas Scott. This warrant was proved and backed, Richot and Scott placed under arrest, and afterwards put under bail to appear. Finding that the Government fully intended to confer with them, Schultz, Lynch, Mair and I had a conference, and as the result a formal protest against their reception was prepared and signed by Lynch on behalf of the loyal population, and sent to the Governor-General. This it was understood was cabled to the Imperial Government, and the consideration of it, as well as the arrest of Richot and Scott, delayed the matter for some days; but finally, Richot and Scott were received, while those representing the loyal element were not received but treated with scant courtesy. Their cause, however, was taken up by the people of Ontario, with such warmth that finally an expedition was organized to restore order in the Red River Settlement.



SIR JOHN SCHULTZ AT THE AGE OF 23.

Our committee at once set to work energetically to arouse popular feeling in favor of Colonel, now Lord, Wolseley for the command, and fortunately, favored by his great ability and the extraordinary hold he had gained upon the minds of the Canadian volunteers, the popular feeling responded vigorously to the call, and Lord Wolseley got the command.

The expedition set out in the end of May, and it was thought the difficulty would be over. The committee, however, were not altogether satisfied, and felt that some intrigue might yet interfere with our troops reaching Fort Garry. Sir John Macdonald fell ill and was laid up for weeks, leaving Sir George Cartier in charge of affairs. The progress of the expedition at first was very slow, the result, it was thought, of want of energetic assistance on the part of the Canadian officials.

In the middle of July, I received a message from Schultz who was then at London, Ont., saying that he had received a private intimation that a plot was on foot to nullify the expedition, that the Governor-General and Lt.-Governor Archibald were to go to Red River, that an amnesty was to be given to the rebels, that Riel was to hand over the government to the Gov-

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ernor-General, who was to install Lt.-Governor Archibald, and that there then being no necessity for it, the expedition would be withdrawn. I immediately laid the information before the committee. They felt that nothing could be done until some sign of the proposed plan appeared publicly, but arrangements were made to counteract it if possible. Colonel Wolseley was written to, warning him of the danger and urging speed. Letters were written to the volunteer officers, warning them and urging steps to prevent the withdrawal.

Schultz had received this information from our comrade, Haliburton, who by accident had happened to call on Lord Lisgar at Niagara Falls, where the latter was having a holiday. They had a long conversation, and whether by accident, or carelessness, Lord Lisgar let slip enough to enable Haliburton to divine what was on foot. A few days later the design was intimated in a despatch to the Toronto *Leader*, the Government organ, which followed this up the following day with an editorial advocating the plan.

Our committee had already prepared a requisition for a public meeting signed by a large number of prominent citizens, and at once put it in use; a number of inflammatory placards were prepared and printed, and soon covered the walls. In the meantime, Dr. Lynch had been telegraphed for, and a protest against the amnesty being granted was prepared and presented to Lord Lisgar.

The public meeting in Toronto was most enthusiastic and unanimous. The following resolution was moved and carried, amid great applause and excitement:

"Resolved, in view of the proposed amnesty to Riel, and withdrawal of the expedition, this meeting declares: That the Dominion must and shall have the North-West Territory *in fact*, as well as in name, and if our Government, through weakness or treachery, can not or will not protect our citizens in it and recall our volunteers, it will then become the duty of the people of Ontario, *to organize a scheme of armed emigration*, in order that those Canadians who have been driven from their homes may be reinstated, and that with the many who desire to settle in new fields, they may have a sure guarantee against the repetition of such outrages as have disgraced our country in the past; that the majesty of the law may be vindicated against all criminals, no matter by whom instigated or by whom protected; and that we may never again see the flag of our ancestors trampled in the dust, or a foreign emblem flaunting itself in any part of our broad Dominion."

This prompt action and the strong public feeling everywhere shown, caused Sir George Cartier to pause, and encouraged Lord Lisgar to object to the proposed plan. The threat of organizing a scheme of armed emigration must have opened the eyes of them both, for a similar scheme had been successfully worked both in Texas and Kansas, and had been proven to be practicable. Sir George Cartier must have seen that an expedition under Government control would be better than an armed mob.

The early news we had received from Haliburton and Schultz had a most important influence upon the result. It was kept a profound secret, yet it enabled "the twelve apostles," as our committee were jocularly named among themselves, to carefully consider, and prepare to counteract, the intrigue. The result was that the very first mention of the design, aroused such a rapid and extraordinary outburst of public indignation, as must have surprised Sir George Cartier, who could not have known that any information had leaked out. But for the warning received, nothing could have been done until too late to have influenced the course of affairs. In all these events Schultz took a most active part, and it is easy to see that but for his action in the whole affair, the opening up of that most important portion of Canada might have been indefinitely postponed. We who now see the immense advantage to Canada of the early incorporation of all the western country, with its transcontinental railway, its great trade and future possibilities, must

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feel that Canada owes a great deal to the loyal patriotic devotion to his native land, of the late Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba.

Had he not early prepared the minds of the English-speaking portion of the community to the great advantages to ensue to themselves as well as to the other portions of the Dominion, they might have been misled, as Riel sought to mislead them, into either joining his rebellious movement or — what would have been equally disastrous—to an apathetic indifference.

Schultz followed the expedition closely into Fort Garry, and at once took a foremost part in the inauguration of the new system of government. He was one of the first members of the House of Commons from Manitoba, and during all his subsequent career was the foremost figure in that Province. He served for a long time as a Senator and for many of his later years as Her Majesty's representative in the same town where in his youth he had passed months in prison for manfully upholding her cause.

During all his life he never forgot his connection with the old "Canada First" party, and always held true to its principles. He never lost an opportunity of encouraging a national spirit in the people. We constantly corresponded up to his death, and his letters all show how deeply the love of his native land was ingrained in his nature. Nothing could prevent him from taking a most active interest in everything that would tend to develop and advance the interests of Canada. For many years he was an invalid, his ill-health having been brought about by the injuries he received in making his escape from Fort Garry, by the privations he endured while incarcerated there, having no fire in his room with the thermometer at 40° and 50° below zero, and by his long snowshoe tramp while his injuries were still recent. He suffered intensely, fighting and struggling against weakness and pain with a pluck and determination beyond description.

In the House of Commons, or in the Senate, he never lost an opportunity of furthering the progress of the new provinces, or of spreading information, of which he had a boundless store, as to their resources and capabilities. In all his speeches as Lieutenant-Governor, whether before Boards of Trade, or in addressing Public School demonstrations, his strong Canadian patriotism was the striking feature and has planted seed that will blossom and bear fruit in the sentiments of the people. Only the other day, when the Public Schools re-opened in Winnipeg, every flag that waved over them, save one, was the gift of Sir John Schultz and spoke eloquently, though silently, of his fostering care for the patriotism and welfare of the young. The numerous resolutions of sympathy and condolence sent by nearly all the public bodies of Manitoba to his bereaved widow, and the universal testimony of respect shown by all classes at the time of his death, show how highly he was respected, and how strongly his fellow countrymen appreciated his sturdy loyalty.

As one of the original members of the little "Canada First" Committee, I wish to bear testimony to the thorough, hearty, and loyal manner in which our comrade did his share of the work. To the day of his death, love for his native land was the predominant feeling. Canada owes a great deal to the memory of so true a son. As I have on another occasion suggested, the nation should erect a statue of him and place it on the main street in Winnipeg on the spot where, in 1869, he hoisted the Union Jack with the word "Canada" upon it; and it should depict him, in the full vigour of his early manhood, raising the flag which he always loved, guarded and honoured.

George T. Denison.

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FORESTRY—A NEGLECTED INDUSTRY.

PHILLIPS THOMPSON. *Author of "The Politics of Labor."*

FOR the last twenty years "the development of Canadian industries" has occupied a foremost place among political questions. While differing widely as to methods, all parties are agreed as to the need of utilizing to best advantage our largely dormant resources and increasing the productive capacity of the nation. Controversy and discussion are directed rather towards the specific classes of industrial pursuits to be promoted and the measures to be employed than towards the underlying principle.

When the widespread popular interest aroused in the subject by its prominence in the political arena is considered, it is surprising that one of the most feasible, natural and promising opportunities for largely increasing the sum total of the national wealth and affording employment to the people should have been steadily overlooked. It is, however, only another illustration of the frequently noted tendency of mankind to neglect the things that lie at their feet, while fixing their attention upon the distant and the inaccessible. In a land of forests, forestry is a neglected, almost an unknown, industry,

"And very naturally so" most readers will be apt to exclaim. "It is precisely because Canada is a land of forests that forestry is superfluous." As well say that because a young man is the heir to a large fortune, a knowledge of the principles of finance and the practice of a judicious economy were therefore unnecessary to him. The cases are precisely parallel. Canada being naturally a forest-growing country and a country, moreover, a considerable area of which will grow nothing profitably but timber, is the reason above all others why the principles of the science of forestry should be carefully studied and diligently applied to the maintenance, reproduction and economical management of our wooded tracts, whether in the possession of the Crown or in private hands. Hitherto the forest has been regarded simply as wealth to be realized, not as capital to be perpetually renewed; as a mine to be worked till exhausted instead of a farm to be maintained in undimished fertility.

Those who have been in the habit of describing our timber supply as "inexhaustible" used no figure of speech. Rightly managed it is "inexhaustible"—managed as it is and has been the phrase becomes not merely metaphorical but untruthful, for the period of exhaustion for the more valuable varieties at least is not far remote. According to a report prepared in 1895 by Mr. George Johnson, Dominion Statistician, on the "Forest wealth of Canada," the first quality of pine has already disappeared. "We are within measurable distance," says Mr. Johnson, "of the time when with the exception of spruce as to wood, and of British Columbia as to Provinces, Canada shall cease to be a wood-exporting country." This means a good deal more than the loss of the large amount annually received from abroad for our timber shipments. When Canada ceases to export timber the price of lumber and every variety of forest product for home consumption and numerous manufacturing industries, the prosperity of which depends upon an abundant and cheap supply of wood as raw material, will have risen enormously.

That no great advance in price is as yet noticeable does not disprove Mr.

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Johnson's conclusion. As Prof. William Sommerville, of the Durham College of Science, England, aptly says in a recent paper. "When a spendthrift squanders an inherited fortune he is often, to all appearance, as prosperous on the eve of insolvency as when he embarked in his career of extravagance. Similarly, if it should happen that Sweden, Russia, Canada and the United States are recklessly squandering their timber capital, as is frequently maintained, their bankruptcy in wood may occur with a suddenness of which the Board of Trade returns need not necessarily have afforded the slightest indication."

The process of deforestation is likely to be greatly hastened in the near future by the still more rapid and reckless exhaustion of the timber supply of the United States. The warning note has been repeatedly sounded by Prof. B. E. Fernow of Washington, Chief of the United States Division of Forestry. In his report for 1893, he estimates that it would require fully the annual growth of 400,000,000 acres of fully-stocked forest to furnish the output of mill-timber now consumed. Adding the consumption of firewood, which is largely made up of sizeable timber, he concludes that three times that area is necessary to furnish by its annual increase the wood required. As in another publication the same author puts the total woodland area of the country at 500,000,000 acres, "neither in good condition nor well managed," the rapidity with which the augmenting demand is overtaking the diminishing supply is manifest. It is also sufficiently obvious that, as the nearest and most extensive source of supply to the American market, the forests of Canada will be more and more drawn upon to make up the deficiency.

The reproductive energies of Nature are so great that it is probable that these demands could be met, excepting perhaps as to quality, for many years to come, but for a still more destructive enemy than the axe of the lumberman—viz, the extensive bush fires which yearly devastate large tracts of pine forest. The loss from this cause has been vastly greater than from over-clearance, as fire, in addition to the destruction of standing timber, destroys in many cases the reproductive capacity of the land. Sweeping over rocky or naturally sterile tracts where the production of a forest has been the slow work of centuries, it consumes not merely the vegetation, but the light covering of soil, leaving nothing but the barren substratum. In other instances, where the land is more fertile, in burning up the *humus* formed of the accumulation of decayed wood and leaves it destroys the seeds which, had the land not been burned over, would in a few years have repaired the devastation of the axe by a vigorous second growth.

So far as the timber lands which yet constitute a portion of the Crown domain are concerned, the problem is much more easily solved—were the public mind once convinced of the urgent need of a solution—than is the case as regards the settled portions of the country. In order to convert what has hitherto been considered—and under the present wasteful system of lumbering practically is—a mere terminable annuity, so to speak, into a perpetual and increasing source of revenue, the Dominion and Provincial Governments have but to apply to the Crown Lands some of the broader and simpler principles of the science of forestry adopted as a matter of absolute necessity in the leading countries of continental Europe. That such a policy has not long ago been insisted upon is due in large measure to the popular misconception of the real object of forestry. Most of those who have not made a special study of the subject regard forest preservation as incompatible with the progress of settlement and the development of agriculture, and any regrets they feel, either from an industrial or sentimen-

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tal point of view, over the destruction of the woods, are tempered by the reflection that the process is necessary to the development of the country. Wood and wheat will not grow in the same place, and the forest, like the Indian, the wolf, and the buffalo, is regarded as fated to disappear before advancing civilization.

It is true that a juster appreciation of the principles of forestry is slowly gaining ground, as the evils arising from excessive clearance in the older parts of the country force themselves upon the attention even of the least reflective observer. There is a widespread disposition to admit the desirability of preserving a larger area in woodland than has been retained in most of the settled portion of Ontario, in order to preserve the conditions of climate and distribution of moisture favorable to agriculture. But the truth which the public have been slow to grasp is the possibility of so treating the forest as to render it a permanent factor of that country's prosperity, instead of regarding its utilization as synonymous with its destruction.

Forest preservation by no means implies the prohibition of lumbering. It simply means the regulation of the process of removing the mature timber so that it may be taken out with as little injury as possible to the remaining trees, retaining a sufficient cover of foliage to preserve the forest character of the area, and allowing full scope to the natural and constant reproductive process by which, when conditions are at all favorable, vacancies are speedily filled, whether they are occasioned by the axe or the slower operation of natural decay. The highly elaborate forestry methods of Germany or France would be superfluous here. The object with us is not as yet to develop to the utmost the timber-producing capacities of every acre—that would not pay the cost of the labor and supervision required—but to maintain as far as possible existing conditions in such portions of our timbered area as from considerations of locality or soil appear best adapted to be permanently set apart as woodland.

In our own Province of Ontario much educational work has been done under government supervision since the appointment of the late Mr. R. W. Phipps to the position of Clerk of Forestry, in 1883. A system of fire-ranging has been adopted by which the extent and destructiveness of forest fires during the last few years has been very materially reduced at a cost infinitesimally small as compared with the great saving effected. With the appointment of Mr. Thomas Southworth to the position of Clerk of Forestry, the scope of this branch of the public service has been considerably widened.

The setting apart of Algonquin Park, as a perpetual forest reserve, a few years ago, is a recognition of the principle which ought from the outset to have prevailed in connection with the management of our public lands; that the regions which, either by reason of their position at the headwaters of our larger streams or on account of their unfitness for profitable agriculture, it is in the public interest to retain as forest, should be withdrawn from settlement. Hitherto the practice has been to permit settlers to take up land in such districts and to encourage an influx of population, no matter how sterile or unpromising from an agricultural point of view the locality may be. As a consequence, when the lumberman has removed the most valuable of the timber, settlers come in small numbers, selecting what appear to be the least barren locations here and there, in the hope that between such farming as is possible and the sale of what is left in the way of timber on their lots, eked out it may be by government road-making or such makeshift jobs as are obtainable in a sparsely settled region, they may be able to subsist. Profitable farming

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is out of the question, and many who have settled among the rocks and swamps simply because the land was easily obtainable have speedily realized their mistake. In any event it is natural that under such circumstances they should seek to get as much out of the land as possible, and the work of clearance is pushed on apace. When all saleable wood is removed the worthless "farm" is abandoned for another location. As woodland it was valuable both as a source of production and as a protection to the springs and water-courses by which the rivers are fed and the conditions of climate maintained in due equilibrium. As a stripped and desolate clearing it is worth nothing either to the individual owner or the country and will not be for generations to come, until nature, by an almost insensibly slow process, has reclothed it with the vegetation of which it should never have been deprived. Unfortunately even this gradual rehabilitation is likely, under existing conditions, to be interfered with by fire. The carelessness of settlers in burning brush-heaps or lighting fires in woods when hunting or fishing is responsible for most of the damage from this cause in the thinly-populated "debateable ground" between farm and bush-land. The isolated settlements which add practically nothing to the wealth of the country and hold out to the farmer no reasonable expectation of establishing a prosperous or permanent homestead are the cause of the destruction of millions of dollars worth of valuable growing timber, in addition to incalculable loss by the deforestation of large fire-swept regions rendered non-productive.

The same considerations which induced the withdrawal from settlement of Algonquin Park might very well prompt an extension of the policy to other regions where similar conditions prevail. The perpetual maintenance of these in forest, subject to such regulations for minimizing the danger from fire as have been found effective, and a closer supervision over lumbering operations than has so far been exercised, would do much to avert the threatened peril of excessive deforestation. So far indeed as the loss of timber by fire is concerned the mere exclusion of settlers would of itself greatly lessen the number of forest conflagrations. With the example of the United States before us, public opinion is probably fully prepared for a measure involving a careful discrimination in dealing with Crown Lands, between those areas suited for tillage and those marked by Nature as better adapted for the production of timber than anything else, and the management of the latter under such restrictions as will best maintain their productiveness.

Turning from the Crown Lands to the settled and cultivated portions of the country the question assumes a different phase. The soil being in the hands of private owners, any measures to be taken towards woodland preservation or restoration must be carried out in the main by individual enterprise, with perhaps some encouragement in the way, either of aid or direction, such as has been afforded in connection with various branches of agriculture. The steady decline in agricultural prosperity, caused by the world-wide decrease in the price of cereals and other farm products, ought to insure for the subject a more interested hearing than could have been hoped for in a time of comparative prosperity. Farmers are beginning to learn that it is only by diversified farming, by utilizing to the full all the capacities of their land, by adding to grain growing, cattle-raising, dairying, fruit culture, poultry and bee-keeping, etc., that they can hope to succeed. If to these varied and continually-multiplying adjuncts of farm industry, they could be persuaded to add sylviculture, the decreasing profits of which they now complain would in a few years be

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very materially increased. Farmers are accustomed to contrast their position unfavorably with that of the city man of business, and to point enviyingly at the comparatively large profits of the merchant and manufacturer.

There is much of truth in their complaints—but apart from unequal laws and unjust social conditions there is one very marked difference between the habits of thought of the countryman and the man of business, that largely accounts for the disabilities of the former. The successful capitalist is as a rule a man of foresight. He must plan and calculate for a comparatively distant future, be continually on the alert to observe the tendencies of trade and the signs which portend the shifting of the current, and often content to forego immediate profits in view of richer returns at the end of many years of working and waiting. The farmer has but rarely learned these lessons. Like the Jews of old, he is a good deal better at discerning the face of the sky than the signs of the times. His outlook on life is narrow, and he is prone to follow in the footsteps of his fathers, rather than to keep abreast of changing conditions and strive to forecast the future. He is little accustomed to make expenditures in view of a far-off return. The idea of growing trees as a profitable industry usually excites his derision. "Why they won't be good for anything for thirty years; I'll be dead long before that," is the frequent response to the suggestion. And yet it is precisely the counterpart of many operations continually undertaken in the commercial world, and carried on from one generation to another.

In view of the fall in prices and the competition of the prairies in wheat-growing, the "margin of cultivation," instead of advancing, is actually receding. The less choice and rich land, the sandy, stony, or broken ground, is allowed to remain waste or partially utilized. It is obvious that land which it would just pay to cultivate with wheat at a dollar a bushel will not remunerate the farmer's labor with that staple at sixty cents, or thereabouts. The continued depression of agriculture, therefore, means the abandonment of large areas of comparatively poor land which, having been stripped of its forest covering, has become practically valueless. According to the report of the Bureau of Industries for 1894, there are 23,038,974 acres assessed in the rural area of the Province of Ontario, of which 12,292,-610 acres are classed as cleared land, 7,859,714 acres as woodland, and 2,-886,650 as swamp, marsh, or waste land. The system of classification pursued by the local assessors is regarded as by no means exact, much land being entered as woodland which is to all intents and purposes waste, that is to say partially cleared tracts where a few trees have survived the axe or the fire, but which have lost their distinctive forest character. and the conditions of reproductiveness which prevail in a thick wood. During an hour's railroad travel in any direction one may see from the car-windows dozens of such patches of so-called woodland merely dotted with trees, with large grass-grown spaces, and the stumps and debris of partial clearings between them, with few or no saplings growing up to take the places of the scanty remains of the forest. The land is practically waste, and ought to be classed as such. When the remaining timber has been felled for fuel or other requirements, unless the soil is adapted for cultivation, under existing conditions it will yield nothing except a scanty crop of pasturage. The falling-off in the value of agricultural land in Ontario, owing mainly to the continued low price of farm produce and the competition of newly opened up grain-growing regions in various parts of the world, is indicated by the Bureau of Industries returns, according to which it has fallen from $654,793,025 in 1883 to $587 246,117

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in 1894. The full significance of this decrease is not conveyed by these figures, as in the period included by these dates the area of cleared land had increased from 10,539,557 to 12,292,610 acres. It is abundantly evident that if the farmers of Ontario are to retain their position, they must learn to economize, not in the sense of curtailing living expenses, but in the truer meaning of the word by emp'oying all their capital and utilizing every factor they possess to the best advantage. The "waste" and partly cleared land, instead of representing practically so much dormant or diminishing capital, should be turned to account in raising timber, which, so far as the more valuable kinds are concerned, is as certain to rise in value in the markets of the world as the cereals are to decrease, or at best remain stationary, as new territories upon three continents are exploited by cheap labor and modern machinery.

Phillips Thompson.

A DEAD FRIEND.

So short a while—we talked together,
So short a while ago!
My friend through fair and cloudy weather,
The friend I trusted so.

Last week you died, and if to-night
You were, as often—near,
My soul would cower with affright,
My flesh wou'd creep with fear.

For you have broken the golden bowl,
You know the things untold;
Each secret of my inmost soul
Would be to you unrolled.

Oh difference dread! *you* understand,—
I grope in doubt and pain.
With what changed hearts—in what strange land,
May we two meet again?

REGINALD GOURLAY.

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THE NUCLEUS OF A SALON.

KATHARINE L. JOHNSTON.

IT is over a year ago that Belinda first told me of her plan. I was staying all night at her house, and when we went to bed I was surprised to be allowed to go to sleep peaceably, Belinda merely remarking, as she turned out the gas, that these cool autumn nights were nice for sleeping. As up to then I had never known either of us to find it difficult to sleep on any night that the thermometer had been able to supply us with, I didn't quite see her idea in the remark; but I accepted it thankfully, and went to sleep. I do not know how long my sleep lasted, but I know that it was nearer to-morrow than yesterday when her voice woke me, and my dream fled away into the darkness. I heard her calling:

"Gertrude, Gertrude, are you *dead?* Wake up a minute."

Who but Belinda would expect a person to "wake up a minute," especially when there was a doubt as to that person's being alive? And who, knowing Belinda, would have expected to be allowed to go to sleep again at the expiration of the minute?

I opened my eyes and saw her sitting curled up in the window-seat, and looking much smaller, even in the enshrouding shawl, than her five feet of stature would lead one to expect. I uttered my mind somewhat freely on the subject of her unwisdom; and she, seeing that I was awake, told me I ought to see how queer and quiet everything outdoors looked. I drew a pathetic picture of the daisy-covered grave she would sleep in soon if she did not avail herself of the present more comfortable arrangements for slumber, and she merely replied that I didn't know what a dear little curled-up moon there was, all tangled up in the top of the elm-tree.

I did not, and I don't yet. The moon has not been invented that will lure me out of bed just at the sharp corner of an autumn morning. I told Belinda this, and she turned her attention from the scenery for a moment, and said she had awakened a little while ago, and had found that there was a barbed-wire fence between her and sleep, and she had torn several large, jagged rents in her mind trying to pass it, so she had given up. I threw her a blanket, to supplement the shawl, and piled my pillows up in a conversational attitude, reflecting meanwhile on a possible reason for Belinda's unusual wakefulness. Then I said:

"Belinda, dear, who was the big young man you introduced to me the other day?" Belinda turned her face to the dear little curled-up moon.

"Mr. Lincoln."

"I remembered his name."

"Oh—— he is the nucleus of a salon." she went on.

"A salon?" I repeated, unwisely, for my vocal organs seem to have been made for the pronunciation of English only.

"Yes. I'm going to be wise one night a week this winter—see if I'm not. Mamma says I may—'Oh, by all means,' she said, when I suggested it, 'by all means, dearie. And I will get a dove-coloured silk dress, and endeavour to find some invaluable old lace among your Grandmother's things—though I doubt my success—and I will try to drink coffee as if it were merely an adjunct to intellectual and literary conversation.'"

"More than I would do for you," I struck in.

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"More than I should expect of *you*, dear." Belinda answered softly. "Yes, Mother is humourous at times, but she always does me the honour to understand what I want."

"Your mother must have a magnificent intellect, for you have wanted many and divers and peculiar things," I said. "Where does Mr. Lincoln come in?"

"Oh—look yonder! What is it your friend Lippo says about the grey beginning—zooks? Well, zooks is the proper word to use now. Consider I've said zooks. Mr. Lincoln? He is going to bring his brain along and be wise, too. You know, dear, Jack's chums are good enough lads, but there's only one of them who's at all clever, and the girls, though they're awfully nice, don't know much but how to wear becoming clothes and look pretty—except you, dear, of course—and so I thought if I imported another brain into our circle, it would balance nicely—and that's the whole thing, Gertie."

"Where did you find him?" I asked.

"At Grey's. He was lonesome there, and they didn't want him; he merely scared them with his brains. So I annexed him myself." Two things in this caught my attention. I spoke of one.

"How is the annexation process managed?" I asked. "I never understood it."

"Oh, I don't know. I just wanted to. It's easy."

"I never could do it." I said.

"You never wanted to, dear." This was not the fact; but, understanding that Belinda's method was instinctive rather than scientific, I gave it up, and spoke of the second point.

"Your friend didn't strike me as being so very clever," I ventured. "He seemed to be rather—nice—than intellectual."

"Oh, he is nicer than he is clever, of course. But then he gives that impression of modest worth through not knowing how clever he is. I'm going to tell him."

"Are you also going to tell him—I mean, does he know how nice he is?" I asked.

"No—how can you expect one man to know all that? It's zooksing some more over there. I'm coming to bed." She began to untangle herself from her wrappings. "There's one thing," she added. "He may incapacitate himself for salon purposes. He may"—Belinda has the grace not to use the heavy words of our language unless they are necessary. This sometimes necessitates slang, or circumlocution—"he may get smitten on some one. Wouldn't that be horrid? You'll see, I hope, that it isn't you, Gertrude?"

"He will see to that himself, probably," I assured her, out of my experience.

"Think so?" she said, with a most polite rising inflection. "And you'll put on a pretty gown, and come over to our house and scintillate, next Thursday?"

So far as I am a judge of such things, the salon was successful for the one brief winter of its life. Our idea of the brilliant drawing-rooms of France was a little vague, but this merely enabled us to give the benefit of the doubt to any recreation that seemed, on first sight, too frivolous for a salon. Perhaps we did not carry out the specifications at all—probably not, indeed, as none of us knew exactly what they were; but we had a picturesque and happy sort of time. I was captured the first evening by a large-browed and charmingly serious-mannered young man, who undertook to teach me to play chess. "He asked me to introduce him, dear," Belinda said, softly, while he was bringing the little inlaid chess-table from the other end of the room, "so I'm afraid you'll have to play with him. You have brain enough, I think." I had a fuller knowledge of said brain than Belinda, and I thought not; but I sat down, amiably, and gave my most respectful attention to all the instructions I

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had received. I never won a game, by any chance, during the whole winter, but did my best and really learned more than I had expected. And I had some satisfaction; one night when we waxed frivolous, and unbent our minds as Mistress Sarah Battle did not, in playing whist against my chess-opponent, I won seven games out of seven. We played cards only twice, I think; in fact, apart from our chess, we did very little but talk. Sometimes somebody sang—never anyone who couldn't; and sometimes somebody read a poem—always someone who could. I will confess that I recollect but little of our talk, though it seemed very wise and interesting to hear when it was uttered. But I think that when I am an old woman, and any stray sequence of ideas—or some other old man or woman—recalls to my mind that winter, it will be as when one finds in a drawer the absurd symbol that marked one's membership in one's first, most-believed-in, and most charming school-girl club, or the two inches of striped ribbon that suggests the cricket or football matches one used to watch. I don't recollect any tale in mythology in which a flower changes into a jewel, but there should be such a legend to symbolize the fragrant flower-charm of the present hour, and the lasting jewel-grace of the past.

I did not say that at the salon, but I said plenty of other things, and listened to plenty. At this moment, however, I recall only two conversations, and one of them was very short—at least, I heard only two sentences of it, as Belinda and Mr. Lincoln passed the chess-table on their way to the piano—

"Little Boy Blue, I didn't tell you *that*."

"Little Girl Green, you didn't need to."

Belinda found the following verses on her breakfast plate the next morning—author too cautious to sign:—

Little Boy Blue stood six feet two,
When he wasn't wearing the ghost of a shoe;
And the smallest maid that ever was seen
Was his boon companion, Little Girl Green.
Oh, Little Boy Blue, pray tell me true,
How did she ever capture you?

The wit of this was thought to be below salon level, for the verses were not read at the next meeting.

The other conversation that I remember occurred the last time we met. Somebody said he had read a pathetic story about a girl who died at twenty-three, and had been wondering, about two o'clock the previous night (the hour at which he finished reading the story), what he would be sorriest to miss, if he had died at twenty-three. I put aside the two things that came promptly into the fore-ground of my mind, in order to see how the rest of the people responded. Almost every face showed knowledge on the subject, and you ought to have heard the amount of wisdom we uttered, when we had all decided what not to say. In the meantime the young gentleman to whom Belinda's brother has given the Indian name of "Man-with-frills-on-his-manners," turned to Belinda's mother with a graceful speech as to what we should all have missed by dying before that winter. Then the prettiest girl in the room said she was not twenty-three yet, but hoped to be if we gave her time (she didn't say how much), and meanwhile she would be very sorry to have died before learning how to spell spontaneity, because ignorance on this point had darkened her childhood. Several of us looked as if we could not spell spontaneity yet, but no one was rash enough to raise the point. One man, who must have been nearly thirty-five, said he would not be willing to lose a single minute out of all his days since he was twenty-three. I looked at him in awe, and wondered whether it was his conscience or his memory that was at fault. And Belinda's brother said, admiringly:

"What a *rattling* good time you must have had!"

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Then my serious young chess-player said:

"None of you seem to think how good it would be to get rid of things you've done since, by dying at twenty-three. You must be awfully good."

"Or stupid," I said, sagely. "It doesn't seem possible, to the ordinary conscience, to get rid of iniquities, by dying or by any other extreme measure." Then the man-with-frills-on-his-manners told me, in a most complimentary tone, that I must be frightfully wicked. In fact, there were many opinions expressed, more or less seriously, but I should have much preferred to hear those that were not spoken.

One sincere word was said, and that I did not hear, but saw. Belinda and Mr. Lincoln were standing near the piano, arrested in a search for some music by a moment's interest in the discussion: I saw Mr. Lincoln's colour rise as he spoke, and I knew what he was saying, as well as if I had heard it. But I think he made a mistake in policy; he looked straight across the room at the girl who was not twenty-three yet. I did not know whether he saw her, or not; it's easy to look at things, or even people, without seeing them, when one's preoccupied. But if he meant that by leaving this earth at twenty-three he would have missed the great happiness of knowing her, it was surely a sinful waste of time to say it to Belinda, and if he meant that Belinda's friendship was the happiness he would have been cheated of by an early death, he should not have looked at an unusually pretty other girl while he said it. I suppose the primæval man who discovered the device of articulate speech thought he had done something large for his race; one can picture his fresh delight, and almost hear him saying: "Now, I'll know what all the other fools in the world mean, and they'll know what I mean, and everything will be truly lovely." He did not contemplate the divers uses to which his discovery might be put. All this went through my mind in a flash, as Belinda's face changed, and her eyes turned away from the uncomforting beauty of that other face. I bent my head quickly in the direction of the nearest window.

"Is that the fire-bell?" I said, and one of the men pulled back the curtain for me. I do not know how they do these things in France, but I do not believe that there is in this country material for a salon that will not rush window-wards on a hint of a fire. We all looked out eagerly, and listened a few moments, then some one said:

"I don't hear it."

"Neither do I, now," I answered in a disappointed tone. I think I should not tell a direct lie, unless the provocation is something stupendous; but my conscience hasn't even mentioned this little dramatic performance to me since—not even in my bluest moments, when it might have had a chance.

I was sorry that was the last time we met at the salon, for I thought there were some of us who didn't quite know where we were. My own ignorance of matters was unimportant, of course, but I was naturally interested, and should have liked to know the facts. I learned them later, when Belinda came back to town, after a long summer of camping and hilarity. We went walking the day after she came home.

It was a hazy September afternoon, and we took the shortest way to get out of the region of pavement of any sort, and when we had accomplished this, and had reached a road that was chiefly grass and cart-ruts, we walked contentedly along for a time, and then sat down upon a conveniently broken fence to talk.

Belinda told me amusing stories of camp-fires, and swimming lessons, and canoeing exploits, and I waited for a name. It came after a time, uttered casually, and I waited till it was well buried under half a dozen others, and then asked:

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"Was Alice there—and is she twenty-three yet?"

"Yes, Alice was there—and not yet twenty-three, I should judge—but then you wouldn't have thought any of us more than fifteen. Alice pitched out of the big canoe one day, and you should have seen the lads plunge after her, though they knew she could swim"—and then followed a sparkling history of that adventure.

It was not till we discovered the difference between a broken fence and an easy chair, and consequently rose to go home, that Belinda at last spoke out:

"You remember the night you didn't hear the fire-bells?"

I remembered.

"I thought that night," she went on, "that Mr. Lincoln had—incapacitated himself for salon purposes, you know. I found this summer that it was so." A voice may shake through grief, or joy, or mere nervousness, and I was afraid to look.

"That's too bad," I said, watching the sunset.

"Oh, I shouldn't say that," she answered, tolerantly, "I should not say that, Gertrude—for it's I."

Katharine L. Johnston.

TAM MILLER

Tam.

Bonny Jean, winsome Jean,
Trippin' ower the daisy,
Weel I ken where ye hae been;
Faith ye'll drive me crazy!

Donald's but a silly lad,
Full o' naught but dancin',
Blawin' pipes that drive me mad,
Round the country prancin'!

Scarce a bawbee till his name,
Hoo can he support ye?
Canna bide an hour at hame;
Dinna lat him court ye!

There's mysel'—an honest chiel,
Douce, nor ill behavit.
Jeanie, lass, I loo ye weel,
An' I've siller savit!

Come awa' an' bide wi' me,
I will mak' ye cozy;
Busk ye out, a sicht tae see—
Gay as any posy!

Jean.

Haud, awa'! ye crazy loon!
Tammas I despise ye!
Gie some ither lass the goon—
That's what I advise ye!

All your siller and your gear,
All ye can add to them,
Think ye that I count them dear?
Think ye that I loo' them?

Gin my Donald loves to roam,
Blyth maun be his life then;
Gin he winna bide at hame,
Mair he needs a wife then!

Donald's worth a score o' you!
Dinna speak agin him!
Bonny is he, leal an' true,
Proud am I tae win him!

Noo gaud nicht! but bide a wee!
Mind ye this, Tam Miller!—
Think na ilka lass ye see
Cares for naught but siller!

MALCOLM MACKENZIE.

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THROUGH THE SUB-ARCTICS OF CANADA.

A Journey of 3,200 Miles by Canoe and Snow-shoe.

BY J. W. TYRRELL, C.E., D.L.S

VII.—FROM MARBLE ISLAND TO FORT CHURCHILL.

WE started southward down the coast of Hudson Bay on the 13th of September; and the day being beautifully calm, we made a capital run past a rocky, reef-bound coast, and at night camped upon the mainland about twelve miles north of Marble Island, whose snowy white hills of quartzite could be distinctly seen against the southern horizon.

Marble Island—so called because of the resemblance which its rounded, glaciated rocky hills bears to white marble—is known as a wintering station for American whalers. Its geographical position was well determined in 1885 and 1886, by Commander Gordon, of the Dominion Government Hudson Bay Expedition (of which the writer was a member), so we were glad to avail ourselves of the opportunity of connecting our survey with such a well-fixed landmark. There were no whalers then at the island. Had there been, we would have endeavoured to arrange with one of them to take us to Churchill.

During the following day the weather continued to be beautifully fair, so with the feeling that nature was smiling upon us, we made good use of our time. As we followed the coast in a south-westerly direction, mile after mile, the rounded white hills of Marble Island continued to present a remarkable appearance, while to the north of us extended the bold, dark, rocky shore, brightened here and there in appearance by great banks of snow.

Landing at noon at a bluff, rocky point, we discovered what must very recently have been a large Eskimo encampment. Several kom-e-ticks (sleds) and other articles were found, including the wreck of a large whale boat, which lay in a cove near by. This camping place had been the summer home of the Eskimos we had met within the inlet, and from a sanitary point of view it was no credit to them, for filth and putrefaction everywhere abounded.

The rocks of this locality were chiefly dark green hornblendic schists of the Huronian formation, and were of particularly interesting appearance, being much contorted, and dipping at high angles.

Following our two days of fair weather we were permitted to enjoy still another, which enabled us to cross the mouth of Rankin Inlet, one which would have required days to coast had the weather been anything but calm. During these three days, we covered a distance of just one hundred miles, and this run upon such an exposed coast was most encouraging. Though we saw little game, we had still some dried meat left, and at this rate of travel, two weeks would take us to Churchill. By putting ourselves upon rations, our meat would last us for five or six days.

On the night of the 15th our camp was pitched upon a little sand island in the mouth of Corbet's Inlet, and here for a time we were destined to remain. Before morning we were aroused by the already too familiar sound of the gale, and all day we were kept prisoners upon the sand bar, without water to drink, for what was found on the islet was salty. Towards evening the wind was accompanied by

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a chilling rain, which continued all night and the greater part of the next morning. On the following afternoon the wind suddenly fell, and though a heavy sea continued to roll in from the east, the waves ceased to break; and fearing to lose one hour unnecessarily, we launched our canoes upon the heaving waters and started across the mouth of the Inlet on an eight-mile traverse.

As we got out beyond the shelter of the island, we found the seas running fearfully high; but so long as they did not break upon us, we had little to fear; and this would not likely occur unless the wind should spring up again. But when we were well out in the middle of the inlet that is just what did occur. The wind commenced to blow from exactly the opposite quarter, and speedily increased in force, whipping the crests off the waves in such a way as to make our position anything but assuring. Our situation was indeed perilous. Every effort was made to guide our canoes in such a way as to brook least danger, but in spite of all we could do, the seas dashed in upon us, and it looked as if we would never reach the shore.

My brother and I laid down our paddles, and with tin kettles plied ourselves vigorously in dashing out the water. Many times the great tumbling billows seemed as if they would certainly roll over us; but our light cedars, though sometimes half-filled, were ever borne up by the waves. At length we neared the shore, toward which for several hours we had been struggling but, to our dismay, only to find it skirted by a long line of rocks and shoals upon which the full force of the wild sea was breaking with frightful fury. What were we to do? Without a harbor we would be dashed to pieces upon the rocks, and it was impossible for us to retreat against the storm.

On we were borne by the force of the gale toward the breakers, but just as the crisis appeared to have come—thanks to a kind Providence, a way of escape was presented. One rock was observed standing out a short distance in advance of the others. If behind this we could thrust our canoes, we might yet land in safety. Every arm was strained in the effort, and one after the other each canoe, being well directed, was dashed by the breakers into the desired haven.

Then in shallow water, and with the strength of the seas broken, we all jumped out of our canoes and succeeded in landing them safely. Every particle of our outfit was, of course, thoroughly saturated, but we were very thankful that nothing worse had befallen us.

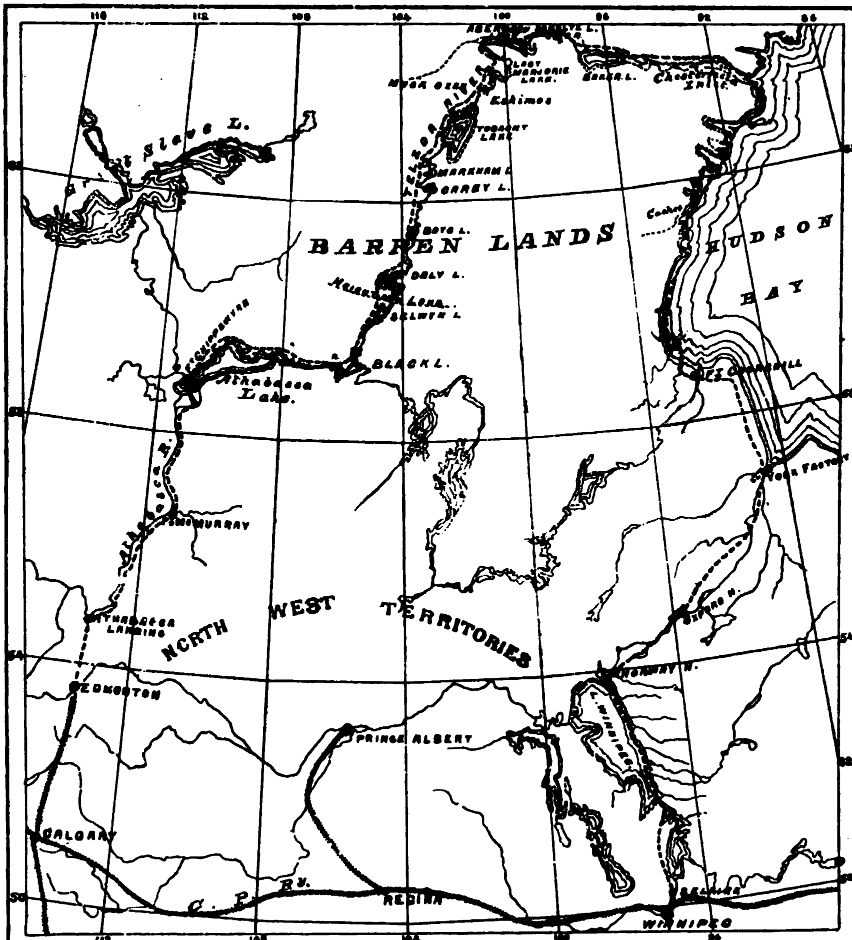
The surface of the country here consisted of bare rock, comparatively level, of a most dreary aspect, and without a sign of vegetation.

The storm continued for two days longer, during which time we were obliged to remain on shore. As our provisions were now almost exhausted, our attentions were chiefly devoted to hunting; but the only game that could be found was one little duck and two gulls. The broken remains of an Eskimo kyack were found, and these were carefully gathered up in order that a kettle of water and our gulls might be boiled for supper.

New ice was now forming over the ponds on the shore, and the weather was turning perceptibly colder, so that we were very anxious to be moving southward. When still dark, on the morning of the 20th, the wind having fallen, camp was aroused, and without breakfast our journey resumed. For two days we pressed on, and made good progress, but having scarcely anything to eat, we began to feel weak.

On the morning of the 22nd we were again storm-bound by a heavy gale and snow, which lasted four days. During this time we suffered much from the violence of the storm, as

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ROUTE OF THE TYRRELL EXPEDITION OF 1893 THROUGH NORTHERN CANADA.

well as from want of food. As soon as the storm had sufficiently abated, which it did not do until the morning of the 25th, two of the men, Pierre and Louis, were sent out with the shot guns to hunt for food, and with our rifles my brother and I set out for an all-day tramp into the interior. We found that our camp was situated near the end of a long, narrow point, at the back of which is Neville Bay. The point consisted in places of extended fields of water-washed boulders, and in order to reach the mainland, these had to be crossed. This circumstance, together with the fact that we were travelling into the teeth of a gale and with empty stomachs, made walking very difficult.

Soon after leaving camp a hare jumped out from among the rocks, and, coming to a fatal stand, it was with some gratification made a prey to a slug from my "Martin." Not wishing to carry him all day, he was left with Pierre and Louis to be taken to camp.

By three o'clock in the afternoon, after a long and labourious march, and securing nothing more, excepting one ptarmigan, we reached the bottom of Neville Bay, and then discovered the mouth of a large river flowing into it. We would gladly have stayed some

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time in this vicinity pursuing further research; but as the day was already far spent, and we were pretty well used up, we did not deem it advisable to do so.

Finding a little dry moss we made a fire, roasted the little ptarmigan, divided it between us, and being somewhat resuscitated began a weary march to camp. Towards nightfall, as it began to grow dark, we found ourselves becoming very much exhausted, but not wishing to be out all night without blankets—for the weather continued to be very cold and stormy—we pushed on with all the energy we could possibly muster. We were frequently obliged to sit down to rest, notwithstanding the fact that night was close upon us, and when still several miles from camp, we found ourselves enveloped in darkness and endeavouring to grope our way through a field of sharp, angular rocks of all shapes and sizes. It is needless to say that travelling under such conditions was not easy. For a considerable distance we were obliged to feel our way with hands and feet between and over the rocks (occasionally going over, then between, and exercising the sense of feeling last). After about two hours of this sort of experience, we gained the more level country; and a little later, getting sight of a light in one of the tents, which served as a guide, we reached camp thoroughly played out. We were not, however, required to go to bed fasting, for Pierre and Louis, having been more successful than ourselves, had secured several hares and ptarmigan, and from these a "bouillon" had been prepared, and part of it reserved for our supper. It was a most thoroughly appreciated meal, and after partaking of it, we were soon rolled up in our blankets and all unconscious of the storm that howled about us, and of the fact that we had not another meal in the camp.

On the morning of the 26th, we were glad to find that the wind had fallen sufficiently to allow us to launch, so without delay our canoes were loaded and a fair run made. Several sea ducks were shot during the day, and thus our supper was secured. The next day we were again wind-bound by a gale from the south-west, and our whole party set out to hunt for food. We were not altogether unsuccessful—assembling in the evening with five marmots (animals about the size of house rats).

The next morning, the 28th, though a strong breeze was still blowing, we determined to make a start at least, for to remain where we were meant that we must soon starve to death. We were already much reduced and weakened from the effects of cold and hunger, and the condition of the weather had of late been most disheartening. We were still fully three hundred miles from Churchill, the nearest habitation of man; we had not one bit of food; the country was covered with snow, the climate piercingly cold; we had no means of making a fire, and, worst of all, the weather was such the greater part of the time that we were unable to travel. It was difficult to be cheerful under such circumstances, but we maintained a bold front and pushed on.

As we were bending to our paddles and had made, perhaps, seven or eight miles south-westerly along the coast, our hearts were gladdened by the appearance of a band of deer on the shore. As can be imagined, our course was quickly altered and a landing effected, though with some difficulty as the tide was falling and the water rapidly receding over the broad boulder flats. The men were left to keep the canoes afloat and from being damaged by the rocks, whilst my brother and I, with our rifles and the sagacity of Indians, went off in pursuit of the deer, which were now very different animals to hunt than when in great bands earlier in the season. Another fact which rendered them difficult to approach was, that the country was

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now a vast snow-covered plain, affording no cover for the hunter save that of a few scattered boulders. Behind some of these we crept for long distances, but found it impossible to get within any kind of medium range. Several times we got within about five hundred yards of the deer, but could get no closer, and so opened fire at that distance. At first they trotted about in confusion, but then locating their enemies, fled straight away across the country. For hours we followed them, vainly seeking for some opportunity of nearer approach, but being unsuccessful were compelled to retrace our weary steps to the shore, where we arrived faint and exhausted. We found the men had been unable to keep the canoes afloat, but that they were now high and dry, and the water of the bay barely visible in the distance, such was the extremely low and flat character of the coast

It was impossible to launch our canoes until the return of the tide, so Pierre and Louis were sent off with our rifles, to try their fortune. As they departed and left us lying upon the snow, we sincerely prayed for their success. We had done our best and had failed; if they also should fail it was too apparent what must soon be the result.

Two of the other men, Jim and Francois, were also sent off with the shot-guns, and then anxious hours of waiting followed. No shots were heard, but towards evening we observed in the distance Pierre and Louis, and afterwards the other two men, returning. None of them appeared to have anything with them, as we had hoped they might, and at the prospect, I confess, my heart grew sick. As they came nearer, however, Louis, holding up something in one hand, exclaimed "I got um." It was the claw of a polar bear, and we soon learned with much joy that he had, sure enough, killed a bear, which he had suddenly come upon at the edge of a little lake, whilst following the deer.

It was about six miles inland that the encounter took place, and Louis was alone at the time, his brother having gone off on a different track, The meeting was a mutual surprise, for the bear, which was lying in the snow near the ice of the lake, being very white himself, was unobserved until our hunter's footsteps aroused him. Then there was a distance of not more than fifty yards between them and there was no time for consideration, for the bear, springing to his feet, made straight for Louis, who met his charge with a slug, and brought Bruin to his knees. He was up again though in an instant and following our Indian, who had taken to the ice, thinking that in a conflict he would there have the advantage. But in this he found he was mistaken, for the bear was quickly overtaking him —being at home on the ice—so he turned, and the second time knocked the bear down. Again, as Louis made for the shore, Bruin got up, and with blood streaming from his wounds and a roar of defiance, made one more desperate charge. There were now only a few feet between them, but Louis, doubtless fully realizing the situation as critical, turned and shot his adversary dead at his feet.

It was a happy shot for our whole party, as well as for the Indian, who, being unable to handle the carcass himself, had returned—meeting his brother by the way—for assistance.

We all gladly followed him to the scene of the combat, where, judging by tracks and blood, there was abundant proof of the veracity of his story.

On a bare knoll, near the carcass, some dry moss was discovered, and with this, even before the skinning had been completed, some of the flesh was roasted, or, more correctly, slightly singed, and refreshments were passed around. The reviving effect produced upon the spirits of our party was remarkable. Though the flesh of the polar bear is famed for its rankness, we would not have exchanged it

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at that time for its weight in silver. I remember one of the western half-breeds being so exultant that he affirmed "he would not own the Queen as his uncle."

The carcass was found to be extremely poor. The only food found in the stomach was the droppings of reindeer, so that at the first meeting Louis must have been considered a very desirable prize. It was just a question of which should eat up the other in order to prolong his existence. Fortunately for our party the Indian proved to be the fittest survivor.

No part of the carcass was wasted, but every scrap, including the hide, amounting in all to between three and four hundred pounds, was placed in bags and carried to the canoes which, with much difficulty, we reached long after dark.

Next morning a strong east wind, driving a wild surf in upon the shore, made it impossible to launch, but we were thankful for having some food on hand with which to fortify ourselves inwardly. Advantage was also taken of the opportunity for obtaining moss with which to cook some of the meat. Though five or six miles distant, a quantity of this fuel was gathered, and with it several large kettles of the meat boiled—almost sufficient, it was hoped, to take us to Churchill.

But—alas for our hopes!—the gale which had arisen increased in fury until it became a terrific storm accompanied by sleet and snow, and this continued for five days. During one of the nights of this storm the tent occupied by my brother and myself was ripped up the back by the force of the gale, and it was with great difficulty that we saved it from being blown away. So fierce was the storm, and so piercingly cold was the wind, that without shelter we must soon have perished. We were already numb with cold, but midst the snow and darkness I managed to find in my bag a sail-needle and some twine, and then, having lowered the tent to the ground, whilst my brother held on to it, I stitched up the rent. When the tent was again raised, our blankets were buried in snow, but they being our only comfort, the snow was shaken off and in a half-perished condition, we again crept beneath them.

Besides the discomforts occasioned by the storm, a case of poisoning occurred at the camp. Our cook, one day, thinking to give my brother and me a treat, provided for our dinner some of the bear's liver. Because of its rank flavour my brother partook sparingly, but I ate of it freely, and at once became fearfully ill.

For a whole day I lay in the tent reaching and straining, though throwing off nothing but froth, until I thought I would have died. My brother pressed me to take some brandy—a little of which still remained in a flask we had brought with us, but, mule-like, for some time I declined on the plea that I did not think it would help me. However, towards night, thinking I would have to take something or give up the ghost, I yielded to his advice, and very soon began to feel greatly relieved. I have since learned that, by the Eskimos as well as by whalers, polar bear's liver is said to be poisonous.

After this great storm, which lasted until the 4th of October, the whole country was buried deeply in snow, and every possibility of finding even a little moss for fuel was excluded. The sub-arctic winter, with all its cruelty, had overtaken us. Ice was forming rapidly along the shore of the bay, and it was evident that, within a very few days, canoe travelling must be at an end.

On the above date, though snow was still falling, the wind had gone down sufficiently to allow us to launch; but, because of a low tide and the ice, it was not an easy matter to get into the water. However, this was in time accomplished, and, by the greatest exertion during the day, we managed to make a distance of ten

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miles through a dashing spray which froze upon whatever it touched and encased canoes and men in an armour of ice. In getting to shore at night, we experienced the same difficulties as we had met with in the morning, only they had slightly increased.

The following morning the water of the bay was clear out of sight, and it was not until about noon, when the tide flowed in, that we could get into the water. Then we were so obstructed by ice along the shore and a head wind, that we were not able to make more than a mile or two before we were again forced to struggle to the shore.

At this rate of travel we would be a long time in reaching Churchill. We had now been more than three weeks on the coast, and were still at least two hundred and fifty miles from our haven. Some different mode of travelling must be adopted or we could never get in. The shore ice was forming rapidly, and might now block us at any time. We were again reduced to two or three rations, and the game had all left the country.

What was to be done? My brother and I talked the matter over during the night, and the plan which first suggested itself was to abandon everything but rifles and blankets, and start down the shore on foot. But to this plan there appeared many serious objections. Our party, though much weakened of late, was still, through long practice, able to pull at the paddles, but to undertake a long march, we would have been in very poor condition. Besides this, our footwear was in a very bad state, and then walking without snowshoes through the soft deep snow would have been very laborious, if not quite impossible. Again, there would be several large rivers to cross, and these would not yet be frozen over; so that altogether the idea of completing our journey on foot appeared impracticable.

A second plan was then proposed. It was to abandon one canoe with all dunnage, instruments, rock collection, Eskimo curiosities, etc.; etc., and reserving only our note books, photographs, plant collection, rifles, blankets and tents, to start out with the help of the additional man in each of the remaining canoes, and pull for our lives.

The adoption of this plan was decided upon, and at day-break all hands were set to work to "cache" our stuff, excepting the articles above mentioned. This task occupied the whole morning, and to us it was a sad and dreary one. Things were first packed in tarpaulins and waterproof bags, and then lashed in the canoe, which was finally turned upside down, then covered by the "green" bearskin, and weighted with stones. Having thus made the "cache" as secure as we could, with heavy hearts we turned our steps toward the shore.

Canoes were launched, and then followed the extremely difficult and dangerous work of forcing our way through the broken but heavy shore ice to the open water beyond. Having succeeded in this, we made a good run, and even at the risk of being smashed upon some of the many rocks or blocks of drifting ice, we paddled on far into the night; but at a late hour, being sheathed in ice from the freezing spray, we gained the shore, and without supper, lay down to sleep upon the snow.

Eight more dreary days passed, six of which were spent in battling with the elements, and two in lying stormbound upon the shore. During this interval our party suffered much from cold and lack of food, and to make matters worse dysentery attacked us. The shore ice had been steadily forming, rendering it more and more difficult to launch or get ashore. Our frail crafts had been badly battered, and several times broken through by the ice, and the low character of the coast had not improved. Still, with hollow cheeks and enfeebled strength, we struggled on, sometimes

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making fair progress and at others very little, until on October the 14th as we advanced we found the ice so heavy, and extending so far out to sea, that in order to clear it we could not see the land.

Towards evening we began to look about for some opportunity of getting to shore, but nothing could be seen but the sea and a vast field of ice, with here and there some dark protruding rocks. We pushed on, hoping to find some bluff point or channel of water by which we might reach the shore, but the conditions of our surroundings did not change. We stood up in our canoes and climbed upon rocks, vainly hoping to at least get a glimpse of the land, but it was so low, and we were so far out, that it was beyond our view.

Soon the shades of night began to overshadow us; our canoes were leaking badly, and the weather was bitterly cold. We tried our utmost to reach the shore, but failed. It was hoped that at the time of high tide, about 10 p.m., we might do better, but 10 o'clock came and still we were in the same helpless condition, no more able to penetrate the drifting ice and gain the shore than before.

Indeed, long before this time, it had become intensely dark, and we were in great danger of being smashed by ice or rocks. We were utterly powerless, and could do nothing but sit in our canoes, and go where the tide chose to carry us, until the return of daylight.

The hours of that night were the longest that I have ever experienced, and the odds seemed to be against us surviving until morning. Our canoes were leaking so badly that only continual baling kept us afloat. I sincerely prayed that we might, in some way, be delivered from our distressed condition.

At length the day returned and found us all alive, though my brother was nearly dead from exposure and sitting in the icy water; and poor little Michel had both of his feet frozen, whilst his brother Louis was in a very low condition from the effects of dysentery.

Still we were in the same position as we had been the night before. We could not hold out very much longer; we must gain the shore or perish. At the time of high tide, the ice being somewhat loosened, our canoes were thrust into the pack, and by the exercise of great care and almost superhuman effort, we succeeded, about one o'clock, in reaching the solid shore ice, upon which we were able to land, and, for the last time, haul out our noble little crafts.

We had been sitting in them just thirty hours, battling with the ice, exposed to a piercing wintry blast, with clothing saturated and frozen, and our bodies faint and numb with starvation and cold. But, thank Heaven, we were now within reach of the land, and all who were able gladly scrambled out upon the ice to stretch their cramped and stiffened limbs. My brother was not able to walk, but was in a perishing condition from the exposure of the night, and from sitting in ice-cold water in the bottom of his canoe, which had with difficulty been kept from foundering. I wrapped him up as warmly as I could in our blankets, and administered half a bottle of Jamaica ginger, the last of our stock.

Those of us who were able then set about hauling the canoes over the ice to the shore, which was in time reached, and where we were delighted to find a quantity of driftwood. With some of this a fire was soon lighted, and, camp being pitched, my brother was removed to our tent, whilst the weaker of the men sought shelter in theirs.

The three half-breeds, Jim, John and Francois, were still fairly strong, but the remaining five of us were badly used up. We knew now, however, that we could be no very great distance from Churchill, for we had

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again reached the wooded country. Two or three miles back from the shore could be seen dark clumps of evergreens, and this afforded great consolation, for it meant for us shelter and fire.

As to again launching our canoes, that was entirely out of the question. If we should reach Churchill at all it must now be by land, but as most of us were unable to walk, the only course open appeared to be to send on some of the stronger men to, if possible, reach the Fort and bring back a relief party. This plan was proposed to the men, and each of the three stronger ones volunteered their services. Accordingly, on the following morning, the 16th of October, Jim and John were dispatched to the Fort, whilst the remainder of our party undertook to move camp back to the woods, where we might make ourselves more comfortable to await the success or failure of our relief party.

A well-sheltered spot was selected in a thick grove of trees, and after clearing away about two feet of snow which covered the ground, tents were pitched, then well "brushed" with fir branches; and before them a great roaring camp-fire made, such as we had not been permitted to enjoy for many a day. Besides this, in the willows through which we had passed on our way from the shore, many ptarmigan had been seen, and a number of them shot. These, together with the shelter and warmth, contributed greatly to our comfort and relief. The reviving effect of food and fire upon our numb and half-frozen bodies was very marked. Francois, who of our number was the best able to walk, was kept out with the gun, and found no difficulty in securing a good many birds. Unfortunately, though, our ammunition was now reduced to a few charges, otherwise we would have had no fears of living there for some time.

With the one exception, we were all very weak, and much reduced from long starvation. Our veteran, Pierre, who had done such noble service with his paddle, now staggered in his walk; and as we were trudging up from the shore, he fell, from sheer exhaustion, and had difficulty in regaining his feet. Now in camp, however, and with the means of procuring food for at least two or three days, we were in a position to rest and gain strength, though poor Michel suffered greatly from his frozen feet, as did also his brother Louis from our common malady.

About one o'clock on the afternoon of our third day at this camp, as we were all seated within our tents enjoying our dinner of boiled ptarmigans, my brother and I were startled by hearing some one exclaim "Halloo Jim!" The eagerness with which we scrambled over dinner and dishes to our tent door can better be imagined than described, and upon looking out, sure enough, there was Jim returning.

Was he alone? No, thank Heaven! Behind him a moment later emerged from the woods other strange men, followed by teams of dogs and sleds. One after the other there came scampering along no less than four teams, hauling long empty sleds capable of furnishing accommodation for our whole outfit. As they drew up at our camp, Jim advanced and handed us letters from the trader and Mr. and Mrs. Lofthouse—the missionary and his wife—whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making on two former visits to Churchill. The letters were not mere expressions of sympathy, but were accompanied by such provisions as we might require until we should all reach the Fort. It would be difficult to describe our feelings upon this occasion—the termination of our many hardships.

After a hard two-days' tramp through the deep snow, Jim and John had reached Fort Churchill, where they had found kind friends ready to send us assistance. Dog teams had

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been placed at their disposal, provisions supplied, and early on the morning of the same day on which they had found us, the train had set out for our relief.

With light sleds they had travelled at a rapid pace over the thirty miles of snowy plains which were found to still separate us from our haven. Another day of good travel in our canoes would have taken us in, but this was not afforded us.

With as little delay as possible preparations were begun for our sled journey to the Fort on the following day. Canoes were hauled up from the shore, where we had been obliged to leave them, and loaded upon two of the sleds. Camp outfit and provisions were loaded upon the others, and as far as possible everything was made ready for an early start in the morning.

Long before daylight camp was astir, breakfast was partaken of by the light of the camp-fire, and at the first streaks of dawn, our crippled party, loaded upon the dog-sleighs, was wending its way to Churchill. The snow being very soft at this early season, the travelling was heavy and comparatively slow, but being anxious to make the Fort in the one day, the teams were urged on. At a sheltered spot, rather more than half-way to Churchill, a brief halt was made for dinner and to rest the dogs, but without allowing the usual time for a smoke, we again pushed on.

At three o'clock in the afternoon we reached the bottom of Button's Bay, and thence shaping our course north-easterly, we arrived, about two hours later, at the base of a long range of rocky hills. For some time we skirted the foot of these until, reaching a low place in the ridge, we turned up the steep pass, and after a short climb to the crest we found ourselves within full view of Fort Churchill. Though consisting of only four or five old frame buildings, the sight to us was one of profound satisfaction, and for a moment we paused on the summit of the ridge to take in the realities of the situation.

Little time, however, was afforded for reflection, for at the crack of the driver's whip the teams bounded forward, galloped down the steep slope, and, without slackening their pace, sped across the plains below, until they came to a halt in front of the house of the Hudson Bay Company's trader.

Presently a tall young Scotchman came out to receive us, introducing himself as Mr. Matheson, the Master of the Fort. We felt a little taken aback upon at once being asked how long we expected to remain; however, we arranged with him for quarters and rations for our men, and board for ourselves, until such time as we might be able to continue our journey on snowshoes.

J. W. Tyrrell.

THE END.

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JOHN RUSKIN AS A POLITICAL ECONOMIST.

W. J. LHAMON, M.A.

IN his preface to "Munera Pulveris" Mr. Ruskin tells us quite frankly his experience in getting before the English public as a political economist. He began a series of papers in the *Cornhill Magazine*, the editor being his friend. The outcry against them became such that upon the appearance of the third number the editor wrote him in great distress and with many apologies that he could admit but one more political economy essay. He took the liberty of making this longer than the rest, giving to it "such blunt conclusion as he could," and, using his own words, "the *Cornhill* public was protected for that time against further disturbance on his part."

These four essays now stand in his published works under the general caption, "Unto This Last," suggested evidently by Christ's parable in which he represents the householder as paying the same wages to each of the late and early workers in his vineyard, and justifying himself by saying, "I will give unto this last even as unto thee. It is lawful for me to do what I will with mine own."

The respective titles of these delightfully disquieting essays are, "The Roots of Honor," "The Veins of Wealth," "Qui Judicatis Terram," and "Ad Valorem." On reading them from the standpoint of applied Christianity, or the Biblical notion of man's rightful bearing toward man, and remembering that the English people are supposed to have been schooled from the time of St. Augustine and his monks in such notions, one wonders why they should have so disturbed "the *Cornhill* public." This happened in 1860. Mr. Ruskin did not cease to write because certain people made up their minds to dislike him. No true prophet ever did. In 1863, he published "Munera Pulveris," and unless his critics had changed their opinions meanwhile materially, he must have enjoyed their dislike in a manifold degree.

But the times change, whether great men's critics do or not. Here is the deliberately expressed opinion of Mr. Alfred Ewen Fletcher, editor of the *London Daily Chronicle*, as to Ruskin's place in the world of political economy. The extract is from a speech delivered before the Grindewald Conference in 1894:

> "You ask me to define a living wage. I frankly tell you I cannot. The living wage to me is a living principle, which is—that wages shall govern contracts, and not contracts wages, and that the capitalists shall not be allowed to enter into cut-throat competition with the assumption that they shall recoup themselves from loss by taking it out of wages. We are told that the principle is contrary to political economy It is not contrary to the political economy of the New Testament, which is quite good enough for me, and I am prepared to say quite good enough for the greatest and most scientific of political economists, John Ruskin. Ruskin thirty years ago published his great work, 'Unto This Last,' and the people said, Mr. Ruskin may be a very great art critic but he should not write about what he does not understand. Now they say, after thirty years experience of this political economy according to the Gospel, Mr Ruskin is not an art critic, but a great economist."

Still further, in the preface to "Munera Pulveris," Mr. Ruskin gives us a confession, in substance without reserve, and in form completely beautiful, of his indebtedness to Carlyle. He inscribes the work to him, calls him his "friend and guide in all chief labor," and says, "I would that some better means were in my power of showing reverence to the man who alone, of all our masters of literature, has written, without thought of himself, what he knew it to be needful for the people of his time to hear, if

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the will to hear were in them; whom, therefore, as the time draws near when his task must be ended, Republican and free-thoughted England assaults with impatient reproach; and out of the abyss of her cowardice in policy and dishonor in trade, sets the hacks of her literature to speak evil, grateful to her ears, of the Solitary Teacher who has asked her to be brave for the help of man, and just for the love of God."

So Ruskin sends us to Carlyle for political economy, and if any of us had not thought of going there before we had better immediately upon his advice make a pilgrimage thither. "Sartor Resartus" may be read, but "Past and Present" must be if we would reach the fundamentals of the science as Ruskin esteems them. There are a certain half dozen of Carlyle's short chapters, which, if they were digested and assimilated by our pulpits and parliaments, and above all by our "Mill-owning Aristocracy," would revolutionize a good deal of our misdirected social thinking and practice. Let us say, "The Gospel of Mammonism," "The Gospel of Dilettantism," "The English," "Un-working Aristocracy," "Working Aristocracy," "Democracy," "The Captains of Industry," and "Permanence,"—these chapters, and a few others for which the digestion of these will bring on the appetite, would be an excellent diet for both Canada and the United States with their drunken, mammonistic "Sir Jabesh Windbags," now and again uppermost in parliament. Unfortunately the hell that Carlyle discovered, what he calls the "Hell of the English," the "hell of not making money," has been too generally extended since his time, and the Americans as well as the English have their "cash payment the sole nexus," and their "supply and demand the sole law of nature," and their "paroxysms of prosperity on the old methods of competition and devil take the hindmost," paroxysms to be followed inevitably by paroxysms of adversity, when the devil does take the hindmost, and the foremost too, of our once happily employed working men, and sends them to gutters and back alleys to pick rags, or puts them to sleep, after thin soup, among the vermin in an eight-cent lodging house, or boards them in prisons for specified times, thereafter turning them out penniless to beg or steal or starve.

Somebody has felicitously called Carlyle a good Old Testament Christian. The phrase is a contradiction in terms; but perhaps for that reason all the more pertinent. If there could be such a nondescript as an Old Testament Christian, Carlyle was that. He echoes the thunders of Sinai, but he does not repeat the prayers of Golgotha. Here is his merit, and his demerit. Since the former is so great, let us in charity not emphasize the latter.

But Ruskin, when he tells us the whole truth about himself, had other masters than Carlyle, one of them greater than any man. In "Fors Clavigera," Letter X., he makes a clean breast of himself, pretty much as follows, quoting and paraphrasing:

"You have perhaps been provoked, in the course of these letters, by not being able to make out what I was. It is time you should know, and I will tell you plainly. I am, and my father was before me, a violent Tory of the old school (Walter Scott's school, that is to say, and Homer's). I name these two of numberless great Tory writers, because they were my own two masters. I had Walter Scott's novels and the Illiad (Pope's translation) for my only reading, when I was a child, on week days; on Sundays their effect was tempered by Robinson Crusoe and Pilgrim's Progress, my mother having it deeply in her heart to make an evangelical clergyman of me. Fortunately, I had an aunt more evangelical than my mother, and my aunt gave me cold mutton for my Sunday dinners, which, as I much preferred it hot, greatly diminished the influence of Pilgrim's Progress, and the end of the matter was that I got all the noble imaginative teaching of Pope and Defoe, and yet I am not an evangelical clergyman.

"I had, however, still better teaching than theirs, and that compulsorily, and every day in the week. My mother forced me by steady, daily toil, to learn long chapters of the Bible by heart, as well as to read it every syllable through aloud, hard names and all, from Genesis to the Apocalypse, about once a year. To

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that discipline I owe my power of taking pains, and the best part of my taste in literature, and might have been led from Walter Scott and Homer to Johnston's English, or Gibson's, but once having known the 32nd of Deuteronomy, the 119th Psalm, the 15th of First Corinthians, the Sermon on the Mount, and the most of the Apocalypse, every syllable by heart, and having always a way of thinking with myself what words meant, it was not possible for me, even in the foolishest times of youth, to write entirely superficial or formal English."

In any adequate statement, therefore, of the factors that go to make a Ruskin, the childhood memorising of the Sermon on the Mount and the 15th chapter of First Corinthians must not be left out. Walter Scott and Defoe, and Bunyan and Carlyle may be there, but Christ and the resurrection of Christ are also there. But what have Christ and the resurrection of Christ to do with political economy? Much every way. Whoever does not believe it let him read Ruskin till he does.

It is all but impossible to make a complete classification of Ruskin's writings on political economy. The chiefest are, "Unto this Last," "Munera Pulveris," and "Fors Clavigera." The latter consists of numerous letters to working men, covering a period of ten years, from 1871 to 1881. But you will find political economy like the grains of gold in its native quartz almost anywhere in his writings. In his "Arrows of the Chase," in "A Joy Forever," in "Lectures on Art," in "The Two Paths," even in "The Stones of Venice," and quite frequently in his miscellaneous writings are to be found iteration and reiteration of the author's political economy convictions.

If classification is difficult, characterization is more so. None but a master artist in the use of words, and a genius as original, as sparkling and as daring as his own could succeed in an attempted faithful description of his ways of coming at the matter. The very titles of his most distinctive chapters are conundrums. You must figure them out, sometimes at a good deal of pains. For "Munera Pulveris" you must go to the 28th Ode of Horace, and then very likely polish up your Latin for a week before you get his meaning. "Fors Clavigera" he explains at length himself, or you might never guess what he means by it. But think of his writing letters to working men for years under this caption, and pouncing at them, or more especially one may guess, at some other bodies through them, from every imaginable standpoint of history, art, classical literature, mythology, science, philosophy, the daily papers, the Christian religion, the follies of royalty, and the sufferings of poverty! One is liable to meet anybody in these letters, from Zoroaster and the Eastern Magi to Weng Chin, the latest Chinaman merchant up to date hanged by a Los Angeles mob; and from "the fine ladies in the Queen's concert, sitting so trimly, and looking so sweet, and doing the whole duty of woman—wearing their fine clothes gracefully; and the pretty singer, white throated, warbling 'Home, sweet Home' to them, morally and melodiously," to the wanderers of the street, the "canaille," going their way to *their poor* home—"bitter sweet"; "Cuvrier and petrouleuse—prisoners at last—glaring wild, on their way to die." These are wonderful letters. They are the store-house of a magician; but they are the sermons also of a seer, the warnings of a prophet, and the pathetic pleadings of a father.

And all the while there is the charm of his wonderful English. John Ruskin's mother tongue is the toy of his playful moods, the lightning and the thunder of his prophetic moods, the arsenal inexhaustible of his soldierly moods, the ring and robe of his fatherly moods, and always the perfect transparency of his thought. Professor Frederic Harrison, writing in the *Nineteenth Century* of last year, speaks of Ruskin's prose after this style: "Milton began, and once or twice completed, such a resounding voluntary on his glorious organ. But neither Milton, nor Brown, nor Jeremy

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Taylor, was yet quite master of the noble instrument. Ruskin, who comes after two centuries further of continuous progress in their art, is the master of the sublime instrument of prose. And though it be true that too often, in wanton defiance of calm judgment, he flings to the winds his self-control, he has achieved in this rare and perilous art some amazing triumphs over language, such as the whole history of our literature cannot match."

Ruskin is essentially a poet, only he has not taken the trouble to make his thoughts jingle. This is why so many prosy people were taken by surprise when Mr. Gladstone appointed him poet laureate three years ago. But the really funny thing escaped the critics. That John Ruskin should be appointed at a fixed yearly stipend to sing a sonnet or write an ode every time a sprig of royalty died or was born—this was the thing to be stared at and smiled at. However, such prose can come only from the soul of a poet. The insight, the music, the passion, the command of materials, the creative genius are all there; but, impatient of metre and rhyme, this essential poet flings his work broadcast in the form of rich and resistless prose, and lo! we in our stupidity sit waiting for a Gladstone to tell us that our hero is really a poet.

But if Ruskin is a poet, why should he meddle with a matter so prosy and supposedly scientific as political economy? That, now, is the question first uppermost in the mind of every purely materialistic, or legalistic, or mammonistic, or mechanical patent-right adjuster of the affairs of men with men. And the answer, bluntly, is simply this: Nobody but the essential poets, including the actual ones, should meddle with such matters on any great scale. They alone must be the masters, the fountain head, the light of the world, and the bread of life on such matters. Ten chances to one the economist who has neither insight nor sentiment will propose to right up the wrongs among men in some purely mechanical or legalistic way, seriously advocating as his panacea government levers, and bands, and pulleys, and cog-wheels; government factories and store-houses; and railroads, and pneumatic tubes, and telephones, and trundle-beds. He would sing you to sleep with a government fiddle and rouse you to work with a government whistle, and expect you to be supremely happy. Mrs. Browning should be high authority with us here:

"A starved man exceeds a fat beast;
We'll not barter, sir,
The beautiful for barley. And even so
I hold you will not compass your poor ends of
Of barley feeding and material ease
Without the poet's individualism to move
Your universal.
It takes a soul to move a body;
It takes a high-souled man
To move the masses even to a cleaner sty;
It takes the ideal to blow a hair's breadth off
The dust of the actual. Ah, your Fouriers failed
Because not poets enough to understand
That life develops from within."

Before attempting a statement of Ruskin's value as a political economist it is needful to note that he had some eccentricities. He quarrelled needlessly with steam power and its smoke-stacks, with railroads and the general multiplication of machinery. He could have no patience with the itch for rushing off somewhere at the rate of a mile a minute if you had nothing to do when you got there. He complains that they have turned every river in England into a common sewer, "so that you cannot so much as baptize an English baby but with filth, unless you hold its face out in the rain; and even that," he says, hitting at the coal smoke from boiler furnaces,—"even that falls dirty." In his fifth "Fors" he declares that no machines will increase the possibilities of life, but that they do increase the possibilities of idleness. Sometimes of late one is tempted to believe him in that. In this same "Fors" he proposes to give a tenth of his property, asking any others who will to

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join him, for the purchase of English lands to be made over in perpetuity to English people, who would take them and live on them and till them with their own hands, "and such help of force as could be found in wind and wave." "We will have no steam-engines on it," he declares, "and no railroads. We will have no untended and unthought-of creatures on it; none wretched but the sick; none idle but the dead. We will have no liberty upon it, but instant obedience to known law and appointed persons; no equality upon it, but instant recognition of every betterness that we can find and reprobation of every worseness." Such a strange commingling of generous, old-fashioned Hebrew tithing, and heroic, John Bull conservativeness it would be hard to find in any smaller man than John Ruskin, and a greater than he would probably have foreseen the futility, if not the folly, of a struggle against machinery. He has a mighty soul of love for the people, and he mourns with a father's tears for them in their oppression, their hunger, their rags, their sins, and their enforced idleness. He pleads for their homes, their lands, their schools and their churches with eloquence and pathos, and a power of rebuke all but inspired. He demands of the people that they obey their appointed leaders, but he does not say from whom the appointed shall leaders receive their appointment. He is no democrat. He would not trust the people in order that he might rule them, but he would rather rule them in order that he might trust them. He does not like American institutions. His Tory blood is too thick for that. In this respect he falls below the great leaders of democracy, and far below the greatest of his acknowledged great masters, for of all the teachers in this world the very greatest was the first great Democrat. Contrast John Ruskin for a moment with Wendell Phillips. The latter is easily one of the greatest of American reformers. He held with John Bright, "that the first five hundred men who pass in the Strand would make as good a parliament as that which sits at St. Stephens." He believed in the people, and when they mobbed him he went on appealing to them, expecting that their to-morrow would rectify their to-day. The lack of this trust is Ruskin's deficiency, and in respect to it, and perhaps in this respect alone, he is to be followed more cautiously than Benjamin Kidd, and such leaders as see clearly that there can be no permanent industrial brotherhood except as it is based upon a permanent brotherhood of the ballot box. We may well believe Henry George when he says that, "between democratic ideas and the aristocratic adjustments of society there is an irreconcilable conflict."

The value of Ruskin's economical teachings is precisely the value of his art teachings. He is wholly, and emphatically, and uncompromisingly ethical and spiritual everywhere and always. Mere formal art, or "art for art's sake" as the materialists and sensualists will have it, is his abomination unutterable, even spite of his powers of utterance. But art for the ideal, for faith and hope and love, for the human hand and head and heart that are back of it, and for the one God who is good and eternal back of these—real art, that is, was adopted by him, and inculcated, and defended, and by every possibility of his life advanced. He believes in souls as well as bodies, in the immortals quite as much as in mortals, in the actually eternal side by side with the actually temporal, and in such a God as is both Father and Judge, and who demands of his children that they be both brothers and guardians one of another. Economically speaking, it is the mission of Ruskin to "put a soul beneath the ribs of death."

The first pages of "Unto this Last," are an index to all that he has writ-

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ten. He calls the science of political economy, "soi-disant," based as he says it is, "on the idea that an advantageous code of social action may be determined irrespectively of the influence of social affection." On this he observes, "I neither impugn nor doubt the conclusions of the science, if its terms are accepted. I am simply uninterested in them, as I should be in those of a science of gymnastics which assumed that men had no skeletons. It might be shown on that supposition, that it would be advantageous to roll the students up into pellets, flatten them into cakes, or stretch them into cables; and that when these results were effected the re-insertion of the skeleton would be attended with various inconveniences to their constitution. The reasonings might be admirable, and the conclusions true, and the science deficient only in applicability. Modern political economy stands on a precisely similiar basis. Assuming, not that the human being has no skeleton, but that it is all skeleton, it founds an ossifiant theory of progress on this negation of a soul. And having shown the utmost that may be made of bones, and constructed a number of interesting geometrical figures with death's heads and humeri, successfully proves the inconvenience of the reappearance of a soul among these corpuscular structures. I do not deny the truth of this theory; I simply deny its applicability to the present phase of the world." He claims that this "soi-disant science" of political economy treats the working man or the servant as though he were a machine whose motive power might be "steam, gravitation, magnetism, or any other agent of calculable force." "But," he says, "he being on the contrary an engine whose motive power is a soul, the force of this very peculiar agent as an unknown quantity, enters into all the political economist's equations, without his knowledge, and falsifies every one of his results. The largest quantity of work will not be done by this curious engine for pay, or under pressure, or by the help of any kind of fuel which may be applied by the chaldron. It will be done only when the motive, that is to say, the will, or spirit of the creature, is brought to its greatest strength by its own proper fuel; namely, by the affections."

This position is cardinal with him. But he does not claim originality for it. He claims rather a noble and ancient advocacy of it, that of Plato, and Aristotle, and Cicero, and Horace, and Moses, and Christ. "The Roots of Honor" strike themselves into this soil, and they do not draw their substance, therefore, from selfishness, but from self-sacrifice, so that the merchant can never be honored as the soldier is, or the physician, till he holds his life and his fortune, upon due occasion, in jeopardy for his community and his country. If in case of national peril men are willing to put their bodies in the front rank of battle for the love of their country, men should also be willing to put their fortunes at the disposal of the national treasury, refusing interest.

In this connection still you must be asked to hear his conclusion to the chapter entitled "The Veins of Wealth." It is a marvellously beautiful bit of English, and its teachings should not be unpalatable.

"In fact it may be discovered that the true veins of wealth are purple—and not in the Rock, but in the Flesh—perhaps even that the final outcome and consummation of all wealth is in the producing of as many as possible full-breathed, bright-eyed, and happy hearted human creatures. Our modern wealth, I think, has rather a tendency the other way;—most political economists appearing to consider multitudes of human creatures not conducive to wealth, or at least conducive to it only by remaining in a dim-eyed and narrow-chested state of being. Nevertheless, it is open, I repeat, to serious question, which I leave to the reader's pondering, whether, among national manufactures, that of souls of a good quality may not turn out a quite leadingly lucrative one? Nay, in some far-away and yet undreamt-of hour, I can even imagine that England may cast all thoughts of possessive wealth back to the barbaric nations among whom they first arose; and that while the sands of Indus, and adamant of Golconda may yet stiffen the housings of the charger and flash from the turban of the slave, she, as a Christain mother, may at least attain

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to the virtues and the treasures of a heathen one, and be able to lead forth her sons, saying, —These are my Jewels."

In "Munera Pulveris" there is given his definitions of wealth, money, and riches. In the preface to this book he says with a sort of reckless candor as regards his own estimate of his own work, "The following pages contain, I believe, the first accurate analysis of the laws of political economy which have been published in England." He claims that the "Fine Arts" are products of the highest industry, and that no one unacquainted with them could make an exhaustive examination of the subject. More than once he makes rare sport of John Stuart Mill, flatly contradicting him, or reducing him to an interrogation point, or still worse to an absurdity, according as his mood and the occasion may direct. But Mill is only one of many for whose great names Mr. Ruskin has no reverence. He bunches the whole school of modern political economists together under the charge that they are, "without exception, incapable of apprehending the nature of intrinsic value at all."

Emphasis is laid upon these definitions of wealth, money, and riches. "Wealth consists of things in themselves valuable; money, of documentary claims to the possession of such things; and riches is a relative term, expressing the magnitude of the possessions of one person or society as compared with those of other persons or societies." It follows that "the study of wealth belongs to natural science; of money, to commercial science; and of riches, to moral science." It is infinitely and diabolically stupid in the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Goldwin Smith, and John Stuart Mill, and the press writers generally to imagine that the increase of money is the increase of wealth, or of prosperity. "If all the money in the world," he says, "notes and gold, were destroyed in an instant, it would leave the world neither richer nor poorer than it was. But it would leave the individual inhabitants of it in different relations."

Riches being relative, the correlative is poverty. The question of getting rich is simply that of creating an inequality in one's own favor. The ways of doing this involve highly moral questions. In the case of the multi-millionaire, for instance, you have to ascertain not only how he came to be such, but how the correlative paupers, or pinched day-laborers all around him came to be such.

In the chapter on "Store Keeping" we are taught with much persuasion, and a good deal of reason, that the store-keeper has no right to speculate; but that he has a right to be paid for his trouble in transferring articles of value from the man who does not want them to the one who does.

In the chapter on "Commerce," his radical free trade principles get themselves well hinted at. Here characteristic quotations are due to the reader.

"It will be discovered in due course of time and tide that international value is regulated just as inter-provincial or inter-parishional value is. Coals and hops are exchanged between Northumberland and Kent on absolutely the same principles as iron and wine between Lancashire and Spain. The greater breadth of an of the sea increases the cost, but does not modify the principle of exchange; and a bargain written in two languages will have no other economical results than a bargain written in one. The distances of nations are measured not by seas but by ignorance; and their divisions determined not by dialects but by enmities. . . . One law of international value is maintainable in any form; namely, that the farther your neighbor lives from you, the more you are bound to be true in your dealing with him; because your power over him is greater in proportion to his ignorance, and his remedy more difficult in proportion to his distance"

Now we may call that with equal propriety international economy, or free-trade, or a Ruskinian rendering of the Golden Rule.

Here is an exceedingly choice bit of satire on the subject of debt and war. Professor Faucett, it seems, had been teaching English capitalists that the national indebtedness incurred by wars, and the consequent necessity of bor-

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rowing laid upon the nation, was the proper and wholesome solution of the question of the investment of their capital. Led by this teaching, the capitalists, so Ruskin moralizes, "when they do not know what to do with their money, persuade the peasants in various countries, that the said peasants want guns to shoot each other with. The peasants accordingly borrow guns, out of the manufacture of which the capitalists get a percentage, and the men of science much amusement and credit. Then the peasants shoot a certain number of each other till they get tired; and burn each other's homes down in various places. Then they put the guns back in arsenals, towers, etc., in ornamental patterns; (and the victorious party puts also some ragged flags in the churches.) And then the capitalists tax both parties annually ever afterward to pay interest on the loan of the guns and gunpowder. And that is what capitalists call 'knowing what to do with their money;' and what commercial men generally call 'practical' as opposed to 'sentimental' political economy."

One other point of great moment must be named. Ruskin reinforces the Mosaic law against interest, or the Increasing of capital by lending it. interest is usury, and usury is theft. For a long time, he says, this problem of interest baffled him, but he wrought it out at last to his satisfaction with the help of a Mr. W. C. Sillar, though he greatly regrets the impatience that causes Mr. Sillar to regard usury as the capital crime in political economy. He thinks there are others worse that act with it. His definition of interest, apart from compensation for risk, is this: "The exponent of the comfort of accomplished labor, separated from its power, the power being what is lent." That is, the lender gets the comfort due to work without doing the work; he gets something for nothing. But there is an objection; without interest men would not save, and capital would not accumulate. Have men, then, not even the prudence of mice, "to hoard for use and not for usury, and lay by something for winter nights, in expectation rather of sharing than of lending the scrapings? My Savoyard squirrels would pass a pleasant time of it under the snow-laden pine branches if they always declined to economise because no one would pay them interest on nuts." For further material upon this question reference must be made especially to the 68th "Fors." A half dozen lines from it must suffice as giving his own summary of the matter. "In all possible or conceivable cases, the moment our capital is increased by having lent it, be it but in the estimation of a hair, that hair's breadth of increase is usury, just as much as stealing a farthing is theft, no less than stealing a million."

Since rent is but a form of interest, the tenant should own the house when by his monthly payments of rent he has returned to the capitalist his principal with compensation for trouble and risk; but no increase of the capital itself, for that is usury.

What appalling, and possibly beneficient, revolutions such economy would work among our big millionaires and our small shop-keepers and farmers must be left for the most part to the imaginations of such as are capable of dreaming on such subjects. But before leaving the question, here is an application of the multiplication table to help the dreams. One million dollars at compound interest, at six per cent., doubles in less than twelve years. In less than twenty-four years it is four millions; in less than thirty-six, eight; in less than forty-eight, sixteen; in less than sixty, thirty-two; in less than seventy-two, sixty-four; in less than eighty-four, one hundred and twenty-eight; in less than ninety-six, two hundred and fifty-six millions! Now while this million is becoming two hundred and fifty-six millions,

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what are the father and son and grandson doing? Either scraping along on the interest of some other hoarded million or more, or else living as misers and compounding it likewise. Be sure they are not earning a cent. or adding a nickel to the national wealth. Such mathematics has the effect at the very least of turning one back for a second reading of the 68th "Fors," and also of the 25th chapter of Leviticus, verses 25 to 38. At any rate our political economy seems to be running about as follows: monopoly, speculation, interest, multi-millionaires, multi-millions of the poor and of paupers, and of people that are pinched.

As to Ruskin's influence. He is considered an enigma by some; a charlatan by some; an "irresponsible joker" by some; and a prophet, all but inspired, by increasing numbers. His father was a wine merchant, and was horrified at his son's political heresies. Carlyle was delighted when Ruskin raised his voice, for hitherto he had felt himself alone in the wilderness, like a veritable John the Baptist, crying aloud and sparing not; now he had found more than an echo. The estimate of the editor of *The London Daily Chronicle* has already been quoted at length to the effect that Ruskin is the greatest and most scientific of political economists. We are told that the sale of his books is increasing year by year. In many places there are Ruskin clubs, and one is reported, the members of which rise at seven o'clock in the morning to read his works. A writer in the *National Review*, for February, '95, says that the old political economy stands not where it did, and that Ruskin and Carlyle have been dissolvent forces. Most of the practical things for which Ruskin pleaded while others hooted, such as government training-schools for youth, government work-shops for the unemployed, compulsory labor for the idle, and government provision for the old and destitute, have either been incorporated, in one way or another, into the social workings of England, (so Mr. E. T. Cook says in the article referred to,) or have passed from the region of "Ruskinian sentiment" to that of parliamentary debate. The state is beginning to look to her "soldiers of the plowshare" as well as to her "soldiers of the sword." The agitation for a living wage has its inception in Ruskin's teachings, and not a little of the land question agitation also may be traced to him, for he says the land should belong to him who can and will use it. "Property to whom proper."

In 1885, Tennyson, Browning, Lowell, Holmes, Bishops Lightfoot and Westcott, many University Professors, and the Head Masters of many schools united in the presentation of a complimentary address to Ruskin. The following paragraph conveys their estimate of him:

"Those of us who have made special study of economic and social subjects desire to convey to you our deep sense of the value of your work in these subjects, pre-eminently in its enforcement of the doctrines: (1). That political economy can furnish sound laws to national life and work only when it respects the dignity and moral worth of man. (2). That the wide use of wealth in developing a complete human life is of incomparably greater moment, both to men and nations, than its production or accumulation, and can alone give these any vital significance. (3). That honourable performance of duty is more truly just than rigid enforcement of right, and that not in competition but in helpfulness, not in self assertion, but in reverence, is to be found the power of life."

With the assurance of such names the writer of this little paper promises "veins of wealth," not of money surely, nor of riches in the vulgar sense, to such as will go down into the Ruskin mine, and dig there. Our conclusion shall be our great man's own conclusion of "Unto this Last:"

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"And if, on due and honest thought over these things, it seems that the kind of existence to which men are now summoned by every plea of pity and claim of right, may, for some time at least, not be a luxurious one;—consider whether, even supposing it guiltless, luxury would be desired by any of us, if we saw clearly at our sides the suffering that accompanies it in the world. Luxury is indeed possible in the future—innocent and exquisite; luxury for all by the help of all. But luxury at present can only be enjoyed by the ignorant. The cruellest man living could not sit at his feast unless he sat blindfold. Raise the veil bodily; face the light; and if yet the light of the eye can only be through tears, and the light of the body through sackcloth, go thou forth weeping, bearing precious seed, until the time come, and the kingdom, when Christ's gift of bread and bequest of peace shall be UNTO THIS LAST even as unto thee; and when, for earth's severed multitudes of the wicked and the weary, there shall be holier reconciliation than that of the narrow home and calm economy, where the wicked cease—not from trouble, but from troubling—and the weary are at rest."

W. J. Lhamon.

THE WEIRDS.

Up on the hills they dwell—
The Weirds, aerial.

In their wigwams there
They fashion out of air

Dreams for the folk who dwell
All winter in the dell.

They sit against the sun,
And make them, one by one.

There on the mountain top
Where all the planets drop,

And all the stars that fly,
Scrape 'twixt them and the sky.

The fashion fantasies
As playful as the breeze,

That come to us in dreams—
Bell-toned, like mountain streams.

Visions of Lorelie
They weave, and waft to me.

Dream-faces, bending low,
With brows and chins of snow,

And eyes that burn sea-green,
And lips with love between.

They lean against the moon
And chant a lifeless tune,

And make us dreams that start
The numbness at the heart;

We strangle, in our flight
From weir-wolves ef the night.

. . . . . .

Mixed cups for us who dwell,
All winter in the dell,

Under the Weirds, and Stars,
And Fashioners of Wars.

THEODORE ROBERTS.

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KATE CARNEGIE.*

BY IAN MACLAREN, AUTHOR OF "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH" AND "IN THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE FEAR OF GOD.

IT was the way of the Free Kirk that the assisting minister at the Sacrament should sit behind the Communion Table during the sermon, and the congregation, without giving the faintest sign of observation, could estimate its effect on his face. When Doctor Dowbiggin composed himself to listen as became a Church leader of substantial build—his hands folded before him and his eyes fixed on the far window—and was so arrested by the opening passage of Cunningham's sermon on Justification by Faith that he visibly started, and afterward sat sideways with his ears cocked, Drumtochty, while doubtful whether any Muirtown man could appreciate the subtlety of their minister, had a higher idea of the Doctor; and when the Free Kirk minister of Kildrummie—a stout man and given to agricultural pursuits—went fast asleep under a masterly discussion of the priesthood of Melchisedek, Drumtochty's opinion of the intellectual condition of Kildrummie was confirmed beyond argument.

During his ministry of more than twenty years the Rabbi had never preached at Drumtochty—being fearful that he might injure the minister who invited him, or might be so restricted in time as to lead astray by ill-balanced statements—and as the keenest curiosity would never have induced any man to go from the Glen to worship in another parish, the Free Kirk minister of Kilbogie was still unjudged in Drumtochty. They were not sorry to have the opportunity at last, for they had suffered not a little at the hands of Kilbogie in past years, and the coming event disturbed the flow of business at Muirtown market.

"Ye're tae hae the Doctor at laist," Mains said to Netherton—letting the luck-penny on a transaction in seed-corn stand over—"an' a'm jidgin' the time's no been lost. He's plainer an' easier tae follow then he wes at the affgo. Ma word"—contemplating the exercise before the Glen—"but ye 'ill aye get eneuch here and there tae cairry hame." Which shows what a man the Rabbi was, that on the strength of his possession a parish like Kilbogie could speak after this fashion to Drumtochty.

"He 'ill hae a fair trial, Mains"—Netherton's tone was distinctly severe—"an' mony a trial he's hed in his day they say: wes't three an' twenty kirks he preached in, afore ye took him? But mind ye, length's nae standard in Drumtochty: na, na, it's no hoo muckle wind a man has, but what like is the stuff that comes. It's bushels doon bye, but it's wecht up bye."

Any prejudice against the Rabbi, created by the boasting of a foolish parish not worthy of him, was reduced by his venerable appearance before the pulpit, and quite dispelled by his unfeigned delight in Carmichael's conduct of the "preliminaries." Twice he nodded approval to the reading of the hundredth Psalm, and although he stood with covered face during the prayer, he emerged full of sympathy. As his boy read the 53rd of Isaiah the old man was moved well-nigh to tears, and on the giving out of the text from the parable of the Prodigal Son, the Rabbi closed his eyes with great ex-

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pectation as one about to be fed with the finest of the wheat.

Carmichael has kept the sermon unto this day, and as often as he finds himself growing hard or supercilious, reads it from beginning to end. It is his hair shirt, to be worn from time to time next his soul for the wrongness in it and the mischief it did. He cannot understand how he could have said such things on a Sacrament morning and in the presence of the Rabbi, but indeed they were inevitable. When two tides meet there is ever a cruel commotion, and ships are apt to be dashed on the rocks, and Carmichael's mind was in a "jabble" that day. The new culture, with its wider ideas of God and man, was fighting with the robust Calvinism in which every Scot is saturated, and the result was neither peace nor charity. Personally the lad was kindly and good-natured, intellectually he had become arrogant, intolerant, acrid, flinging out at old-fashioned views, giving quite unnecessary challenges, arguing with imaginary antagonists. It has ever seemed to me, although I suppose that history is against me, that if it be laid on any one to advocate a new view that will startle people, he ought of all men to be conciliatory and persuasive; but Carmichael was, at least in this time of fermentation, very exasperating and pugnacious, and so he drove the Rabbi to the only hard action of his life, wherein the old man suffered most, and which may be said to have led to his death

Carmichael, like the Rabbi, had intended to preach that morning on the love of God, and thought he was doing so with some power. What he did was to take the Fatherhood of God and use it as a stick to beat Pharisees with, and under Pharisees he let it be seen that he included every person who still believed in the inflexible action of the moral laws and the austere majesty of God. Many good things he no doubt said, but each had an edge, and it cut deeply into the people of the old school. Had he seen the Rabbi, it would not have been possible for him to continue, but he was conscious only of Lachlan Campbell, with whom he had then a feud, and who, he imagined, had come to criticise him. So he went on his rasping way that Sacrament morning, as when one harrows the spring earth with iron teeth, exciting himself with every sentence to fresh crudities of thought and extravagances of opposition. But it only flashed on him that he had spoken foolishly when he came down from the pulpit, and found the Rabbi a shrunken figure in his chair before the Holy Table.

Discerning people, like Elspeth Macfadyen, saw the whole tragedy from beginning to end, and felt the pity of it keenly. For a while the Rabbi waited with fond confidence—for was not he to hear the best loved of his boys—and he caught eagerly at a gracious expression, as if it had fallen from one of the Fathers. Anything in the line of faith would have pleased the Rabbi that day, who was as a little child and full of charity, in spite of his fierce doctrines. By-and-bye the light died away from his eyes, as when a cloud comes over the face of the sun and the Glen grows cold and dreary. He opened his eyes and was amazed—looking at the people and questioning them what had happened to their minister. Suddenly he flushed as a person struck by a friend, and then, as one blow followed another, he covered his face with both hands, sinking lower and lower in his chair, till even that decorous people were almost shaken in their attention.

When Carmichael gave him the cup in the Sacrament, the Rabbi's hand shook, and he spilled some drops of the wine upon his beard, which all that day showed like blood on the silvery whiteness Afterward he spoke in his turn to the communicants, and distinguished the true people of God from the multitude—to whom he held out no hope—by so many and string-

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ent marks that Donald Menzies refused the Sacrament with a lamentable groan. And when the Sacrament was over, and the time come for Carmichael to shake hands with the assisting minister in the vestry, the Rabbi had vanished, and he had no speech with him till they went through the garden together—very bleak it seemed in the winter dusk—unto the sermon that closed the services of the day.

"God's hand is heavy in anger on us both this day, John," and Carmichael was arrested by the awe and sorrow in the Rabbi's voice, "else . . . you had not spoken as you did this forenoon, nor would necessity be laid on me to speak . . . as I must this night.

"His ways are all goodness and truth, but they are oftentimes encompassed with darkness, and the burden He has laid on me is . . . almost more than I can bear; it will be heavy for you also.

"You will drink the wine of astonishment this night, and it will be strange if you do not . . . turn from the hand that pours it out, but you will not refuse the truth or . . . hate the preacher," and at the vestry door the Rabbi looked wistfully at Carmichael.

During the interval the lad had been ill at ease, suspecting from the Rabbi's manner at the Table, and the solemnity of his address, that he disapproved of the action sermon, but he did not for a moment imagine that the situation was serious. It is one of the disabilities of good-natured and emotional people, without much deepness of earth, to belittle the convictions and resolutions of strong natures, and to suppose that they can be talked away by a few pleasant, coaxing words.

The Rabbi had often yielded to Carmichael and his other boys in the ordinary affairs of life—in meat and drink and clothing, even unto the continuance of his snuffing. He had been most manageable and pliable—as a child in their hands—and so Carmichael was quite confident that he could make matters right with the old man about a question of doctrine as easily as about the duty of a midday meal. Certain bright and superficial people will only learn by some solitary experience that faith is reserved in friendship, and that the most heroic souls are those which count all things loss—even the smile of those they love—for the eternal. For a moment Carmichael was shaken as if a new Rabbi were before him; then he remembered the study of Kilbogie and all things that had happened therein, and his spirits rose.

"How dare you suggest such wickedness, Rabbi, that any of us should ever criticise or complain of anything you say. Whatever you give us will be right, and do us good, and in the evening you will tell me all I said wrong."

Saunderson looked at Carmichael for ten seconds as one who has not been understood and sighed. Then he went down the kirk after the beadle, and the people marked how he walked like a man who was afraid he might fall, and, turning a corner, he supported himself on the end of a pew. As he crept up the pulpit stairs Elspeth gave James a look, and although well accustomed to the slowness of his understanding, was amazed that he did not catch the point. Even a man might have seen that this was not the same minister that came into the Sacrament with hope in his very step.

"A'm no here tae say 'that a kent what wes comin'"—Elspeth like all experts, was strictly truthful—"for the like o' that wes never heard in Drumtochty, and noo that Doctor Saunderson is awa, will never be heard again in Scotland. A jaloused that vials wud be opened an' a wesna wrang, but ma certes"—and that remarkable woman left you to understand that no words in human speech could even hint at the contents of the vials.

When the Rabbi gave out his text,

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"Vessels of wrath," in a low, awestruck voice, Carmichael began to be afraid, but after a little he chid himself for foolishness. During half an hour the Rabbi traced the doctrine of the Divine Sovereignty through Holy Scripture with a characteristic wealth of allusion to Fathers ancient and reforming, and once or twice he paused as if he would have taken up certain matters at greater length, but restrained himself, simply asserting the Pauline character of St. Augustine's thinking, and exposing the looseness of Clement of Alexandria with a wave of the hand as one hurrying on his destination.

"Dear old Rabbi"—Carmichael congratulated himself in his pew—"what need he have made so many apologies for his subject? He is going to enjoy himself, and he is sure to say something beautiful before he is done." But he was distinctly conscious all the same of a wish that the Rabbi were done and all . . . well, uncertainty over. For there was a note of anxiety, almost of horror, in the Rabbi's voice, and he had not let the Fathers go so lightly unless under severe constraint. What was it? Surely he would not attack their minister in face of his people. . . . The Rabbi do that, who was in all his ways a gentleman? Yet . . . and then the Rabbi abruptly quitted historical exposition and announced that he would speak on four heads. Twice Carmichael, from his corner behind the curtains, saw the old man open his mouth as if to speak, and when at last he began he was quivering visibly, and he had grasped the outer corners of the desk with such intensity that the tassels which hung therefrom—one of the minor glories of the Free Kirk—were held in the palm of his hand, the long red tags escaping from between his white wasted fingers. A pulpit lamp came between Carmichael and the Rabbi's face, but he could see the straining hand, which did not relax till it was lifted in the last awful appeal, and the white and red had a gruesome fascination. It seemed as if one had clutched a cluster of full, rich tender grapes and was pressing them in an agony till their life ran out in streams of blood and dripped upon the heads of the choir sitting beneath, in their fresh, hopeful youth. And it also came to Carmichael with pathetic conviction even then that every one was about to suffer, but the Rabbi more than they all together. While the preacher was strengthening his heart for the work before him, Carmichael's eye was attracted by the landscape that he could see through the opposite window. The ground sloped upward from the kirk to a pine wood that fringed the great muir, and it was covered with snow on which the moon was beginning to shed her faint, weird light. Within, the light from the upright lamps was falling on the ruddy, contented faces of men and women and little children, but without it was one cold, merciless whiteness like unto the justice of God, with black shadows of judgment.

"This is the message which I have to deliver unto you in the name of the Lord, and even as Jonah was sent to Nineveh after a strange discipline with a word of mercy, so am I constrained against my will to carry a word of searching and trembling.

"First"—and between the heads the Rabbi paused as one whose breath had failed him—"every man belongs absolutely to God by his creation.

"Second. The purpose of God about each man precedes his creation.

"Third. Some are destined to Salvation, and some to Damnation.

"Fourth"—here the hard breathing became a sob—"each man's lot is unto the glory of God."

It was not only skilled theologians like Lachlan Campbell and Burnbrae, but even mere amateurs who understood that they were that night to be conducted to the farthest limit of Calvinism, and that whoever fell behind through the hardness of the way, their guide would not flinch.

As the Rabbi gave the people a

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brief space wherein to grasp his heads in their significance, Carmichael remembered a vivid incident in the Presbytery of Muirtown, when an English evangelist had addressed that reverend and austere court with exhilarating confidence—explaining the extreme simplicity of the Christian faith, and showing how a minister ought to preach. Various good men were delighted, and asked many questions of the evangelist—who had kept a baby-linen shop for twenty years, and was unspoiled by the slightest trace of theology—but the Rabbi arose and demolished his "teaching," convicting him of heresy at every turn, till there was not left one stone upon another.

"But surely fear belongs to the Old Testament dispensation," said the unabashed little man to the Rabbi afterward. "'Rejoice,' you know, my friend, 'and again I say rejoice.'"

"If it be the will of God that such a man as I should ever stand on the sea of glass mingled with fire, then this tongue will be lifted with the best, but so long as my feet are still in the fearful pit it becometh me to bow my head.'

"Then you don't believe in assurance?" but already the evangelist was quailing before the Rabbi.

"Verily there is no man that hath not heard of the precious gift, and none who does not covet it greatly, but there be two degrees of assurance"—here the Rabbi looked sternly at the happy, rotund little figure—"and it is with the first you must begin, and what you need to get is assurance of your damnation."

One of the boys read an account of this incident thinly veiled—in a reported address of the evangelist, in which the Rabbi—being, as it was inferred, beaten in scriptural argument—was very penitent and begged his teacher's pardon with streaming tears. What really happened was different, and so absolutely conclusive that Doctor Dowbiggin gave it as his opinion "that a valuable lesson had been read to unauthorized teachers of religion."

Carmichael recognised the same note in the sermon and saw another man than he knew, as the Rabbi, in a low voice, without heat or declamation, with frequent pauses and laboured breathing, as of one toiling up a hill, argued the absolute supremacy of God and the utter helplessness of man. One hand ever pressed the grapes, but with the other the old man wiped the perspiration that rolled in beads down his face. A painful stillness fell on the people as they felt themselves caught in the meshes of this inexorable net and dragged ever nearer to the abyss. Carmichael, who had been leaning forward in his place, tore himself away from the preacher with an effort, and moved where he could see the congregation. Campbell was drinking in every word as one for the first time in his life perfectly satisfied. Menzies was huddled into a heap in the top of his pew as one justly blasted by the anger of the Eternal. Men were white beneath the tan, and it was evident that some of the women would soon fall a-weeping. Children had crept close to their mothers under a vague sense of danger, and a girl in the choir watched the preacher with dilated eyeballs, like an animal fascinated by terror.

"It is as a sword piercing the heart to receive this truth, but it is a truth and must be believed. There are hundreds of thousands in the past who were born and lived and died and were damned for the glory of God. There are hundreds of thousands in this day who have been born and are living and shall die and be damned for the glory of God. There are hundreds of thousands in the future who shall be born and shall live and shall die and shall be damned for the glory of God. All according to the will of God, and none dare say nay nor change the purpose of the Eternal." For some time the oil in the lamps had been failing—since the Rabbi had been speaking for nigh two hours—and as he came to an end

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of this passage the light began to flicker and die. First a lamp at the end of Burnbrae's pew went out and then another in the front. The preacher made as though he would have spoken, but was silent, and the congregation watched four lamps sink into darkness at intervals of half a minute. There only remained the two pulpit lamps, and in their light the people saw the Rabbi lift his right hand for the first time.

"Shall . . . not . . . the . . . Judge . . of all the earth . . . do . . . right?" The two lamps went out together, and a great sigh rose from the people. At the back of the kirk a child wailed and somewhere in the front a woman's voice—it was never proved to be Elspeth Macfadyen—said audibly, "God have mercy upon us." The Rabbi had sunk back into the seat and buried his face in his hands, and through the window over his head the moonlight was pouring into the church like unto the far-off radiance from the White Throne.

When Carmichael led the Rabbi into the manse he could feel the old man trembling from head to foot, and he would touch neither meat nor drink, nor would he speak for a space.

"Are you there, John?"—and he put out his hand to Carmichael, who had placed him in the big study chair, and was sitting beside him in silence.

"I dare not withdraw nor change any word that I spake in the name of the Lord this day, but . . . it is my infirmity. . . . I wish I had never been born."

"It was awful," said Carmichael, and the Rabbi's head again fell on his breast.

"John"—and Saunderson looked up—"I would give ten thousand worlds to stand in the shoes of that good man who conveyed me from Kilbogie yesterday, and with whom I had very pleasant fellowship concerning the patience of the saints.

"It becometh not any human being to judge his neighbour, but it seemed to me from many signs that he was within the election of God, and even as we spoke of Polycarp and the martyrs who have overcome by the blood of the Lamb, it came unto me with much power, 'Lo, here is one beside you whose name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life, and who shall enter through the gates into the city'; and grace was given me to rejoice in his joy, but I . . . "—and Carmichael could have wept for the despair in the Rabbi's voice.

"Dear Rabbi!"—for once the confidence of youth was smitten at the sight of a spiritual conflict beyond its depth—"you are surely . . . depreciating yourself. . . . Burnbrae is a good man, but compared with you . . . is not this like to the depression of Elijah?" Carmichael knew, however, he was not fit for such work, and had better have held his peace.

"It may be that I understand the letter of Holy Scripture better than some of God's children although I be but a babe even in this poor knowledge, but such gifts are only as the small dust of the balance. He will have mercy on whom He will have mercy.

"John," said the Rabbi suddenly, and with strong feeling, "was it your thought this night as I declared the sovereignty of God that I judged myself of the elect, and was speaking as one himself hidden forever in the secret place of God?"

"I . . . did not know," stammered Carmichael, whose utter horror at the unrelenting sermon had only been tempered by his love for the preacher.

"You did me wrong, John, for then had I not dared to speak at all after that fashion; it is not for a vessel of mercy filled unto overflowing with the love of God to exalt himself above the vessels . . . for whom there is no mercy. But he may plead with them who are in like case with himself to . . . acknowledge the Divine Justice."

Then the pathos of the situation overcame Carmichael, and he went

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over to the bookcase and leant his head against certain volumes, because they were weighty and would not yield. Next day he noticed that one of them was a Latin Calvin that had travelled over Europe in learned company, and the other a battered copy of Jonathan Edwards that had come from the house of an Ayrshire farmer.

"Forgive me that I have troubled you with the concerns of my soul, John"—the Rabbi could only stand with an effort—"they ought to be between a man and his God. There is another work laid to my hand for which there is no power in me now. During the night I shall ask whether the cup may not pass from me, but if not, the will of God be done."

Carmichael slept but little, and every time he woke the thought was heavy upon him that on the other side of a narrow wall the holiest man he knew was wrestling in darkness of soul, and that he had added to the bitterness of the agony.

CHAPTER XX.

THE WOUNDS OF A FRIEND.

WINTER has certain mornings which redeem weeks of misconduct, when the hoar frost during the night has re-silvered every branch and braced the snow upon the ground, and the sun rises in ruddy strength and drives out of sight every cloud and mist, and moves all day through an expanse of unbroken blue, and is reflected from the dazzling whiteness of the earth as from a mirror. Such a sight calls a man from sleep with authority, and makes his blood tingle, and puts new heart in him, and banishes the trouble of the night. Other mornings, winter joins in the conspiracy of principalities and powers to daunt and crush the human soul. No sun is to be seen, and the grey atomsphere casts down the heart, the wind moans and whistles in fitful gusts, the black clouds hang low in threatening masses, now and again a flake of snow drifts in the wind. A storm is near at hand, not the thunder-shower of summer, with warm rain and the kindly sun in ambush, but dark and blinding snow, through which even a gamekeeper cannot see six yards, and in which weary travellers lie down to rest and die.

The melancholy of this kind of day had fallen on Saunderson, whose face was ashen, and who held Carmichael's hand with such anxious affection that it was impossible to enquire how he had slept, and would have been a banalité to remark upon the weather. After the Rabbi had been compelled to swallow a cup of milk by way of breakfast, it was evident that he was ready for speech.

"What is it, Rabbi?" as soon as they were again settled in the study. "If you did not . . . like my sermon, tell me at once. You know that I am one of your boys, and you ought to . . . help me." Perhaps it was inseparable from his youth, with its buoyancy and self-satisfaction, and his training in a college whose members only knew by rumour of the existence of other places of theological learning, that Carmichael had a distant sense of humility and charity. Had it been a matter of scholastic lore, of course neither he nor more than six men in Scotland could have met the Rabbi in the gate. With regard to modern thought, Carmichael knew that the good Rabbi had not read *Ecce Homo*, and was hardly, well . . . up to date. He would not for the world hint such a thing to the dear old man, or even argue with him; but it was flattering to remember that the attack could be merely one of blunder-busses, in which the modern thinker would at last intervene and save the ancient scholar from humiliation.

"Well, Rabbi?" and Carmichael tried to make it easy.

"Before I say what is on my heart, John, you will grant an old man who loves you one favour. So far as in you

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lies you will bear with me if that which I have to say, and still more that which my conscience will compel me to do, is hard to flesh and blood."

"Didn't we settle that last night in the vestry?" and Carmichael was impatient; "is it that you do not agree with the doctrine of the Divine Fatherhood? We younger men are resolved to base Christain doctrine on the actual Scriptures, and to ignore mere tradition."

"An excellent rule, my dear friend," cried the Rabbi, wonderfully quickened by the challenge, "and with your permission and for our mutual edification we shall briefly review all passages bearing on the subject in hand—using the original, as will doubtless be your wish, and you correcting my poor recollection."

About an hour afterward, and when the Rabbi was only entering into the heart of the matter, Carmichael made the bitter discovery—without the Rabbi having even hinted at such a thing—that his pet sermon was a mass of boyish crudities, and this reverse of circumstances was some excuse for his pettishness.

"It does not seem to me that it is worth our time to haggle about the usage of Greek words to count texts: I ground my position on the general meaning of the Gospels and the sense of things," and Carmichael stood on the hearthrug in a very superior attitude.

"Let that pass then, John, and forgive me if I appear to battle about words, as certain scholars of the olden time were fain to do, for in truth it is rather about the hard duty before me than any imperfection in your teaching I would speak," and the Rabbi glanced nervously at the young minister.

"We are both Presbyters of Christ's Church, ordained after the order of primitive times, and there is laid on us certain heavy charges and responsibilities from which we may not shrink, as we shall answer to the Lord at the great day."

Carmichael's humiliation was lost in perplexity, and he sat down, wondering what the Rabbi intended.

"If any Presbyter should see his brother fall into one of those faults of private life that do beset us all in our present weakness, then he doth well and kindly to point it out unto his brother; and if his brother should depart from the faith as they talk together by the way, then it is a Presbyter's part to convince him of his error and restore him."

The Rabbi cast an imploring glance, but Carmichael had still no understanding.

"But if one Presbyter should teach heresy to his flock in the hearing of another . . . even though it break the other's heart, is not the path of duty fenced up on either side, verily a straight, narrow way, and hard for the feet to tread?"

"You have spoken to me, Rabbi, and . . . cleared yourself"—Carmichael was still somewhat sore—"and I'll promise not to offend you again in any action sermon."

"Albeit you intend it not so, yet are you making it harder for me to speak. . . . See you not . . . that I . . . that necessity is laid on me to declare this matter to my brother Presbyters in court assembled . . . but not in hearing of the people?" Then there was a stillness in the room, and the Rabbi, although he had closed his eyes, was conscious of the amazement on the young man's face.

"Do you mean to say," speaking very slowly, as one taken utterly aback, "that our Rabbi would come to my . . . to the Sacrament and hear me preach, and . . . report me for heresy to the Presbytery? Rabbi, I know we don't agree about some things, and perhaps I was a little . . . annoyed a few minutes ago because you . . . know far more than I do, but that is nothing. For you to prosecute one of your boys and be the witness yourself . . . Rabbi, you can't mean it . . . say it's a mistake."

The old man only gave a deep sigh.

"If it were Dowbiggin or . . . any

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man except you, I wouldn't care one straw, rather enjoy the debate, but you whom we have loved and looked up to and boasted about, why, it's like . . . a father turning against his sons."

The Rabbi made no sign.

"You live too much alone, Rabbi," and Carmichael began again as the sense of the tragedy grew on him, "and nurse your conscience till it gets over tender; no other man would dream of . . . prosecuting a . . . fellow-minister in such circumstances. You have spoken to me like a father, surely that is enough," and in his honest heat the young fellow knelt down by the Rabbi's chair and took his hand.

A tear rolled down the Rabbi's cheek, and he looked fondly at the lad.

"Your words pierce me as sharp swords, John; spare me, for I can do none otherwise; all night I wrestled for release, but in vain."

Carmichael had a sudden revulsion of feeling, such as befalls emotional and ill-disciplined natures when they are disappointed and mortified.

"Very good, Doctor Saunderson"—Carmichael rose awkwardly and stood on the hearthrug again, an elbow on the mantelpiece—"you must do as you please and think right. I am sorry that I . . . pressed you so far, but it was on grounds of our . . . friendship.

"Perhaps you will tell me as soon as you can what you propose to do and when you will bring . . . this matter before the Presbyter. My sermon was fully written and . . . is at your disposal."

While this cold rain beat on the Rabbi's head he moved not, but at its close he looked at Carmichael with the appeal of a dumb animal in his eyes.

"The first meeting of Presbytery is on Monday, but you would no doubt consider that too soon; is there anything about dates in the order of procedure for heresy?" and Carmichael made as though he would go over to the shelves for a law book.

"John," cried the Rabbi—his voice full of tears—rising and following the foolish lad, "is this all you have in your heart to say unto me? Surely, as I stand before you, it is not my desire to do this thing, for I would rather cut off my right hand.

"God hath not been pleased to give me many friends, and He only knows how you and the others have comforted my heart. I lie not, John, but speak the truth, that there is nothing unto life itself I would not give for your good, who have been as the apple of my eye unto me."

Carmichael hardened himself, torn between a savage sense of satisfaction that the Rabbi was suffering for his foolishness and an inclination of his better self to respond to the old man's love.

"If there be a breach between us, it will not be for you as it must be for me. You have many friends, and may God add unto them good men and faithful, but I shall lose my one earthly joy and consolation when your feet are no longer heard on my threshold and your face no longer brings light to my room. And, John, even this thing which I am constrained to do is yet of love, as . . . you shall confess one day."

Carmichael's pride alone resisted, and it was melting fast. Had he even looked at the dear face, he must have given way, but he kept his shoulder to the Rabbi, and at that moment the sound of wheels passing the corner of the manse gave him an ungracious way of escape.

"That is Burnbrae's dogcart . . . Doctor Saunderson, and I think he will not wish to keep his horse standing in the snow, so unless you will stay all night, as it's going to drift. . . . Then perhaps it would be better. . . . Can I assist you in packing?" How formal it all sounded, and he allowed the Rabbi to go upstairs alone, with the result that various things of the old man's are in Carmichael's house unto this day.

Another chance was given the lad when the Rabbi would have bidden

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him good-bye at the door, beseeching that he should not come out into the drift, and still another when Burnbrae, being concerned about his passenger's appearance, who seemed ill fitted to face a storm, wrapped him in a plaid; and he had one more when the old man leant out of the dogcart and took Carmichael's hand in both of his, but only said, "God bless you for all you've been to me, and forgive me for all wherein I have failed you." And they did not meet again till that never-to-be-forgotten sederunt of the Free Kirk Presbytery of Muirtown, when the minister of Kilbogie accused the minister of Drumtochty of teaching the Linlathen heresy of the Fatherhood of God in a sermon before the Sacrament.

Among all the institutions of the North a Presbytery is the most characteristic, and affords a standing illustration of the contradictions of a superbly logical people. It is so anti-clerical a court that for every clergyman there must also be a layman—country ministers promising to bring in their elder for great occasions, and instructing him audibly how to vote—and so fiercely clerical that if the most pious and intelligent elder dared to administer a sacrament he would be at once tried and censured for sacrilege. So careful is a Presbytery to prevent the beginnings of Papacy that it insists upon each of its members occupying the chair in turn, and dismisses him again into private life as soon as he has mastered his duties, but so imbued is it with the idea of authority, that whatever decision may be given by some lad of twenty-five in the chair—duly instructed, however, by the clerk below—will be rigidly obeyed. When a Presbytery has nothing else to do, it dearly loves to pass a general condemnation of sacerdotalism, in which the tyranny of prelates and the foolishness of vestments will be fully exposed, but a Presbytery wields a power at which a bishop's hair would stand on end, and Doctor Dowbiggin once made Carmichael leave the Communion Table and go into the vestry to put on his bands.

When a Presbytery is in its lighter moods, it gives itself to points of order with a skill and relish beyond the Southern imagination. It did not matter how harmless, even infantile might be the proposal placed before the court by such a man as MacWheep of Pitscourie, he would hardly have got past an apology for his presumption in venturing to speak at all, before a member of Presbytery—who had reduced his congregation to an irreducible minimum by the woodenness of his preaching—would enquire whether the speech of "our esteemed brother was not ultra vires" or something else as awful. MacWheep would at once sit down with the air of one taken red-handed in crime, and the court would debate the point till every authority had taken his fill, when the clerk would submit to the moderator, with a fine blend of deference and infallibility, that Mr. MacWheep was perfectly within his rights; and then, as that estimable person had lost any thread he ever possessed, the Presbytery would pass to the next business—with the high spirit of men returning from a holiday. Carmichael used, indeed, to relate how in a great stress of business some one moved that the Presbytery should adjourn for dinner, and the court argued for seventy minutes, with many precedents, whether such a motion—touching as it did the standing orders—could even be discussed, and with an unnecessary prodigality of testimony he used to give perorations which improved with every telling.

The love of law diffused through the Presbytery became incarnate in the clerk, who was one of the most finished specimens of his class in the Scottish Kirk. His sedate appearance, bald, polished head, fringed with pure white hair, shrewd face, with neatly cut side whiskers, his suggestion of unerring accuracy and inex-

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haustible memory, his attitude for exposition—holding his glasses in his left hand and enforcing his decision with the little finger of the right hand—carried conviction even to the most disorderly. Ecclesiastical radicals, boiling over with new schemes and boasting to admiring circles of MacWheeps that they would not be browbeaten by red tape officials, would become ungrammatical before that firm gaze, and end in abject surrender. Self-contained and self-sufficing, the clerk took no part in debate, save at the critical moment to lay down the law, but wrote his minutes unmoved through torrents of speech on every subject, from the Sustentation Fund to the Union between England and Scotland, and even under the picturesque eloquence of foreign deputies, whom he invariably requested to write their names on a sheet of paper. On two occasions only he ceased from writing: when Dr. Dowbiggin discussed a method of procedure—then he watched him over his spectacles in hope of a nice point; or when some enthusiastic brother would urge the Presbytery to issue an injunction on the sin of Sabbath walking—then the clerk would abandon his pen in visible despair, and sitting sideways on his chair and supporting his head by that same little finger, would face the Presbytery with an expression of reverent curiosity on his face why the Creator was pleased to create such a man. His preaching was distinguished for orderliness, and was much sought after for Fast days. It turned largely on the use of prepositions and the scope of conjunctions, so that the clerk could prove the doctrine of Vicarious Sacrifice from "instead," and Retribution from "as" in the Lord's prayer, emphasising and confirming everything by that wonderful finger, which seemed to be designed by Providence for delicate distinctions, just as another man's fist served for popular declamation. His pulpit masterpiece was a lecture on the Council of Jerusalem, in which its whole proceedings were reviewed by the rules of the Free Kirk Book of Order, and a searching and edifying discourse concluded with two lessons. First: That no ecclesiastical body can conduct its proceedings without officials. Second: That such men ought to be accepted as a special gift of Providence.

The general opinion among good people was that the clerk's preaching was rather for upbuilding than arousing, but it is still remembered by the survivers of the old Presbytery that when MacWheep organized a conference on "The state of religion in our congregations," and it was meandering in strange directions, the clerk, who utilised such seasons for the writing of letters, rose amid a keen revival of interest—it was supposed that he had detected an irregularity in the proceedings—and offered his contribution. "It did not become him to boast," he said, "but he had seen marvellous things in his day: under his unworthy ministry three church officers had been converted to Christianity," and this experience was so final that the conference immediately closed.

Times there were, however, when the Presbytery rose to its height and was invested with an undeniable spiritual dignity. Its members, taken one by one, consisted of farmers, shepherds, tradesmen, and one or two professional men, with some twenty ministers, only two or three of whom were known beyond their parishes. Yet those men had no doubt that as soon as they were constituted in the name of Christ, they held their authority from the Son of God and Saviour of the world, and they bore themselves in spiritual matters as His servants. No kindly feeling of neighborliness or any fear of man could hinder them from inquiring into the religious condition of a parish or dealing faithfully with an erring minister. They had power to ordain, and laid hands on the bent head of some young

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probationer with much solemnity; they had also power to take away the orders they had given, and he had been hardened indeed beyond hope who could be present and not tremble when the Moderator, standing in his place, with the Presbytery around, and speaking in the name of the Head of the Church, deposed an unworthy brother from the holy ministry. Mac-Wheep was a "cratur," and much given to twaddle, but when it was his duty once to rebuke a fellow minister for quarrelling with his people, he was delivered from himself, and spake with such grave wisdom as he has never shown before or since.

When the Presbytery assembled to receive a statement from Doctor Saunderson "*re* error in doctrine by a brother Presbyter," even a stranger might have noticed that its members were weighted with a sense of responsibility, and although a discussion arose on the attempt of a desultory member to introduce a deputy charged with the subject of the lost ten tribes, yet it was promptly squelched by the clerk, who intimated, with much gravity, that the court had met in hunc effectum—viz., to hear Doctor Saunderson, and that the court could not, in consistence with law, take up any other business, not even—here Carmichael professed to detect a flicker of the clerkly eyelids—the disappearance of the ten tribes.

It was the last time that the Rabbi ever spoke in public, and it is now agreed that the deliverance was a fit memorial of the most learned scholar that has been ever known in those parts. He began by showing that Christian doctrine has taken various shapes, some more and some less in accordance with the deposit of truth given by Christ and the holy Apostles, and especially the doctrine of Grace had been differently conceived by two eminent theologians, Calvin and Arminius, and his exposition was so lucid that the clerk gave it as his opinion that the two systems were understood by certain members of the court for the first time that day. Afterward the Rabbi vindicated and glorified Calvinism from the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, from the Fathers, from the Reformation Divines, from the later creeds, till the brain of the Presbytery reeled through the wealth of allusion and quotation, all in the tongues of the learned. Then he dealt with the theology of Mr. Erskine of Linlathen, and showed how it was undermining the very foundations of Calvinism; yet the Rabbi spake so tenderly of our Scottish Maurice that the Presbytery knew not whether it ought to condemn Erskine as a heretic or love him as a saint. Having thus brought the court face to face with the issues involved, the Rabbi gave a sketch of a certain sermon he had heard while assisting "a learned and much-beloved brother at the Sacrament," and Carmichael was amazed at the transfiguration of his very youthful performance, which now figured as a profound and edifying discourse, for whose excellent qualities the speaker had not adequate words. This fine discourse was, however, to a certain degree marred by an unfortunate, no doubt temporary, leaning to the teaching of Mr. Erskine, whose beautiful piety, which was to himself in his worldliness and unprofitableness a salutary rebuke, had exercised its just fascination upon his much more spiritual brother. Finally the Rabbi left the matter in the hands of the Presbytery, declaring that he had cleared his conscience, and that the minister was one—here he was painfully overcome—dear to him as a son, and to whose many labours and singular graces he could bear full testimony, the Rev. John Carmichael, of Drumtochty. The Presbytery was slow and pedantic, but was not insensible to a spiritual situation, and there was a murmur of sympathy when the Rabbi sat down—much exhausted, and never having allowed himself to look once at Carmichael.

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Then arose a self-made man, who considered orthodoxy and capital to be bound up together, and especially identified any departure from sovereignty with that pestilent form of Socialism which demanded equal chances for every man. He was only a plain layman, he said, and perhaps he ought not to speak in the presence of so many reverend gentlemen, but he was very grateful to Dr. Saunderson for his honourable and straightforward conduct. It would be better for the Church if there were more like him, and he would just like to ask Mr. Carmichael one or two questions. Did he sign the Confession?—that was one; and had he kept it? that was two? and the last was, When did he propose to go? He knew something about building contracts, and he had heard of a penalty when a contract was broken. There was just one thing more he would like to say—if there was less loose theology in the pulpit there would be more money in the plate. The shame of the Rabbi during this harangue was pitiable to behold.

Then a stalwart arose on the other side, and a young gentleman who had just escaped from a college debating society wished to know what century we were living in, warned the last speaker that the progress of theological science would not be hindered by mercenary threats, advised Dr. Saunderson to read a certain German called Ritschl—as if he had been speaking to a babe in arms—and was refreshing himself with a Latin quotation, when the Rabbi, in utter absence of mind, corrected a false quantity aloud.

"Moderator," the old man apologised in much confusion, "I wot not what I did, and I pray my reverend brother, whose interesting address I have interrupted by this unmannerliness, to grant me his pardon, for my tongue simply obeyed my ear." Which untoward incident brought the modern to an end, as by a stroke of ironical fate. It seemed to the clerk that little good to any one concerned was to come out of this debate, and he signalled to Dr. Dowbiggin, with whom he had dined the night before, and concocted a motion over their wine. Whereupon that astute man explained to the court that he did not desire to curtail the valuable discussion, from which he personally had derived much profit, but he had ventured to draw up a motion, simply for the guidance of the House—it was said by the Rabbi's boys that the Doctor's success as an ecclesiastic was largely due to the skilful use of such phrases—and then he read: "Whereas the Church is set in all her courts for the defence of the truth, whereas it is reported that various erroneous doctrines are being promulgated in books and other public prints, whereas it has been stated that one of the ministers of this Presbytery has used words that might be supposed to give sanction to a certain view which appears to conflict with statements contained in the standards of the Church, the Presbytery of Muirtown declares, first of all, its unshaken adherence to the said standards, secondly, deplores the existence in any quarter of notions contradictory or subversive of said standards, thirdly, thanks Doctor Saunderson for the viligence he has shown in the cause of sound doctrine, fourthly, calls upon all ministers within the bounds to have a care that they create no offence by their teaching, and finally enjoins all parties concerned to cultivate peace and charity."

This motion was seconded by the clerk and carried unanimously—Carmichael being compelled to silence by the two wise men for his own sake and theirs—and was declared to be a conspicuous victory both by the self-made man and the modern, which was another tribute to the ecclesiastical gifts of Dr. Dowbiggin and the clerk of the Presbytery at Muirtown.

(To be continued.)

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TRAGIC INCIDENTS IN FOREST LIFE.

E. STEWART, D.L.S.

SURELY the day must soon arrive when some one in this northern clime who loves the forest, and has the gift to portray it, will appropriate the field which at present lies open with its virgin opportunities for exploitation.

It is true that Francis Parkman has charmed us with his historical narratives of English and French adventurers, and others have given us occasional glimpses of Canadian pioneer life, but there is still a vast unappropriated field, beginning with the toil and every-day life of the early settlers on the St. Lawrence and the great lakes, and extending to the lonely and semi-barbarous life of the Hudson Bay agent and employee in the great lone land of the north and west.

These thoughts arise and impress themselves on my mind as I sit down to write a short account of two incidents which are very vivid in my recollection, and I think, when you have become acquainted with the nature of them, you will readily believe me when I say that I am sorry that they are real in character and not a product of the imagination.

In the summer of the year 1881 it fell to my lot to survey the Township of Mack, on the north shore of Lake Huron; and some time in the latter part of the month of August, in company with a small party of assistants, I landed at Blind River for that purpose. As it took us some time to get ready after landing from the steamer, we were obliged to stop over night at the little village, which was almost entirely dependent on the saw mill there, the latter being owned and run by the late Peter Murray, who was well known as one of the early pioneers in that part of the country. On making inquiries from him in the evening regarding the best way for us to take in order to reach our work, he very kindly gave us full details of the route, which would be up Blind River to a lake, thence across this lake to where we would see a small building known as "the granary," and which he paused to say had a history of its own. After he had finished his direction for our guidance, I asked him concerning his reference to the granary, and then he proceeded to give a most vivid description of one of the most tragic occurrences conceivable. I shall endeavour to give as accurate an account of the happening as my memory will permit.

In the month of October, a few years previous, he sent seven men with a scow-load of oats up to his granary, at the head of the lake above referred to. The distance was about ten miles. With favourable weather they could make the round trip in two days, but on this occasion, as the wind had been against them, no uneasiness was felt when they failed to return the second night, but they were looked for on the third day, and when it passed, and also the third night, without their appearing, uneasiness began to be felt. On the fourth day, he said, he found it necessary to quiet the apprehensions of some members of the family of the absent ones by telling them that the men were probably doing some necessary work up at the lake. In the afternoon he had unexpectedly to go over to the Hudson Bay store at the Missisaga River, from which he did not get back till nine o'clock at night. His first question on his return was concerning the absent men, and when informed that they were still away,

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without saying a word to any one outside his own household and telling his mother to say nothing about it, he went down to the shore and, taking a little bark canoe, started alone up the river. I can never forget his description of his lonely journey, and the incidents connected with it. It was one of those clear, calm, starlight nights in October, when the silver light of the hunter's moon shone with unwonted brilliancy over lake, river and forest, and as he forced his frail craft up the stream, and between the shadows of the trees growing on either bank, it seemed to him that the very silence of the night was ominous. Ever and anon he held up his paddle and listened, hoping to hear the plash of oars ahead, but nothing, save now and then an owl hooting in the tranquil woods, or the plaintive cry of the loon in the lake beyond, disturbed the dead silence of the sylvan solitude. It seemed as if even the trees were asleep, for the aspen leaf, so sensitive to the least motion of the air, vied with the tall grass growing on the margin of the stream in refusal to break the midnight calm or disturb the lethean repose of the forest.

And so the first and second hours were spent. On one or two occasions he imagined he heard the sound of oars, but on listening his hopes were disappointed. At length the lake was reached, and again with listening ears and strained eyes he looked out over its glassy surface. But all in vain. No sound greeted his ears; and peer as intently as he would he could neither see anything on the water nor, what he more expected, a camp-fire anywhere on the shore. He now felt sure that some accident must have befallen the men. After resting a few moments he started easterly across the lake, but still only the same weird silence encompassed him. The situation was one the like of which is frequently recorded in fiction, but seldom, fortunately, experienced in real life; and we can well imagine that at that time of night, and as the shore of the one side of the lake gradually receded from view and the darkling outline of the opposite one seemed to rise like a cloud from the calm bosom of its waters he would almost question his own identity or fancy he was in a dream, while the very thought of what an hour more might reveal would intensify his feelings. Still on he paddled, till finally, nearing his destination at the granary, he saw the scow tied up to the shore. That was all; the same bewildering and seemingly interminable silence remained. It seemed as if every object in nature was hypnotized, and lay dormant at the feet of Morpheus. There was not a single thing to give a clue to the perplexing situation. The thought of murder first suggested itself, and with this the temptation to beat a hasty retreat, but this was only for a moment, and pulling up his canoe, he moved cautiously up the bank and around the shanty, and listened, even fearing to shout, not knowing what fiends in human shape the sound might arouse.

He said the beating of his own heart seemed to him like the sound of an Indian drum. However, after waiting for a few moments, he resolved to enter the cabin. With some difficulty he opened the door, but could not find a match with which to strike a light, but shortly the darkness yielded sufficiently for him to discern the situation, and he at once realized that he was even then in the chamber of death.

In the dim light he beheld the clothing of the men hung up to dry around where the stove had stood, while the bags of oats were scattered about in the most disorderly manner. He at once commenced moving some of them and it was not long until he discovered the fate of his seven men. The poor fellows had unloaded their cargo, piling the bags up till they met the roof on one side of the shanty, after which they made their rude bed

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on the floor beside them; and, no doubt, when they were all enjoying that oblivious repose only known to the weary labourer, through the untying or bursting of a bag the whole cargo came down upon them and smothered them all to death.

In a few moments more Murray was in his canoe paddling home again. The mystery to him was now solved; but alas, what a message he was carrying to seven families, all at this moment unconscious of their loss!

I remember well his saying that he felt like secluding himself in the woods rather than bear the sad message with which he was burdened to those bereaved families; and that it was with the greatest difficulty that he could summon courage sufficient to paddle home.

You may be sure that in passing the scene of this tragedy the next day, after hearing this description of it from Mr. Murray, we were all impressed, not only with the thoughts connected with the sad occurrence within its narrow walls and shanty roof, but also with the heroism of the man who, in the dead of night and the loneliness of the forest, had the courage to do and to endure what he had on that occasion, and I can well credit the truthfulness of the remark he made as he closed the narrative, that he would rather sacrifice five years of his life than experience another similar night.

It was little we thought at this time that the omniscient eye saw awaiting us, only a few days hence, a tragedy in which each of us would act a part and in which one of us would be called upon to transcend every other act in the great drama of human life.

My staff on this survey consisted of an assistant and four chainmen. Besides these the party was made up of six labourers and a cook.

Before leaving home there came into my office one day a young lad who was very anxious to engage with me on this "trip to the woods." I was at first not disposed to take him, as I was quite certain that he would be awkward for some time as a woodsman and especially in a bark canoe, but there was something about the boy that I liked. Perhaps it was his rural simplicity and honest face that satisfied me that he would soon adapt himself to his new position, and I agreed to take him as one of my chainmen. His name was Jefferson Heacock, his father being a well-to-do farmer in the County of York.

I do not remember anything of unusual interest occuring during our stay at our first camp, where we remained about a week, and then with our canoes moved about four miles west to a point on the shore of a small, marshy lake—a not very pleasant camp-ground—where we remained several days, and till we had finished the lines in its neighbourhood. It then became necessary to make another move, and one of considerable difficulty. We were some time in deciding whether to leave our canoes and "pack" our outfit and supplies over those hills and swamps with which the country is abundantly supplied, or endeavour to utilize our canoes by following up from one inland lake to another and carrying canoes and supplies across the portages. This question was solved by my taking a man with me for one day on an exploration trip and finding a canoe route from where we were to Lake Matinadinda. The next day all the party, except one man and myself, undertook to move camp to a bay on that lake, while we two did some chaining on lines running northerly in the direction of the locality where we had agreed to pitch our new camp. After reaching the end of the cut-out line, we struck through the woods and finally came out on the shore of the lake, not far from where the rest of the party were busy pitching the tents.

We shouted, and in a few minutes a canoe was sent over and took us to

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the site of our new home. It was a charming spot on a beautiful bay of one of those inland lakes of which there are so many in our northern country, but which are as unknown to most Canadians as they would be if located in the wilds of Africa. I have often thought, when paddling up some of these, lying so still in their undisturbed solitude, that it would well repay some of our summer tourists to forego at least one trip to the seaside to look at such scenery lying almost at their doors.

There is nothing awe-inspiring or majestic in it, as in the scenery on the Upper Saguenay, or among the great mountains of the West, but there is a weird, quiet beauty made up of the gorgeous foliage of the woods sloping down from the surrounding hills until it meets the glassy lake below, and is reflected by it so that at a short distance away you can scarcely discern the dividing line between them.

In making the move from our last camping place to this one, the men had had a hard day's work. They first loaded everything into the bark canoes which they paddled across the first lake, then portaged across on an Indian trail about a mile to another small lake, and after crossing it, made another mile portage to Lake Matinadinda, where they again embarked, and shortly after reached their destination. Then dividing up, as usual, some of the men cleared away the ground for the tents, others gathered the balsam boughs for our beds, while the cook prepared the evening meal, which was ready shortly after we had joined the rest of the party.

Only those who have experienced it can realize the satisfaction felt after a hard day's work in "shifting camp," to find themselves comfortaby located where the situation and surroundings are pleasant, and in a good position for future operations. All these conditions were filled as a result of this day's work, and everyone seemed to feel amply rewarded for his labour, and greatly pleased with the new camp.

After we had partaken of a good supper we all went down to the shore, where we could obtain a good view of the surrounding territory. The sun was receding behind the hills on the western shore. The exceedingly hot day was giving place to a cool, pleasant evening, and all seemed entranced with the beauty of this lovely bay, dotted with its numerous islands of varying sizes which rose from the glassy surface of its placid waters. Soon a suggestion was made by one of the young men of the staff to take a canoe and cross over to a small island in order to bathe, when I made the remark that I would take another and try our new lake for fish. "Jeff," as we had learned to call him, offered to accompany me. I asked him if he did not wish to go bathing with the others, to which he replied that he could go after we returned, and adding that he liked to paddle. We trolled around the shore, but as the fish did not seeming to relish the shining bait we offered them, and as the night was approaching we soon returned. I asked "Jeff" if he did not want to join the boys on the island. He replied that he thought they were about leaving, and added that he would take his bath from the shore, and, getting his bathing towel, went around a little point beyond our landing place, while I went up the shore and joined two or three of the men in front of the camp-fire.

We were only a few rods from where he was and heard him splashing in the water, but in a few minutes one of the men who had gone down to the shore gave an alarming shout and in a few seconds we were all down at the water's edge, but no sight of poor Jeff was to be seen. The man had reached the shore just in time to see him disappear beneath the surface of the water. In a moment several were diving in the vain hope of rescuing him, but alas, the darkness seemed to

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settle almost instantly over the lake. Lights were brought and grappling was attempted and continued till it was useless to hope that he could be rescued alive. Then we went up the shore where lay the poor boy's clothes as he had left them only a short time before, and then back to the camp-fire, scarcely realizing the tragedy that had visited us.

The silent stars came out and glistened through the leaves. The loons made doleful music at varying distances over the smoky surface of the dark waters, and later on in the evening a whip-poor-will was heard in the forest, but no camp songs were sung that night, or, for that matter, during the rest of the survey.

As midnight approached we retired to our tents, but what little sleep we had was disturbed by the burden of the tragedy that had visited us, and as dawn approached, everyone, I am assured, heard the songs of those twilight birds that always announce the new-born day.

But sadder than all else, to my mind, was the thought that away in the County of York was a family who would that morning arise and go about their usual routine of rural employment all unconscious that one of their number had even then made the great journey beyond the border land.

Before the sun had risen far above the horizon I was on my way to the mouth of Blind River, where I arranged to have the body brought, and returning with an Indian and large canoe we reached our camp on the evening of the second day after the sad occurrence. The following morning I took a blanket, and placing it over my head so as to shut out the light overhead, and sitting in the bow of the canoe, I had a man paddle slowly over where we supposed the body was lying. I found by this means I could distinctly see the bottom of the lake, and in a few moments the object of our search was discovered fully twenty feet below the surface. In a few minutes more it was recovered, and without much further delay we started across the lake. On reaching the western shore we placed the body on a stretcher to each side of which was attached a pole of sufficient length to allow two men at each end to walk in single file along the narrow trail. And thus was borne back all that was mortal of the poor boy who only a few days before had worked so hard over those same portages. Finally, about three o'clock in the afternoon, we reached our destination at the mouth of the river, and before the sun had set the funeral was over and the body of poor "Jeff" had found a temporary resting place in mother earth. In about a week afterwards his father came up and removed the remains in order that they might repose till the last great day beside those of his kindred in his own neighbourhood.

Then we returned again to this fatal camp, but before finally leaving it his comrades carved on a birch slab made with an axe, this rude cenotaph:

JEFFERSON HEACOCK,

DROWNED HERE, SEPT. 20TH, 1881.

HE RESTS WITH GOD.

This was put up on the shore near where the accident occurred. No doubt the birds have sung their songs as they perched upon it, but I have often wondered if it has ever been seen by man since we moved our camp from this spot, which, though associated with such sad recollections, has always seemed to me one of the most beautiful in this wilderness region.

E. Stewart.

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CANADA AND THE EMPIRE.

A Rejoinder to Dr. Goldwin Smith.

G. M. GRANT, LL.D., PRINCIPAL OF QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.

DR. SMITH has replied, in the CANADIAN MAGAZINE, to an article on "Canada and the Empire," which appeared over my signature in the *National Review* for July; but, though unwilling to suggest another term, I certainly do not think it entitled to be called "A Reply." Canadian readers, however, can now judge for themselves, as the London *Advertiser*, in its issue of October 17th, has published my article. The half-dozen pages which the editor of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE has kindly placed at my disposal will be sufficient for a brief explanation and re-statement.

I was trying to show what the real and resolute will of all sections of the Canadian people, regarding their own national aims and destiny, has been for more than a century, and what it still is, with unanimity greater than ever, at the present day. That will—expressed in the whole of a not uneventful history—is what should always be opposed to abstract conceptions Those, persons, however, who had the opportunity of reading only the "Reply"—probably ninety-nine out of a hundred—would fancy that I had written only about Dr. Smith. I can assure them that his personality or work was entirely subordinate to the main question. It was necessary to deal with him, because he is the only authority on Canadian matters who is widely read in England; and as he is a man naturally truthful, a scholar, a gentleman, and known to have lived long in Canada he is supposed by them to be a reliable witness. Besides, Dr. Smith's literary power is so exceptional that everything he writes is sure to be read.

Now, ignorance in Britain of the deepest feelings of the self-governing Colonies has led to such lamentable mistakes in the past that it is our duty, when opportunity offers, to give what little enlightenment we can. All the more so, when there are powerful and sinister influences on the side of misrepresentation, and when—as I put it—"there is, worse than all, a false light, which seems to come from Heaven, because it comes from a man whose ability and good intentions can hardly be questioned." Hence the necessity I was under to allow for the personal element. Allowance has to be made for this, even in the case of astronomers, who are swayed by no bias in recording their nightly watchings of the stars. How much more so in the case of publicists, dealing with national and political problems, with their solutions of which their own preconceptions, prejudices, prophecies and inherent limitations are bound up. An estimate of the man must then be made. Dr. Smith knows this very well. He has had to give hundreds of such estimates—some of them very unflattering—in the course of his long literary career. All the world knows with what freedom he has done his duty in this respect; how sharply, too, he has dealt with any who have ventured to criticize or to rasp him; how skilfully he fences and with what subtle poison he tips his rapier. He assumes the attitude and title of a "Bystander": but—as *Grip* put it, sketching him surrounded by numerous badly-wounded victims,—"Call you this being a Bystander?" A man who gives so liberally should be willing to take a little.

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Almost every paragraph of his reply shows too that, in suggesting more than it is desirable to state, his hand has not lost its cunning. Not to allow the main object of my article to be obscured, I point only to the first half page of the "reply." It begins, "If some coarse and acrimonious writer," etc. What a delightful illustration of the "don't nail his ears to the pump" style of writing! Another remark is concerning "one, who just before had been approaching me in the attitude of friendship." He should have said less or more, but had he said more, he might have explained that it was he who had approached me. I have been a contributor to the *Week* ever since he and another gentleman started it; and, therefore, early in this year, I wrote, protesting against an editorial that seemed to hint a threat of subjecting him to personal violence, because he had expressed unpopular opinions, at an inopportune time and in a very exasperating way. I took the liberty of asking the editor, "How can we controvert his opinions, if you deny his rights?" Thereupon, Dr. Smith wrote me a letter of thanks. While appreciating this highly, it never occurred to me that I was to be muzzled thereafter from criticism, or from showing to Englishmen why I considered him a misleading witness concerning Canada

He then says that Principal Grant "incidentally admits" that his opinions were once held by other literary men and statesmen. It was not an admission, and it was not incidental. It was an integral part of the argument. In justice to him, I pointed out that his views "were formerly held by very eminent men who constituted a prevalent, if shallow, school of thought." I gave their names, quoted from them fairly, to show their attitude, and proceeded as follows:—

"There was a time, then, when Dr. Smith was in good company. But his school has quietly given up the ghost. All his comrades have died or 'verted, and to-day his followers are little better than Falstaff's regiment. When free trade found favour in the eyes of the British public, its beauty dazzled them. It was regarded as a Morrison's pill, warranted to cure all the ills, and to be a substitute for all the needs, of mankind. Nations existed merely for the purpose of interchanging commodities, and man lived by bread alone. The Colonies would continue to buy from the Mother Country as lone as it was their interest to do so, and what more could Britain ask or desire? If they did join a rival or hostile nation, that was their own business. If Canada united politically with the States, so much the better. The free trade area would be enlarged, the general prosperity would be increased, and the workshops of Britain would share in the prosperity. All this prattle was accepted as expressing absolute truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. But now the glittering generalities are seen to be only half truths or sophisms. Time has brought with it new points of view, and it is felt even by the man on the street, that a nation is a complex organism, and that the excellent law of buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market, far from expressing the fulness of its life, may be checked or transcended by other laws.

Dr. Goldwin Smith, however, will not learn. No Bourbon could refuse more resolutely to be enlightened by events. Though in an excellent position for seeing, he keeps the telescope to his blind eye, and cries aloud visions of the night to those who, being less favourably situated, still look to him for guidance. He succeeds only in making ignorance more dense, and misunderstanding more probable."

It is rather comical to call all this an incidental admission; extraordinary that he should object to the saying that man does not live by bread alone; and still more extraordinary that he should add, "It is to be observed that those who impress upon us this sentiment have always themselves plenty of bread." Is it not a very good sentiment? Is it not well for all nations to take it to heart? Was it ever more required than in this materialistic age?

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And does he not know that I am poor, while he is wealthy?

I have no desire, however, to add one word on the merely personal question. That was introduced simply in order to explain the curious isolation of Dr. Smith in the country for which he undertakes to speak. If he stood alone, because of strenuous attachment to a high spiritual truth, he would be worthy of all admiration. Then it would be a case of Athanasius against the world. But his isolation is on the complex political question of whether Canada should go over to the United States or continue in the grander unity of the British Empire. On that question, the native-born Canadian is quite competent to judge, and he has more right to speak than any one else, all the more so, it may be said, if his forefathers have suffered for the country. May I not add that the choice of American connection is singularly unhappy at present. Dr. Smith might well admit that time has shown Canada to have been wiser than himself. But Snowdon's Knight, confronted with a host of armed men was not more resolute. He still holds that duty calls on us to abandon cherished ideals and to become engulphed in a less liberal, less moral and less comprehensive education than we now have, in the vain hope that we may be able to turn the tide of feeling which sways millions of average Americans, inflamed from their youth up with unnatural cries of vengeance, as well as with external or false notions of their own place in civilization.

Space is not available here to deal fully with this fundamental question, but I shall take it up again before long. In comparison with it, any man's personality or fate is of small consequence. My int rpretation of Dr. Smith's character may be inadequate or mistaken, and I regret if I was betrayed into vivacities of expression which gave him pain. Ordinary readers, however, will not deem it unparliamentary language to say that a man is cynical or to hint that even an Oxford education has limitations. I spoke with ample acknowledgment that Dr. Smith meant well, even when industriously sowing tares, because I spoke in sorrow rather than in anger, and only after hoping against hope that, in accordance with his own repeated declarations, he was retiring from the position of our unauthorised Ambassador to do work for which he is better suited. Here was my summary:—

"His aims are good, but as he insists that they shall be carried out in his and in no other way, he is all the time defeating instead of furthering them. He loves his native country, yet misrepresents its action. He sees that the best hopes of civilization lie in the direction of the unification of the English-speaking race, yet he excites evil suspicions between its different members. He believes that the saving elements in the Canadian people are so strong that they could do much for the healing of bitter waters in the States, yet he belittles us and mocks at our continuous and resolute struggle to become a nation."

If there are faults here or elsewhere, they are, I submit, in the manner of expression, and because of my interest in a great subject, rather than the outcome of a desire to misjudge or of acrimony of temper, of which, indeed, I am not conscious. But might it not be well for Dr. Smith to consider that others may see him better than he sees himself, and that the outlines of a crowded career, extending over a long period, may come out most clearly, like those of mountain ranges, at a distance? Looked at from this point of view, almost every one will tell him that since he left his own country his general attitude has been anti-British, and has not been representative of Canadian sentiment He supposes, to use the ironical language of our great humorist, Haliburton, "That a tree would be much more vigorous if the branches . . . . were all lopped off, ... and that the stem would be larger, stronger and

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better without such useless or expensive appendages." He knows that the fate of Canada will ultimately determine that of all the Colonies, as well as that of the whole Empire with its promise of a future as glorious as its past. But British connection he distrusts and even seems to dislike; while to us it is the effectual guarantee that we shall continue to maintain our independence, build on our own foundations, develop our institutions, and contribute some share, 'off our own bat,' to the higher life of the continent and the race.

This, I repeat, is the fundamental question between us. Dr. Smith is influenced or dominated mainly by the idea of continuous territory, and by what he considers the hopelessly insoluble character of French-speaking Canadians. These seem to me external considerations, while his tone concerning them is unduly pessimistic; but, I tried to estimate them fairly. In proof, let me conclude this brief rejoinder with as long a quotation as space will permit of what was said in the article regarding the difficulties with which we are struggling, and the price which we, like every other people, must be willing to pay for national life:—

"The Dominion consists of four great sections, each of which is said to be naturally more allied to a portion of the United States than to the other sections. There is a certain amount of truth in this, but the point of view which makes it an insuperable difficulty is wholly external. When we are told that it is impossible to fight successfully against geography, a little reflection assures us that all history teaches the opposite, and that each new triumph of science is simply another victory of man over nature. Besides, this difficulty is on the surface, and has been seen and discounted by us at every stage in our history. It has no more terrors for us than the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains had for the people of the States, or than the Atlantic and the 'long wash of Australasian seas' had for our forefathers. Instinctively, at every crisis, we have realized that a nation must be ready to pay a price for its freedom, must be willing to transcend and even laugh at difficulties in order to realize itself and secure a distinctive and worthy future. We have, therefore, said with Nehemiah, 'Let us rise up and build.' We have established an unequalled system of internal navigation from the Straits of Belle Isle into the heart of the continent, and we have added to that an unparalleled railway system, along lines where Indian guides and old-fashioned engineers and scientific officers had declared that railways could not be built. We were told that the traffic would not pay for greasing the wheels of the locomotives. It has paid those who put their money in the road better than any other trans-continental railway. In to-day's paper I see that Northern Pacific is quoted at 5 per cent., Union at 7, Central at 14, and Canadian Pacific at 64. And, now, when the external difficulties have been overcome, when every part of our great Northern Confederacy has been linked together by steel as well as sentiment, when dry-docks have been built at Halifax, Quebec, Kingston, and Esquimault, when our coasts, rivers and lakes have been lighted with hundreds of lighthouses; now, when, through the faith and toil of a handful of people scattered over half a continent, we have built our nation's house, and are able to reach out one hand to Great Britain and the other to Australia, a philosopher assures us that 'manifest destiny' was all the time forbidding, and that our house was built only to be smashed! Destiny, if you like, but certainly it was not and is not manifest.

"Another dominating conception of Dr. Smith arises from the superficial view that he takes of Quebec Province. According to him, French Canada before the conquest, owing to the exclusion of the Huguenots, 'fell into the hands of the Catholic reaction and of its incarnation and apostle, the Jesuit,' and so became 'a Jesuit mission grafted on a station of the fur trade.' This is epigram, but not history. It is doubtful if history can be written epigrammatically. The truth is that—as might have been expected by anyone who knows the character and development of the French people—

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there was a vigorous Gallicanism in Quebec down to the conquest. The Canadian peasant, under the nominal feudalism of the New World, was never a serf or villein Proudly he called himself the 'habitant,' or dweller in the land. In the same spirit, though a devout member of the Holy, Catholic, Apostolical, Roman Church, he always stoutly asserted his own religious rights. Nor was he without constitutional protection of a kind. Just as Louis XIV., though under priestly influence, did not shrink from putting bishops in their place and holding his own against the Pope, so a strong governor in Quebec, the representative of the King and the head of the State, did not shrink from bullying the bishop and protecting the rights of the laity. This Gallican spirit, as might also have been expected, died out after the conquest. The reasons will easily be divined by anyone who knows the history of Ireland from within. It has revived, however, since the Confederation of 1867; it is a factor of ever-increasing significance in the development of French-speaking Canadians; to ignore which may be pardonable in the average politician, but not in the historian or statesman.

"The difference of language and race is another of the bogeys that forbid the banns between French and English-speaking Canadians. Dr. Smith's only hope lies in submerging the former in the vast mass of English speech to the south. That mass will have its influence, no matter what the political arrangements may be; but the supposition that national unity requires uniformity of language and race is an abstract conception scarcely worth refuting It is a remnant of the individualist view of society which prevailed in the eighteenth century, but which is now universally discarded. The highest form of national life does not depend on identity, but rather on differences that are transcended by common political interests and sentiments; and it is most interesting to trace the growth of these in Canada, especially since 1867. The result is before the face of all men, in a fact which is half a continent in size. The fact was there before, but it could be seen only by the penetrating eye. Now, the blind may see, unless blinded by preconceptions. Under the constitution of 1791, which gave only the irritating shadow of political liberty without the substance, the French-Canadians fought splendidly against the armies of the States, though these came as practical allies of the Corsican, who at the time was the idol of every Frenchman. Subsequently, when the union of the two Canadas, in 1841, ended in a deadlock, statesmen never dreamed of the formation of the two provinces into two distinct nationalities as the solution. They saw that the deadlock had come, because the Act of Union had an inherent defect. It had attempted to combine the federal principle with unity of action in local matters. Hence the clumsy expedients of dual majorities and dual leaders, which could not possibly be permanent. The solution of the difficulty was sought for in a wider union, and though that made Quebec one province of four, now one of seven, and—a few years hence—to be one of twelve, instead of one of two, Cartier assented to it as loyally as George Brown. The Confederation of 1867 cured the defect of the Union of 1841, by assigning local questions to provincial legislatures, and it laid the basis for a Dominion which soon extended from ocean to ocean.

"Of course we have had our difficulties since, but they are simply growing pains. Dr. Smith identifies the extreme Ultramontanes, or the Nationalist section, in Quebec, with the province, as they, for their own ends, identify the 'Orangistes' of Ontario with English-speaking Canada. But the tailors of Tooley Street are not the people of England, nor are he and his handful of Commercial Unionists the Canadian people. In forming a nation which, while including all sections of the British people, plus Germans, Icelanders, Belgians, Hungarians and Indians, is mainly composed of the two great historic races that have taken root in the land, we are making a most interesting experiment, and one that has had already a large measure of success. The French-Canadian sees that he must teach his children English, if they are not to be handicapped for life in America; and the British-Canadian, finding that the man who is master of two languages is often preferred to him, resolves that if he cannot speak French his children shall. For this and other reasons, actual fusion of speech is

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going on slowly but surely. But unity of national life is independent of the fusion."

In a word, no matter what our speech, we are all, as Cartier said, above everything else Canadians. We are still "Canada First," that is of the party, the first planks in whose platform declared for Canada and British connection. So, too, whether English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, Canadian, Afrikander, Australian, Tasmanian, or New Zealander, we are all one Empire, under one Flag, governed by the same stable, yet elastic Parliamentary institutions, and faithful to the traditions of the race which has carried to the ends of the earth the practice of freedom within the bounds of law, the principle of justice explained by precedent, and the defence of the oppressed up to the full extent of our power, irrespective of continentalism. In realizing this unity, and so fulfilling what appears to us to be our highest destiny, we have no quarrel with our neighbours. Far from it. We honour that great sisterhood of States for what they are and for what they have accomplished; we know that our prosperity is largely bound up with theirs; and we hope that the time may soon come—for they are a people of infinite humour, apart from their national conceits—when they shall understand that if a "bloody shirt" thirty years old is obsolete, it is preposterous to be continually waving one which is four or five times as ancient.

George M. Grant.

THE UNUTTERABLE DESIRE.

The pensive youth resumes his irksome task
  Behind the plow, and goads the drowsy team;
But every common object wears a mask,
  And e'en the oxen teach him how to dream.

He needs must pause. (How quick the burly beasts
  Perceive the liberal license of his mood,
And stand at ease while wayward Fancy feasts
  With paladins, returned all blood-imbrued.)

And while the stately cavalcade is formed,
  And helmèd knights their battle-steeds bestride,
And fields are won, and feudal castles stormed,
  The setting sun proclaims it eventide.

Again the task dispels the stirring scene,
  Again the furrow lengthens o'er the field;—
But who could pass a copse so dense and green
  Without a glimpse of romance there concealed?

Here Robin Hood and stalwart Friar Tuck
  Dispensed the spoils or ate their venison fare;
Here outlawed archers tested skill and luck,
  Or wound their horns, or planned a bishop's snare.

And here Maid Marion heard a lover's vow,
  And here —— (But oh! prosaic, cruel Fate!
There stand the idle oxen and the plow,
  And there an irate father at the gate).

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And oh! the task, and oh! the stern demand;
  And oh! the guilty feeling in his breast.
Is there no champion who for him will stand,
  To silence wrath with Chivalry's behest?

"A lazy lout!" he hears his father say.
  He slew a dragon, fought a host and—won,
Preserved a maiden scathless through a fray,
  And yet is asked: "Why is the task not done?"

Without excuse, he meekly bears the cuff,
  Then slinks, crestfallen, to his truckle-bed,
A vanquished hero, who was bold enough
  Where plows were lances and where fields were red.

He cannot tell why he should be remiss,
  Or why some things a vision will inspire;
He knows but one vague feeling, and 'tis this:
  The poet's wild, unutterable desire.

Let others plow, and others plant the corn;
  Let others moil in servitude's degree;
But he *must* dream, though waking brings him scorn
  When each enchantment ends in misery.

He sees with envy youth engage itself
  In tedious toil or boisterous merriment;
Yet while one book, unread, is on the shelf,
  He keeps his vigils as a saint keeps Lent.

Foregoing pleasure, little else he craves
  Than toleration of his solitude
And choice in spending all the cash he saves,
  With some respect for each eccentric mood.

And granted these, lie reigns a king supreme,
  His vassals numerous as he can create.
Would he a palace? He has but to dream,
  And lo! he enters by the golden gate.

Ask him not why, nor what it is that burns
  Within his breast like a consuming fire;
He only feels that he for something yearns
  With that intense, unutterable desire.

WILLIAM T. JAMES.

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TALKS ON WRITING ENGLISH.*

JOHN A. COOPER.

SHOULD a man (or a woman) desire to practice the profession of a lawyer, he spends several years in a lawyer's office, reads many books on legal subjects, and passes several examinations set by legal professionals. A like procedure obtains, should he desire to become a doctor, a civil engineer, an architect or a professor. Should he desire to be an artist, he must visit Paris and study under the best masters and from the best work of those who have become the acknowledged masters in painting and sculpture. But should he desire to become an author—he simply sits down and scribbles off a manuscript; then he arises with a look of satisfaction upon his countenance and mails the pen-production to the editor of some magazine, the name of which he knows by hearsay. If any person should suggest that he should spend four or five years learning the art of composition, acquiring the power of original description and creation, and perfecting himself by a study of the best models of the great litterateurs, that person would be quickly and effectually snubbed. It has been said that poets are born and not made, and about fifty per cent. of the people in the world (the English-speaking world is referred to) have at some time in their lives, the conviction that perhaps they are born poets or litterateurs.

A lady friend of mine, who is well-born and well-educated but without any special qualifications as an original writer, sends her poetry and her novelettes quite regularly to the editors of Canadian publications. She remarked in a recent letter that it was not her fault that Canadians did not possess an ample literature; it was the crime of the editors who refused to publish and pay for her manuscripts.

Another young lady brought me a pretty story. In it words were misspelled, phrases misplaced and paragraphs poorly constructed, but the tale was an agreeable one. I revised it carefully and labouriously, and pointed out to her the weaknesses, to my mind, of her composition. She seemed anxious to learn to write, and I was willing to encourage her. She brought me another story which I returned as being too long for the matter contained and as being slovenly written. Finally I received a third manuscript, which apparently had never been read after having been written, as the punctuation and paragraphing were deplorable. I returned it with plenty of blue pencilling and decided that her next manuscript should be returned unopened.

There is plenty of room in literature for new writers, but they must be writers who are masters of the art; writers who have cultivated their originality and their composition until both are striking; writers who have something to say and have carefully studied the best way of saying it. As Buffon said, talent is only long practice, and the secret of success is perseverence in hard work.

As Fleubert said to Maupassant (Introduction to *Pierre and St. Jean*):—"When you pass a grocer seated in a doorway, a concierge smoking his pipe, a row of cabs, show me this grocer and this concierge, their attitude, all their physical appearance; suggest by the skill of your image all their moral nature, so that I shall not confound them with any other grocer or any other concierge; make me see, by a

* Talks on Writing English. By Arlo Bates. Crown 8vo., $1.50. Houghton, Mifiin & Co., Boston and New York.

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single word, wherein a cab-horse differs from the fifty others that follow or precede him." And Maupassant adds: "Whatever may be the thing which one wishes to say, there is but one word for expressing it; only one verb to animate it; but one adjective to qualify it. It is essential to search for this verb, for this adjective, until they are discovered, and never be satisfied with anything else."

This is the spirit of the true man of letters. His originality, be it little or much, must be persistently developed, and his power of expression must be just as persistently cultivated until it nearly equals that of the best writers.

Robert Louis Stevenson once wrote: "All through my boyhood and youth, I was known and pointed out for a pattern of an idler; and yet I was always busy on my own private end, which was to learn to write. I kept always two books in my pocket, one to read, one to write in. As I walked, my mind was busy fitting what I saw with appropriate words; when I sat by the roadside, I would either read, or a pencil and a penny version-book would be in my hands to note down the features of the scene or commemorate some halting stanzas. Thus I lived with words, and what I wrote was thus for no ulterior use. It was written consciously for practice."

To destroy all one's earliest writings is hard indeed. Yet Arlo Bates says in his recent admirable book entitled "Talks on Writing English:"

"It is necessary to compose and recompose; to write all sorts of things, to prune them, recast them, polish them; to elaborate and to simplify; to weigh each word and phrase; and when all is done to destroy the result as ruthlessly as we would destroy anything else which has become rubbish by outliving its usefulness.

"It is a thousand pities that the work of writers who are learning their art is not written in ink fading over night, or which would at least vanish as soon as the manuscript had undergone revision. The next best thing is for the would-be author to accustom himself to phrasing thoughts in his mind without setting them down upon paper at all. . . .

"Each mail carries to the office of every magazine scores of manuscripts which are nothing but the crude exercises produced in more or less intelligent struggles with the art of composition. . . . Would to heaven there were some one eloquent enough to persuade the world once for all that literature is as surely a profession which must be learned as is law or medicine.

"It is a long time before the student has a right to look upon himself as a producer at all; and the more completely he can preserve the attitude of a learner, the better will be the results of his self-training."

This book from which the above quotations are taken is worthy the attention of young Canadians who are aspirants for literary fame and success and profit. After two introductory chapters the author takes up the "Principles of Structure" and deals with Unity, Mass and Coherence, then the "Principles of Quality" and treats of Clearness, Force and Elegance. After having thus worthily filled about one hundred pages of his book, he takes up Exposition, Argument, Description and Narration in turn, dealing with each in a clear, conversational manner, without the slightest attempt at pedantry. His quotations and examples are taken from modern books, and his criticisms are mainly on those writings with which the general public is at present most familiar. The book is by no means of the character of a college text-book, but the production of an editor who has seen the need for a book which any young writer may easily read and digest, and which would convey to him the knowledge and experience of one who had been over the road, and knew the danger-holes and the hills between a literary Beginning and a literary Success.

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OUR ABBÉ.

HUNTER DUVAR.

MR. WILLIAM SMITH, our readers will admit, was not romantically named. Neither did his life flow in a romantic channel, albeit a pleasant one. When he had completed his nonage and legal infancy with not more impulses and fewer escapades than average young men, his father put him into a syndicate which rented a patent in universal use, and in which his chief duty was to draw his dividends monthly, if he were at home. If he were not at home, they stood over until next month, and he drew them both together. He was now spoken of as Mr. William Smith, Jr., instead of the plain "Bill Smith," by which he had been heretofore known to his intimates. In one respect Mr. Smith, Jr., was a singular young man, for he set himself to improve the common school education he had received. He read everything that came in his way, and has been heard to declare that he derived more real knowledge of life from fiction than from any other branch of *belles lettres*, or even of science. He attended lectures, too, carefully avoiding faddists of every stripe, as well as those pundits, who wander under the auspices of a bureau at $10.00 per night, and hash up "popular" scientific pabulum that is of no practical use to anybody. For accomplishments he acquired pretty fair Parisian French from a refugee of the commune, and the use of his mawleys (which, being interpreted, means how to box with his fists) from a retired English prize fighter.

He was a pleasant young man was Mr. Smith, Jr. The bent of his mind was towards æstheticism—you could not call it *dilettantism*. He was too sensible for that. He loved everything that was beautiful and harmonious and serene. And yet for several summers of his life he was addicted to Cheap Tripping in the gregarious way that has become an institution in these later days. In fact, he was a confirmed Cheap Tripper.

He went everywhere the Tripping Co. asked him. On one memorable occasion he had been personally conducted by an ex-usher (Master of the French of Stratford-atte-Bow), to Bullong and Paree, and would have been taken to Carpathians, but thought it too far. Accompanied by a friend of like tastes with his own from the middle-class club to which he belonged, he, with some hundred others had been at Land's End and in Wales and the Isle of Man and at the Lakes of Killarney and Windermere, and at Chester and York, and had even penetrated beyond the Scottish border. When the advertised limit of their tour was reached the horde of trippers rushed across country for home, desecrating fanes, writing the names of 'arry and 'arriet on monuments of antiquity, greeting mansions with howls and waking up sleeping villages with music-hall choruses—all to be repeated on next holiday. It would be wrong to say that Smith junior liked this kind of thing. He did not, yet, despite his æstheticism, his sense of humour was as much amused by the antics of the company as by the historical scenes through which he passed. In a few years his father died and he himself became Mr. Smith. After wearing black for a year, and for six months more a white hat with a crape on it for the old gentleman he fell in love and married a lady in every way suitable for him, with equally cultured mind and much similarity of tastes.

Having little knowledge of the busi-

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ness of the syndicate and none at all as to its prospects, he, acting on his wife's advice, sold his interest and with a portion of the purchase money bought a pretty place in Devonshire, on which he built a modest villa as a *pied à terre*, and which he and his wife designed without the aid of an architect, and furnished to their own taste. On balancing accounts they found they possessed an annual income of just $5,000, sufficient to live on in happy competence. Smith was after all but a wholesome sound-souled Englishman of no brilliant parts, gentlemanly in his habits, but averse to being the slave of any stilted *convenances*, while Mrs. Smith was too sensible a woman to want to squeeze herself into high society wherein she could have found no real pleasure and where she would have been looked down upon for her comparative poverty. Therefore they lived contented in their secluded home of "Forest Retreat," as they called it, passing their time agreeably enough, only it must be admitted that underlying this placid content there was a slight—the very slightest—tinge of latent Bohemianism, not pronounced but just enough to give colour to their lives. When the fit came on they, leaving their place in charge of a caretaker and his dame, would set out on their travels to interesting parts of the country, no longer as Cheap Trippers but as respectable British tourists, eschewing fasionable hotels and putting up in some comfortable family hostelrie in any place that suited their fancy. In this way they made many pleasant friends. Although three or four years had elapsed, there were no children.

This worthy and unpretending couple were at the old and out-of-the-way town of Laon in the Aisne, having made their way there by a leisurely route through Belgium. There they intended to stay for a few days to enjoy the charming scenery and to study the noble cathedral which crowns the hill on which the town is built, and which, if archæology be true, was founded in the twelfth century. On the day after their arrival and while his wife was resting, Smith set out, as was his custom in a new place, to take a stroll through the streets. Entering a shop to purchase a pocket map of the town, he was fortunate to find in the bookseller a local antiquary of no mean intelligence. From him he learned that in a monastic collection in connection with the cathedral were some curious manuscripts throwing light on the time of the Carlovingians, which were not duplicated in the otherwise excellent public library. He found the custodian of these treasures, an elderly man in a black gown, quite courteous and obliging, and soon was seated in an ill-lighted apartment making notes, until, after some time, the point of his pencil broke. Looking up, he discovered he was not alone, for a person in the conventional dress of an abbé, with a fringe of grey hair peeping from under his skull-cap, was seated near him, poring over a large antique folio which might have been one of the early fathers' commentaries. This venerable person opened a penknife, and with a polite bow handed it to his fellow-student. It happened that when Mr. Smith had completed his memoranda and rose to leave, the Abbé rose too; so that both stood together on the pavement. The Englishman thanked his clerical acquaintance for his courtesy, and, after some further conversation, begged, if his reverence were at leisure, he would accompany him, a stranger, in a walk along the old ramparts, whence the view would, no doubt, be very fine. The Abbé explained that he too was, in a manner, a stranger, his curé being in the Landes of the Gironde. They walked along together and paced the ancient lines with the towers jutting in grey decay, the whole dominated by the fine pile of the cathedral. The Englishman talked glibly

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of what Laon had been when it was the residence of the Kings of France, and of its having been taken from the League by Henry of Navarre, with other topics on which the Abbé did not seem well informed. Noon having arrived, Mr. Smith pulled out a watch that looked like silver, but was only aluminum, and remarked it was near luncheon time.

"That is a singular chronometer Monsieur carries," remarked the Abbé; "no doubt an heirloom?"

"It *is* singular," laughed Smith, "as showing the cheap labour and skill of the Swiss. I always carry it in the streets."

"Perhaps," persisted the Abbé, "it is associated with remembrances so touching that Monsieur would pay an unheard-of reward to recover it if lost?"

"Not at all," was the reply; "its value is exactly twelve francs. You can buy a thousand of them at that figure in Zurich or Geneva."

Thought is free and sometimes flashes across the mind without our will, and it flashed into the speaker's mind "if our Abbé were not grey-haired and a clergyman I would have half thought he would like to snatch the watch and bolt down an alley with it." The absurd idea was dismissed with a smile. The Smiths are nothing if not hospitable. This one, therefore, turning to the priest, thanked him for his company and begged he would do him the honour of dining with him at five o'clock, if not too early, at his hotel, the *Boule d'Or*, where he might be sure Mrs. Smith would be pleased to welcome one of his salutary profession. The Abbé hesitated.

"Luxury in apparel," said he, "is forbidden to members of my sacred calling. My constant dress is soutane and tonsure-cap; hence I must decline."

Mr. Smith assured him his clerical garb would but confer additional honour on the board. With this the invitation was accepted, and they parted.

At five o'clock the Abbé appeared in his clerical garb and with the subdued mien befitting his profession. His host had put on a dress coat and substituted a massive gold watch and chain for his Swiss toy. Mrs. Smith appeared in demi-toilette, plain and ladylike, with no ornament excepting a noticeable one of oriental manufacture, the bequest of an uncle who had served in India and had shaken the pagoda tree in the days when it bore fruit. This singular and somewhat barbaric adornment was a necklace formed of a five-pointed star of quite two inches in diameter, the floor being a mosaic of alternate brilliants and emeralds, with one rich ruby in the centre, the whole being attached to a coil of eight or ten very fine gold chains of a vivid orange colour. Apart from its singularity it was evidently of great value.

The Abbé said grace. His eyes did not seem to have observed the adornment of the lady, nor, indeed, to have rested on anything beyond the tablecloth. This might have been, from modesty, inasmuch as the attendance of a butler and three waiters may have given him an exaggerated impression of the social position of his entertainers. He showed himself, however, acquainted with the etiquette of the table, although his manner seemed to be under strict watch and his conversation was confined to mere necessary remarks. His host, on the other hand, was voluble on many subjects, trying to draw his guest out. Dinner passed rather heavily. After an abstemious repast, and still more sparing indulgence in wine, followed by coffee, the guest took leave and bowed himself out.

"I do not like your Abbé," said Mrs. Smith.

"No more do I," replied her husband. "His being a stranger accounts for his want of acquaintance with the place, for he told me his curé was

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in the Bourbonnais, or somewhere, but he he did not seem to follow some points of scholarship I tried him with —no doubt attributable to his secluded and religious life. He scarcely comes up to the mark of the polished and scholarly Abbés we read of. Besides, did you notice he never fell into those mild pieties by which clergymen always betray themselves?"

"I do not like your Abbé," repeated Mrs. Smith.

The table having been cleared, husband and wife sat before the morsel of fire that glowed in an open grate, more for cheerfulness than warmth, when Smith, laying his watch and chain on the table, went upstairs to change his coat and boots. This did not occupy him long, and he went leisurely down the staircase with his hand on the bannister, his list slippers making no noise. When he was about half way down he thought—but so indistinctly that it was scarcely a thought—that he saw a figure cross the corridor and enter the dining room. Coming down he found the door ajar, and on going in saw at a glance his wife asleep in a fauteuil with her back to the door, and behind her the crouching figure of the Abbé with a silk scarf in his outstretched hands, creeping up as if to strangle her! Like a flash the fist of the trained boxer flew from the shoulder and struck the intruder full on the back of the head. The ecclesiastic went down as if shot. His fall awakened Mrs. Smith, who screamed, but had presence of mind to ring the bell violently, which brought several attendants into the room, among them the master of the hotel, who showed great reluctance to notify the authorities, pleading it would bring great scandal on the church, and might hurt the good name of the *Boule d'Or* The latter reason was doubtless the one the landlord feared, but a waiter had in the meantime run out and summoned the patrol. Soon two *gens d'armes* came marching into the room at the regulation pace, drew their swords, stood at attention, and did nothing. A sergeant followed, on which the men at a sign from him sheathed their weapons with a clang, and seizing the prostrate and still insensible man by the collar, dragged him up and and set him in an arm-chair, his hands still holding the scarf, which, it was now observed, exhaled a strong odor of chloroform. At another sign, one of them went out, and speedily returned with two police acolytes bearing a hand ambulance, into which the Abbé was bundled and marched off, the two men-of-arms, with their swords again bared, following as escort. Meantime Mr. Smith, as hero of the hour, had excitedly related all the circumstances to the sergeant, who listened with no apparent interest, and merely replied, "Ah!" but afterwards added, "Monsieur must go along with me."

"What for?" cried Smith hotly, "are you going to lock me up?"

"Not necessarily" replied the sergeant, "but you must tell your story to the Inspector."

There seemed some reason in this, so the irate Englishman, calming down, called a coach in which he and the sergeant were driven to the office of police, a whitewashed apartment where a man in uniform was leaning back in a high chair before a desk beneath a flaring gaslight, with his eyes closed and the stump of a cigar in his mouth. The sergeant related the circumstances.

"Let us see this truculent abbé" said the Inspector, taking a lighted bull's-eye lantern in his hand and leading the way through a private passage to the darkened hospital ward, whither the patient had been already brought and laid, still unconscious, on a mattress. Throwing the whole glare of the lantern on the death-like face, the policeman twitched off the skull-cap with the fringe of gray hair attached, and gazed long and earnestly.

"Ah!" said he at length, "making for the frontier," then turning to his

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companion remarked, "Monsieur has been more successful than the whole police of Paris." To anticipate our story by a few weeks, the sham Abbé was a notorious bankrobber and assassin, who had evaded the hue and cry out after him and was watched for at all the ports and railways. No disguise could have been better adapted for escape than that of a priest. He now became the object of lively interest to the first surgeons in Laon, who vied with each other in efforts for his recovery. After trephining and other surgical care he was at length recruited sufficiently to be put on trial for one of his other easily proved crimes, and was deported for life to Cayenne.

Returning to the office, the Inspector again sat down in his high chair, replaced a half-smoked cigar in his mouth, and reached listlessly for his large brass-bound register, and in a tone that made it clear he felt the whole thing a bore, proceeded to ask a great many questions: the complainant's name, age, occupation, why he was in France, where born, was he known to the police of his own country, his father's and mother's name, with others equally irrelevant, all of which he wrote down with exasperating slowness. Then he reached for one of a pile of printed slips which lay on the desk, and on the corner of which Smith's eye was quick enough to read the printed figures "100 francs." This slip Mr. Inspector filled up with a date, but seeming to think the amount was too small, selected another of 1,000 francs, filled in the date and handed it to his visitor with the remark: "personal bond to appear—sign there."

"I will *not* sign," cried Smith.

"Then," said the policeman coolly, "Monsieur will be detained. Monsieur will further observe that besides his personal bond he remains under the surveillance of the police, and will do wisely in making himself happy in Laon until the alleged culprit is sufficiently recovered for trial."

"I give my word as an English gentleman to appear on the day of trial," urged our tourist, who was beginning to be alarmed at the turn affairs were taking.

"Monsieur's word is without doubt unimpeachable," said the policeman, with the slightest suspicion of a sneer, "but we do not accept it in preference to bond and surveillance."

Our exasperated Briton dashed his signature across the document and strode out in a white fume of rage.

Calling a *calèche*, our irate friend requested to be driven to the private address of some smart lawyer, and soon found himself in presence of a young dissolute-looking man in *deshabille* lying on a sofa reading a yellow-covered novel, with a miniature decanter of absinthe and a glass on a bracket within reach, and the table littered with cigarette stubs. On hearing the story the legal gentleman's interest was great. He particularly cross-examined as to whether the policeman did or did not positively refuse to accept a proffered pledge of honour, and on being assured that such was the case his distress was really pathetic.

"But what!" he exclaimed, in his best jury manner, "*dieudedieu!* it is an insult to a friendly power, an insult to be wiped out with swords. *Ciel!* and to a Grande Breton (an English! gentilhomme! rentier!); but thus! it humiliates France!'

Then he gave his client some advice. Smith paid the counsel his fee and, again calling the *calèche*, was driven to the hotel, where he ordered Mrs. Smith to toss all their belongings into the portmanteaus and be ready to leave in a quarter of an hour. The lady was equal to the occasion, and in not much more than the time specified the trunks were placed in care of a commissionaire to convey to a place of safety till called for. Meantime Smith had drawn a cheque for 1,000 francs, payable to the President of the Republic, which he enclosed—not to the inspector, but to the Minister of

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Police, in a letter abusing the French Republic, the Ministry and all their myrmidons, threatening them with the wrath of the British lion, and adding divers other threats which he would have found it impossible to carry out. This he placed in the commissionaire's hands, with orders not to mail it until after twelve hours should have elapsed. Then he paid his hotel bill, and, taking his wife's arm, walked out.

Finding their way to a livery stable, the address of which had been learned from the *calèche* driver, the pair ordered a postchaise to convey them anywhere into the country for a few miles. After one or two zigzags to throw pursuit off the scent, Smith directed the postboys to strike across country for a busy railroad passenger station. There they caught the mail train for the north, and in a short time were beyond the frontier.

The first words Mr. Smith said to his wife when they again stood, free Britons, on the soil of Belgium were; "I have learned something in our travels."

"What is that?"

"Never to ask an unknown abbé to dinner unless he brings a certificate from his bishop, for even a clergyman may be counterfeited."

Hunter Duvar.

HOME AGAIN, 40-1.

A Thanksgiving Story.

A MUDDLED, out-o'-work looking man sat in a pool-room fumbling a scrawly letter, and staring with a look of drunken cunning at the names on the black-board. One of them caught his eye, and then swam before him till the whole board seemed covered with nothing but the name of the one horse, "Home Again," at forty to one. He rushed up to the clerk and placed five dollars on that horse, then sat down to wait and to look over again, in a muddled way, the letter his father had written, urging him to come home for Thanksgiving, and if he could do so, to settle down on the old farm again. "We ain't got much to offer you," the letter ran, "but it won't cost much to come, now the railroad's through to Pineville, and your poor mother's been living on the thought of seeing you the past year, the minister says; so I'm sending you this money; it's all we have, and we hope you'll come."

He had intended to go. Poor old soul, she was bad, no doubt, but would it do her any good to see the miserable wreck he had become? If he could win now he might still get home; he had not spent all on this last spree, and . . . How his head ached in this hot place!—if he hadn't been such a fool as to put up his last cent, he would have got another drink. Watching the board in a kind of stupor, he jumped suddenly to his feet, sober in a moment. "Home Again" had won.

A crowded train was hurrying through one of those rocky forest stretches, common on new roads in Canada. The minds of the passengers were filled with thoughts of home, many miles nearer each hour. In every farm-house and village dwelling happy faces and busy preparations gave signs of the approaching Thanksgiving Day.

Quiet, the peace of labour ended and rest well earned hovered about a grey homestead which was set back some distance from the road that wound between snake fences from the newly

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painted station at Pineville, two miles away. Inside the house an old woman sat beside the box-stove that stood half in the sitting-room and half in the bed-room. A small fire lent heat, but not cheerfulness, to the room which, with its meagre furnishings, had an expectant air. Her mind travelled back, as it had done every day since, to the time when she stood among the sunflowers at the front door, in the clear freshness of a September morning ten years ago, to watch the old waggon disappear over the hill with her son. As she sat there the tired hands gradually grew still. and the knitting fell unheeded to the floor. A hopeful tear or two stole down her wrinkled cheek. As the minutes were ticked out by the tall clock in the corner, a calmer, holier smile came into her face. In the deepening twilight a red gleam from the stove-damper flickered about the room a moment and was gone. The old cat stretched out her paws to the fallen knitting with a memory of kitten days; then as the needles clicked loudly together in the silence, drew hurriedly back. The bent figure in the rocking-chair straightened up a little at the sound, murmured something half aloud,—was it, "Next station Pineville—Jim!" and then sank back with a happy smile about her lips.

Was she asleep and dreaming? Perhaps. God knows.

With noisy slamming of doors the brakesman had gone through the cars calling out "Next station, Pineville," when instead of the long call of the engine that should have announced the town, there was a short shriek and . . . only darkness broken by the fitful gleam of the hurrying lantern and the glare of the fires that began to eat up the tumbled mass of broken cars.

Had "Home Again" won in that last race, too? Perhaps.

S. J. Robertson.

AUTUMN'S CLOSE.

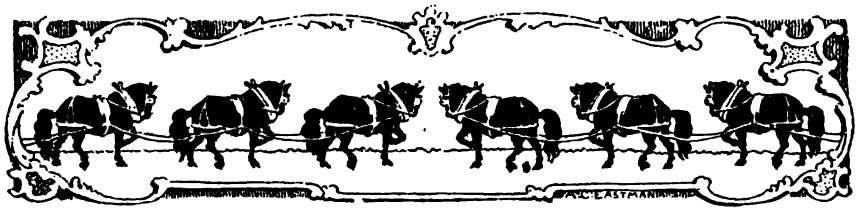
He saw the flush among the Autumn hills,
  Like some vain hope fade solemnly and slow;
He heard the myriad voices of the rills
  Crooning sleep songs mysterious and low.

He knew that Summer, with her smiles and tears,
  Endured sad exile in a distant land;
That Winter, hoary with eternal years,
  Must rule again with stern, relentless hand.

Yet in his heart was hope forever bright,
  He knew the flower-crowned Spring would come with song
To overcome the shadows of the night,
  Fill woods and meadows with her happy throng

BRADFORD K. DANIELS.

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CURRENT THOUGHTS.

THE EDITOR.

HYPNOTISM.

IN the past few years increased attention has been given to the study of hypnotism, especially as to the part it can be made to play in effecting cures upon diseased persons. The notion that hypnotism is the exercise of a peculiar power bestowed upon one man to benefit or to harm his fellow-creatures is being undermined, and in its place the idea is gaining ground that under the direction of a hypnotist, or perhaps without his assistance, anyone has the power to hypnotize himself. In view of this increased attention and this change of opinion with regard to hypnotism, a brief reference to its history may not be out of place.

The fact that particular psychical states can be induced in human beings by certain physical processes has long been known among the Oriental peoples, and was utilized by them for religious purposes. By steadily gazing at precious stones, into vessels and crystals, or at a certain point or object, these Eastern people have hypnotized themselves for the purposes of soothsaying, of divination or of producing sleep.

Independently of this there has existed at all times in many quarters the belief that particular individuals could influence their fellows by the exercise of certain powers, *e.g*, healing by the laying on of hands, as practised by the Egyptians and the early French kings. This doctrine of animal magnetism was not, however, clearly defined nor definitely brought to public attention until Mesmer, a Viennese doctor (1734 to 1815), began his studies. He maintained the existence of animal magnetism by means of which persons could influence each other, and he cured at first by contact. Later, he believed that different objects of wood, glass, iron, etc., were also capable of receiving the magnetism. Many people believed that the imagination might be employed with some curative effect, but very few of Mesmer's contemporaries believed in mesmerism or animal magnetism. He had disciples nevertheless.

During the latter part of the 18th century, animal magnetism was much studied at Bremen, in Germany, and during the first twenty years of this century it was much practised in that country. In 1815 the exercise of it was forbidden in Austria. About this time it flourished in Berlin, being introduced into the hospitals by Wolfart, whom the Russian Government had sent to visit Mesmer at Frauenfeld. Lectures were given on the subject at many of the German universities. In 1814-15 the Abbé Faria, who came from India to Paris showed by experiments that no unknown force was necessary for the production of the phenomena; the cause of the sleep, he said, was in the person to be sent to sleep; all was subjective. This is the main principle of modern hypnotism. It has been lost sight of too often, but is again being forced upon the attention of those who are investigating the subject.

From this time we find the belief in animal magnetism being displaced by a belief in suggestion. The former doctrine was soon tabooed by the scientists, although it still had a certain hold on the common people in different parts of Europe. When the French magnetizer, La Fontaine, exhibited magnetic experiments in Manchester, Eng., in 1841, Braid, a doc-

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tor of that city, investigated the phenomena, and decided that they were not due to animal magnetism, but were subjective. He found that by fixing the eyes upon any object a state of sleep was induced, and this he called *Hypnotism*, being the first to use that word in its present form. He used hypnotism to perform painless surgical operations. Mesmerism had also been used for this purpose, and Braid at first thought the states were similar, but afterwards changed his opinion.

A few years later, Grimes studied the question in the United States, much as Braid had done in England, and the states he produced were designated as electro-biological.

Liébeault, who later in life lived at Nancy, France, published a book in 1866, and became the real founder of the thera peutics of suggestion. He endeavoured to refute the doctrine of animal magnetism. Charles Richet came forward in Paris in 1875, and tried to popularize hypnotism, which he called "Somnambulisme Provoqué." In 1878 Charcot began his public classes, and in 1881 Paul Richer published his book on "La Grande Hystérie."

After 1884 there were two schools of investigators in France, the followers of Charcot and the Nancy School. Liébeault, to whom reference has been made, was the father of the Nancy School. Prof. Bernheim, of that place, who had studied with him, published, in 1884, "De la Suggestion, etc" He gave in it examples of the curative effects of hypnotism, the phenomena of which, he states, are entirely of a psychical nature, whereas, the followers of Charcot leaned toward a physical explanation. At the celebrated congress in Paris, in 1889, where nearly all the civilized nations were represented, a clearing-up of opinions was attained, the views of the Nancy School receiving the most approbation.

Liébeault's process so induce hypnotism was to raise an image of the hypnotic state in the subject's mind by means of speech. Hypnosis may also be induced by recollection of earlier hypnoses In rare cases, we have autohypnosis where the will allows the idea of hypnosis to become so powerful that hypnosis is produced by the subject himself. These are mental processes.

Opposed to these are the physical processes. Braid accomplished hypnosis by having the subject concentrate his attention on an arbitrary point. Instead of an object, the operator may use his finger or his eye. Just the same effect may be produced by hearing, *e.g.*, the ticking of a watch. Charcot used the loud noise of a gong or other sudden, strong stimuli. The same effect can also be produced through the sense of touch, *e.g.*, by a gentle stroking of the skin.

The old mesmerists believed in will-power on the part of the operator. The hypnotists acknowledge the operator's power, but assert that the subject must be willing to obey suggestions made, as a prerequisite to full hypnosis by either the mental or physical processes mentioned above. On this point, Dr. Parkyn, writing in the *Hypnotic Magazine* (Sept.), says: "It is absolutely necessary that the patient shall co-operate with the hypnotist to achieve a beneficial result. . . . The fundamental principle of the whole system of mental therapeutics is, that if there is no obedience to the suggestion, there can be no relief for the patient. It is a beautifully simple law, but it works without any exception. . . . The power that heals your body is a part of yourself; I merely guide and assist, I do not create it."

In the same issue, Dr. Hood explains that man has a double mind; the conscious mind, which, when man is in his normal state, controls his acts, thinks his thoughts, appreciates by means of his five senses all that falls to his lot to acquire; and the subjective or unconscious mind that looks after the automatic functions of the body that carry on life's work while we sleep. He states that the subjective mind is the seat of the emotions, and defines hypnotism as a condition produced by the temporary suspension of the objective mind or the will. The subjective or unconscious mind acts upon suggestion alone. "Our lives are but reflections of the suggestions about us."

DANGERS OF HYPNOTISM.

When a hypnotizer or hypnotist will use the knowledge and power which he possesses to serve ends other than the benefitting of his fellow-man, dangers to society and to individuals arise. These can be met only by watchful and intelligent care on the part of the public.

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Recently, there appeared in the columns of the Toronto *Globe* an advertisement which indicated a want for a young governess. A charming young Toronto girl wrote in answer to the advertisement and in reply received a visit from a well-dressed gentleman, who said that he expected his wife and family from Chicago very soon. He then proceeded to ask a few questions, and she found that she was being hypnotized by his strange, light, compelling eyes With an effort, she resisted the strange influence he seemed to exercise over her, and said:

"You don't want a governess."

The man made a hurried exit, baffled. The police were informed, but, according to *The Globe*, no action was taken, nor was anything further heard concerning the criminal.

While this is an example of the possible dangers of hypnotic suggestion, there is another danger which must be considered. A subject who is once hypnotized is very easily brought under the influence again. After a dozen submissions, the subject is likely to be very tractable to any strong personal influence brought to bear upon him or her. His own individuality is likely to be weakened to such a degree that he may not be able to occupy, with his former success, the important and responsible position in life to which he has been called. No person should submit himself to hypnotic suggestion unless some valuable result, which is extremely desirable, may be best obtained in that manner.

THE POPULIST PARTY.

It may safely be asserted that at no period in the world's history was there such an independence of thought exhibited, as is to be found among all classes of the present day. The wage-earner, especially in America, is learning to think and act for himself. He is now less bound by the opinions of his employer, and less influenced by the position which he occupies. The trade-unions have, by their influence, their debates and their trade publications, taught him to examine the vital questions of the day from the standpoint of reason.

The voter of the present day is learning to mark his ballot according to his own convictions—not those of another. The newspapers of the day are cheap enough to be within his reach, and from them he learns the why and the wherefore of all political movements. He may still cling to party, still be amenable to the "organizer" or "boss", still be influenced by the oratory of demagogues, but he has "views" more or less strong.

The same independence of thought is seen in relation to economic, social, religious and scientific theories, policies and beliefs. It may not be an age of revolution, but it is certainly an age of rapid evolution.

To this independence of thought must be ascribed the present power of the Populist Party in the United States; a party which, at the general elections in 1894, cast close to a million and a half of votes. Between 1892 and 1894 it showed a remarkable growth. In California there was a gain of 25,000; in Illinois, 27,000; in Iowa, 12,000; in Michigan, 16,000; in Minnesota, 46,000; in North Carolina, 35,000; in Ohio, 38,000; in Montana, 8,000; and in Nebraska, 14,000.

Since the death of Leonidas L. Polk, the strategic head of this party has been Senator Marion Butler, of North Carolina. He claims that his party has a more energetic, earnest and effective organization than either of the other two parties. Every man who has joined the Populist Party has had a reason for doing so, "and a reason strong enough to make him brave the odium and distrust which always attaches to a bolter." The Populists may never become the strongest party in the United States, but they are certainly the embodiment in that country of the new independence which marks the thought of the present day. They represent this independence politically, though perhaps imperfectly.

It will be exceedingly interesting to note their influence in the election which will take place in a day or two. They have "fused" with the Free Silver Democrats, and this fusion party will sweep the West. In California, Colorada, Idaho, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, North Carolina, Oregon, Utah and Wisconsin, the "fusion" ticket should win, as in these States the Democrats and Populists have arranged matters so that each party will assist the other. For example, in California nine

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electors are to be chosen, and the Democrats have arranged to elect five and the Populists four, each party voting for the other's candidates. There are certain other States in which fusion has been arranged, but in which success is more doubtful. These are Connecticut, Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, Michigan, Minnesota, New Jersey, North Dakota, Ohio, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Washington, West Virginia, and Wyoming.

The total number of States in which fusion has been arranged is twenty-seven at least. In Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Kentucky and Louisiana, the Gold-Democratic ticket (Palmer and Buckner) will probably draw off enough support to prevent the success of the fusion ticket. The centre of the Presidential election thus lies in the States of the middle west. If the Democrat Bryan can hold Illinios and win Indiana, his success would be almost certain.

The result of the election which will be most important—for whichever party wins free trade and free silver are impossibilities—will be the ascertaining of the influence of the independent element at present represented by the Populist Party. Each of the three older parties is so dominated and permeated with "boss" and "machine" rule, that democracy rule by the people, of the people and for the people, has became a farce. The average Democrat or the average Republican has practically no voice in the moulding of his party's policy nor in the selection of his party's leaders. This power rests in the hands of the professional politicians. Hear the cry of a writer in *The Conservator*, Philadelphia: "A thousand politicians and professors have elected themselves over me, over you, over the democracy, as guardians. Those whom they cannot convince, they threaten. I thank them for their solicitude. I despise their threats. Welcome, Oh, redeeming Heresy!"

JULES SIMON.

As Jules Simon, the famous French author, scholar and statesman, lay dying, and after he had lost the power of speech, he wrote his own epitaph: "Jules Simon, 1814-1896. Dieu, Patrie, Liberté." These three words summed up the motives which had ruled his life, for he is one of the few men of whom it may be said that the world was made better by his having spent a few years upon it. As the Empress of Germany said to him in 1890: "Eh bien, Monsieur Jules Simon, voici le monde qui a mis sa signature au bas de L'ouvrière."—(The world has countersigned your book, L'ouvrière).

When a man has spent many years in an active public life, he is apt to view the world in a pessimistic way. Not long ago, talking with a learned and cultured Britisher who had seen much of the world's movements during the past sixty years, I was struck with the pessimistic view he took of human progress. He declared that the world in which he was born was much more picturesque, much more noble than the one in which he was then living.

It was not thus that Browning viewed the world when he wrote:

"My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth every stretched:
That, after Last, returns the First,
Though a wide compass round be fetched.
That what began best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst."
"Apparent Failure."

From what Baron de Coubertin says of Jules Simon in the October *Review of Reviews*, he, like the great Australian leader, Sir Henry Parks, never failed to understand that the world continues to be as interesting to day as it was yesterday. "He never gave up fighting for what he considered good and true. Truth was his goddess, and he should not have deemed life worth living had he not been led to hope that men might finally induce her to fix her residence among them"

Jules Simon was Minister of Public Instructions from 1870 to 1876, and then became Prime Minister under President Marshal de MacMahon, but was dismissed because he believed that Church and State should be separate. The rest of his life he devoted to aiding and directing social reform, and French workmen owe much to his indefatigable efforts in their behalf.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

THOSE who love dainty little volumes will be pleased with the Prismatic Library.* Last month one of this series, "Soap Bubbles," by Max Nordau, was noticed. Among previous issues were "Trumpeter Fred" by Capt. Charles King, and "Father Stafford" by Anthony Hope. This month there are two additions, "Bijou's Courtships," translated from the French of "Gyp," author of "Chiffon's Marriage," "Those Good Normans," etc., and "A Conspiracy of the Carbonari," translated from the German of Louise Mühlbach, author of "Frèderick the Great, and His Family." This "Conspiracy" is a most interesting tale of an attempt to assassinate Napoleon, just after his first defeat, which was inflicted by the Archduke Charles of Austria at Aspeon, and about the time of Wagram. The story is founded on historical facts, and is thus all the more interesting on that account. The translation is fairly well done by Mary J. Safford.

**

When anyone in Canada mentions annexation to the United States as a possible future of Canada, he is immediately denominated "traitor." The United States itself seems to have its "traitors," judging from a poem just issued by R. S. Walter. It is entitled "A Ride for Life at Gettysburg," † and is a combination of sentiment and ryhming historical narrative. In one of the explanatory notes the author declares that the South is now "envying the British Dominions generally—especially Canada, *wise* Canada."

**

Two litt'e pamphlets of poetry come to THE CANADIAN from Halifax. The poems are by S. J. MacKnight, and when one has read them, the thought of how much harm the printing press has done rises again for consideration; yet only about one-tenth of what is printed is preserved —this is a consolation.

**

Charles G. D. Roberts' new book, "Around the Camp-Fire," is better than the average book of fiction which comes from a Canadian pen.* Mr. Roberts writes pure English in a most graceful way. His style is simple and straightforward, yet has sufficient daintiness about it to be pleasing. He excels in description, especially of the scenery and the life of Eastern Canada, the locality in which he has spent his life. He is provincial, however, in that he seldom compares. Further, he is photographic in both his prose and his poetry, and one seldom, while following his guiding, feels the touch of the philosopher's hand.

A party of canoeists, according to this tale, takes hol days in the northern part of New Brunswick—an ideal locality in which to hunt and to fish. Its experiences, which are not numerous, are here chronicled. The remainder of the book is taken up with the stories told "around the camp-fire." These little tales are good, most of them are Canadian, and nearly all are entertaining. They show that Prof Roberts is a close student of nature —of nature's landscapes, nature's decorations and nature's animal life. As a book for boys and youths, this volume may be very highly commended for its brightness and its wholesomeness. Perhaps this is all that the author aimed at. It is not a novel of adventure, with a complicated plot and a tragic and single climax. As a glimpse of life where men may get "sunburned skins, alarming appetites, and renovated digestions," it is splendid. The illustrations are numerous and better than I have ever before seen in a Cana-

* New York: F. Tennyson Neely. Toronto: The Toronto News Co.

† "A Ride for Life at Gettysburg," by R. S. Walter. New York: De La Mare Ptg. and Pub. Co. Paper.

* "Around the Camp-Fire," by Chas. G. D. Roberts M.A., F.R.S.C. Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, illustrated, 349 pp.

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dian book The publishers are to be congratulated on its *tout ensemble.*

**

Another book for boys is "Walter Gibbs, The Young Boss, and Other Stories," by Edward William Thomson,* author of "Old Man Savarin." There are seven interesting, well-illustrated stories in this valuable volume, and every boy that reads them—yes, the large boys, too—will be interested and benefited,—the two most important results which are to be looked for from boys' books. Walter Gibbs is a model young boss—capable, energetic, upright. He entered upon the heavy task of carrying out a contract of engineering which his father had undertaken and had been prevented by an accident from performing. The troubles in managing seventy navvies in a backwoods spot in Canada were numerous and trying, but Walter's clear young head and his honest heart led him safely through.

By these stories Mr. Thomson evidently intends to teach his boy readers honesty and righteousness. This teaching is well concealed, however, under conduct which is idealized for its own sake in that it follows honest lines of policy. While the characters are "goody-goody," this quality is concealed by their naturalness, their every-dayness, their humanness.

The stories are Canadian and depict certain phases of our national life with a clearness and an accuracy for which this author has already acquired a valuable reputation. His characters are those who may be met with any day, but are endowed by the author's treatment with a halo of romance which delights the heart of the lover of adventure, of exploit and of the unusual—and what youth is there who does not enjoy an adventure of any kind? Mr. Thompson is pre-eminently a story teller, perhaps the best Canada has ever produced—certainly one of the best.

**

Another book by a Canadian is also to be considered. This is not a boy's book, but a first-class glimpse of the life which men and women live.† Robert Barr was not born in Canada, but he came here in early life. He grew up in this country, and while here he made his first literary success. He taught school in this country for a time, and while head-master of one of our large institutions of education he spent a summer vacation in making a trip around Lake Erie in a row-boat eighteen feet long. His amusing adventures were published, under the heading "A Dangerous Journey," in the Detroit *Free Press.* His success was made and he became a regular contributor to that paper, and in 1881 went to England to publish the weekly Detroit *Free Press* in London. Since then he has written "A Woman Intervenes," "In the Midst of Alarms," "The Face and the Mask," "From Whose Bourne," and the two stories which appear in the volume now under consideration.

"One Day's Courtship" is an amusing tale of two artists, male and female, who went in the same canoe to visit Shawenegan Falls, in the Province of Quebec. The great English artist Trenton was afraid of ladies, and Miss Eva Sommerton, not knowing who her companion was, desired to view the Falls without interference, friendly or otherwise. Hence these two persons went up in their mutual friend's canoe, unintroduced and not desirous of a mutual acquaintanceship This is the beginning of a really humourous and dramatic little story, told with force and grace

**

Local histories and special histories are the side-lights on the national life of the period to which they are referable, and as such are exceedingly valuable and decidedly interesting. It is upon this basis we must estimate the value of Mr. Champion's "History of the Royal Grenadiers,"** just published in Toronto.

On March 14th, 1862, just after "the Trent affair," seven Volunteer Militia Rifle Companies were gazetted into a battalion to be known as "The 10th Battalion Volunteer Rifles, Canada." The first Lieutenant-Colonel was Frederic William Cumberland, who had previously been captain in the 3rd Battalion, and who had been instrumental in the formation of this new body of volunteers. On July 6th, 1863, the battalion paraded for

* Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, illustrated, 361 pp.

† "One Day's Courtship and the Heralds of Fame," by Robert Barr. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co Toronto: The Bain Book and Stationery Co.

** "History of the 10th Royals and of the Royal Grenadiers," by Thomas Edward Champion. Toronto: The Hunter, Rose Co.

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GEORGE DU MAURIER.

the first time in their full dress uniform, and had presented to it by the ladies of Toronto a stand of colours and a set of instruments for its band. Dr. McCaul, then President of the University of Toronto, consecrated the colours and delivered an address. Among other things he said that when they (the members of the battalion) looked at the Queen's colour they would remember their duty to the Empire of which they formed a part, and when they looked at the regimental colour they would remember that they might be called upon to defend their happy homes, their wives, daughters, mothers and sisters.

After an explanation of the organization of the battalion, the work goes on to show its connection with the Fenian Raid and the North-West Rebellion, and contains a great deal of interesting information concerning these the only warlike events in the history of Canada since the Rebellion of 1837-8. In this way the book is made exceedingly interesting to the general reader, as well as supremely valuable to all those who have been connected with this well-known body of militia. The author has shown considerable ability in combining bald facts and interesting history in such a way as to produce a readable book.

The book is well illustrated and handsomely bound. The only criticism that could possibly be offered is that the pages might have been larger, so as to give more margin around the letter press and the well-executed illustrations. The cuts of the North-West Medal, and of the Fitch Memorial Tablet, used in this issue, are from Mr. Champion's book.

**

People do not seem to tire of delineations of Scotch character. "Tyne Folk," by Joseph Parker,* is a brightly-written volume of Scotch tales, with not too much of the dialect to spoil them for the reader who has not been so fortunate as to learn the "vernacular" in his youth. The book is exceedingly original in its manner of portraying the people who live along the Tyne. The tales are, perhaps, brighter and contain more action than some of Barrie's and Maclaren's stories, resembling Crockett's in this particular. They, however, lack the touching pathos which Ian Maclaren threw into "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," although the author cannot be accused of being incapable of deep feeling in his work, or of being unable to arouse it in his reader. He is not quite so powerful as Maclaren, however, although perhaps almost equal to Barrie.



WILLIAM MORRIS.

Any person who reads this little volume will welcome a further instalment from the pen of Joseph Parker.

**

When people look at a boy of any age varying from seven to twelve, only those who recognize the reality of the drama of

* "Tyne Folk," by Joseph Parker. New York, Chicago, and Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Cloth, 75 cents.

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life can say, as J. M. Barrie makes the dominie say of Sentimental Tommy: "I would gie a pound note to know what you'll be ten years from now." It is the boy who makes the man, and in the study of boy life one may best discover the influences which are moulding the ever-changing nature of man.

Charles Dickens told us all about Oliver Twist; Crockett has given us Cleg Kelly, and now Barrie has given us Sentimental Tommy,† a Thrums boy in the city of London, and afterwards back on his native heath. Tommy is delineated in Mr. Barrie's leisurely manner, with his unconventionality of romance, his graceful style, his telling descriptions, and his unequalled flashing of humour and pathos. The story is very taking, and must increase the author's circle of admirers.

The whole book is full of bright passages. For example, speaking of the boy Tommy, he says:

"At times his mind would wander backwards unbidden to those distant days, and then he saw flitting dimly through them the elusive form of a child. He knew it was himself and for moments he could see it clearly: but when he moved a step nearer, it was not there. So does the child who once played hide and seek with us among the mists of infancy, until one day he trips and falls into the daylight. Then we seize him, and with that touch we two are one. It is the birth of self-consciousness."

Side by side with this philosophy of child-life comes the philosophy of child-death:

"You mothers who have lost your babies, I should be a sorry knave were I to ask you to cry now over the death of another woman's child. Reddy had been lent to two people for a very little while, just as your babies were, and when the time was up she blew a kiss to them and ran gleefully back to God, just as your babies did The gates of heaven are so easily found when we are little, and they are always standing open to let children wander in."

**

Pittendure is a little fishing village in the north of Scotland—"a lonely little spot, shut in by sea and land, and yet life is there in all its passionate variety—love and hate, jealousy and avarice; youth, with its ideal sorrows and infinite expectations; age, with its memories and regrets, and 'sure and certain hope.'" In this village the hero of Amelia E. Barr's latest work, "A Knight of the Nets,"† lives for our pleasure and benefit. It is a charming tale, not deep, but true, and fresh, and wholesome.

**

As a writer of historical tales for boys, G. A. Henty needs no introduction to Canadian readers. The number of books he has produced is wonderful, and each one shows that he has mastered the event with which it deals with all its detail of historical circumstances. He has four new books* ready for the holiday trade, and many a Christmas dollar will be invested in copies of each. "On the Irrawaddy" deals with Britain's first expedition to Burmah, and the adventures of an English youth in that country where so many brave soldiers of Her Majesty laid down their lives, not before the prowess of the Burmese, but before the onslaughts of the terrible swamp fever. "At Agincourt" is really a romantic slice of French history at the time when the long and bloody feud between the houses of Orleans and Burgundy made disunited France an easy prey to the prowess of the English bowmen and men-at arms. The book ends with a graphic description of the battle of Agincourt, when 9,000 English defeated at least 100,000 French. "With Cochrane the Dauntless" is a rambling tale of the exploits of Lord Cochrane in South American waters; the book lacks a great event to give zest to its reading. "The Young Colonists" is a tale of the Zulu and Boer wars, and is specially opportune in the year 1896. Each volume is beautifully bound and contains from six to twelve full-page illustrations of exceptional merit—and the boys should be trained to admire good pictures as much as good books.

Henty's charm and merit lie in the fact that his books first interest and then instruct. He makes the path of knowledge smooth and inviting to the feet of the young pursuer. While he is not didactic in his method, his books are

† "Sentimental Tommy," by J. M. Barrie. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, illustrated, 478 pp.

† "A Knight of the Nets," by Amelia E. Barr. Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth; 314 pp

* "With Cochrane the Dauntless" ($1.75), "At Agincourt" ($1.75), "On the Irrawaddy" ($1.50), "The Young Colonists"—four books by G. A. Henty. London: Blackie & Son. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

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wholesome and his sentiment above reproach. The young Canadian, moreover, cannot be too much steeped in the knowledge of the prowess and achievements of the British race, of which he has been born a member.

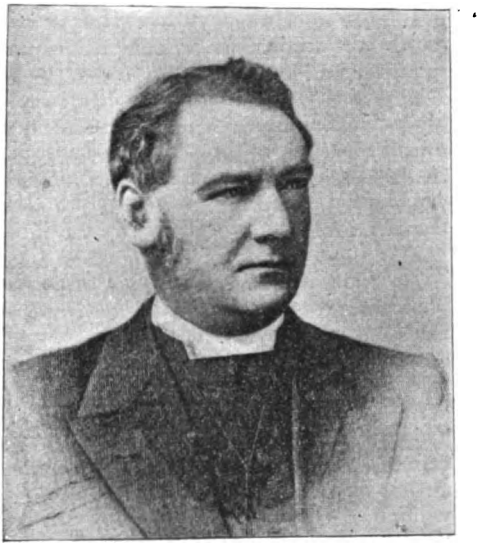
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"Into the Highways and Hedges," published little more than a year ago, was an American lady's first book. "False Coin or True?" is Miss Montrésor's third book,* and undoubtedly the most polished and most artistic. Linda, the heroine, was born in a workhouse, became a "general" maid-of-all-work, and the medium of a noted mesmerist. It is this mesmerist whose character is held up to view, and the question asked: False coin or true? The author holds the reader's sympathy for this unscrupulous heathen, Monsieur Morèze, a man who is vindictive, ambitious, self-seeking and calculating. At first he is repulsive, but finally one is led to tolerate, and then pity him. At the end he is almost noble. Linda develops under his kindness, is transformed by his guardianship

The whole drama is in a high key, and the acting and the execution is admirable. The reader must, however, as in the case of Harold Frederic's "Damnation of Theron Ware," recognize that the object of the author is but to analyze character, and to reveal even objectionable or ostracized personages in a light which the ordinary observer of passing humanity may fail to get, or getting fail to understand. It is strange, but true, that we all believe that our view of our fellows is correct; yet no two of us view them in the same way. To one the picture is dark, to another grey, to another almost white. If then we would attain to correctness in our conception of our fellow humans, we must look at them not only from our own standpoint, but from the standpoints of those others who are practised viewers and critics. In this way we will find our ideas broadened and our understanding deepened. These "novels of character" require a higher order of imagination than the common-place love story.

**

Du Maurier has gone away just in the height of his popularity. Perhaps it is best that he should have left us before we had found a new idol to worship, for we are fickle. His drawings have delighted many thousands many times. "Peter Ibbertson" brought him many friends; "Trilby" gave him a furious reputation. "The Martian," which has just begun in *Harper's*, promises to be exceedingly rich. But at the age of sixty-two he has left us, and we would like to have kept him a little longer. As a British artist he was, perhaps, the greatest in his branch; as a British novelist he had a reputation which



IAN MACLAREN.

had extended to the remotest corners of the globe where the English language is spoken and read.

**

"With My Neighbors," by Margaret E. Sangster,* is a collection of sketches which that writer has contributed to various periodicals, at various times. They are intended to be read by women, and deal with subjects which are supposed to be of particular interest to the gentler sex. The author herself describes them as "these bits of talk on homely themes." Some of the titles are: Tuckered Out, Mother Brooding, Stepmothers, Sunday Reading, The Toilet of the Soul, The New Woman, Love in Domestic Life, Our Girl as a Woman of Business, Politeness, An

* "False Coin or True?" by F. F. Montrésor. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cloth, 296 pp. $1.25.

* "With My Neighbors," by Margaret E. Sangster. New York: Harper & Bros. Cloth, $1.25.

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Attractive Manner. The author has a graceful style, and a charming way of giving advice. Her criticisms are always kindly, and any girl or woman reading them carefully and thoughtfully must be materially benefited. The book is exquisitely bound.

**

The *London Academy* says: "Maurus Jokai is one of the great writers of the world, worthy of taking rank with Fielding, Scott, Dickens and Thackeray. . . . . Jokai is not only a man of letters, but of parts." The writer is the most conspicuous figure in Hungary's world of letters, and is also known as an able statesman, financier and journalist. His book, "Black Diamonds,"* deals with the life in and about a coal-mine, whose engineer and owner marries one of the girls employed in it. It is full of action, and depicts commercial life in a most practical manner.

**

In Bell's Colonial Library, two other books may be mentioned, "The Crime of the Century," by Rodriguez Ottolengui, author of "An Artist in Crime" etc., is a tale in which a foundling becomes an heiress to $5,000,000 and a society lady. This author seems to be a specialist in criminal character. "Rita," an English author of some note, has had published a volume of short stories which is entitled "Vignettes" The tales have their scenes laid in England, and most of them are decidedly original and extremely interesting.

**

It is rather difficult to believe that the author of "The Damnation of Theron Ware" and "March Hares," are one and the same individual. Yet so the title-page says. The latter † is a *dilettante* sort of story about two people who met each other under circumstances which were peculiar, and rendered more peculiar by their continuance. The plot is very weak, but there is a charm about the style which partially makes up for the paucity of important incidents. In many cases the dialogue is exceedingly bright, though never brilliant. If the reader does not take it up with too great expectations, he may enjoy the perusal of it. The volume is printed on antique paper and appropriately bound.

**

A tireless writer is Mrs. Burnett-Smith (Annie S. Swan), and it is an evidence of her undoubted capacity and infinite resource that this lady can write so much, and still hold her huge constituency of readers. Only recently her "Memories of Margaret Grainger, School Mistress," made its appearance in William Briggs' Canadian Copyright Edition, and now the same publisher announces for issue in November still another story, "A Stormy Voyager." There is much that is stronger and better in current literature than the "Swan books," but they are bright and wholesome, and have in them no small element of that which we call "charm," and so are universally popular with the libraries.

**

William Briggs has in the press a volume of the "Reminiscences" of Mr. Charles Durand, the well-known Toronto barrister As Mr. Durand is the possessor of an unusually retentive memory, and can remember back as far as the war of 1812: and as he has since the later twenties taken an active part in public affairs, he will, doubtless, have much to record that will make interesting reading. The pity is that more of the pioneers do not leave their reminiscences in print before they pass away to carry these treasures to the grave with them.

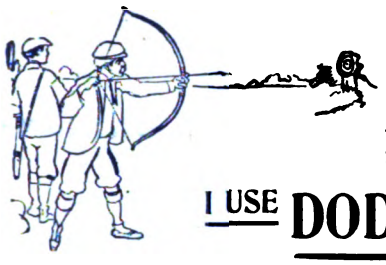
**

A volume of poems of more than ordinary merit, and which is likely to attract more than the usual attention given these (of late) rather frequent claimants for popular favour, is in course of publication by William Briggs. The author of the collection—which, by the way, is to be entitled "Dreams and Diversions"—is Mr. Lyman C. Smith, Principal of the Oshawa High School. Little of Mr. Smith's work has heretofore appeared in print, a native modesty—not always the accompaniment of genius—having led him to confine their reading to a few select friends. Now, at length, yielding to the urging of these friends, he has ventured upon this volume.

* "Black Diamonds," by Maurus Jokai. Bell's Indian and Colonial Library: Toronto, The Copp Clark Co.

† "March Hares," by Harold Frederic. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cloth, 281 pp.

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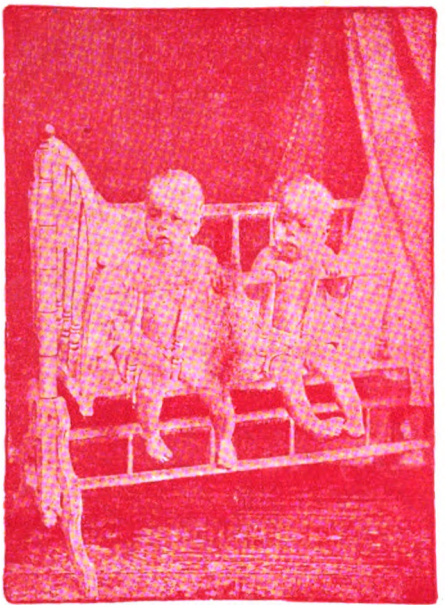
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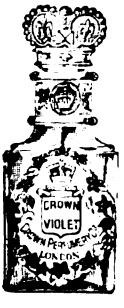
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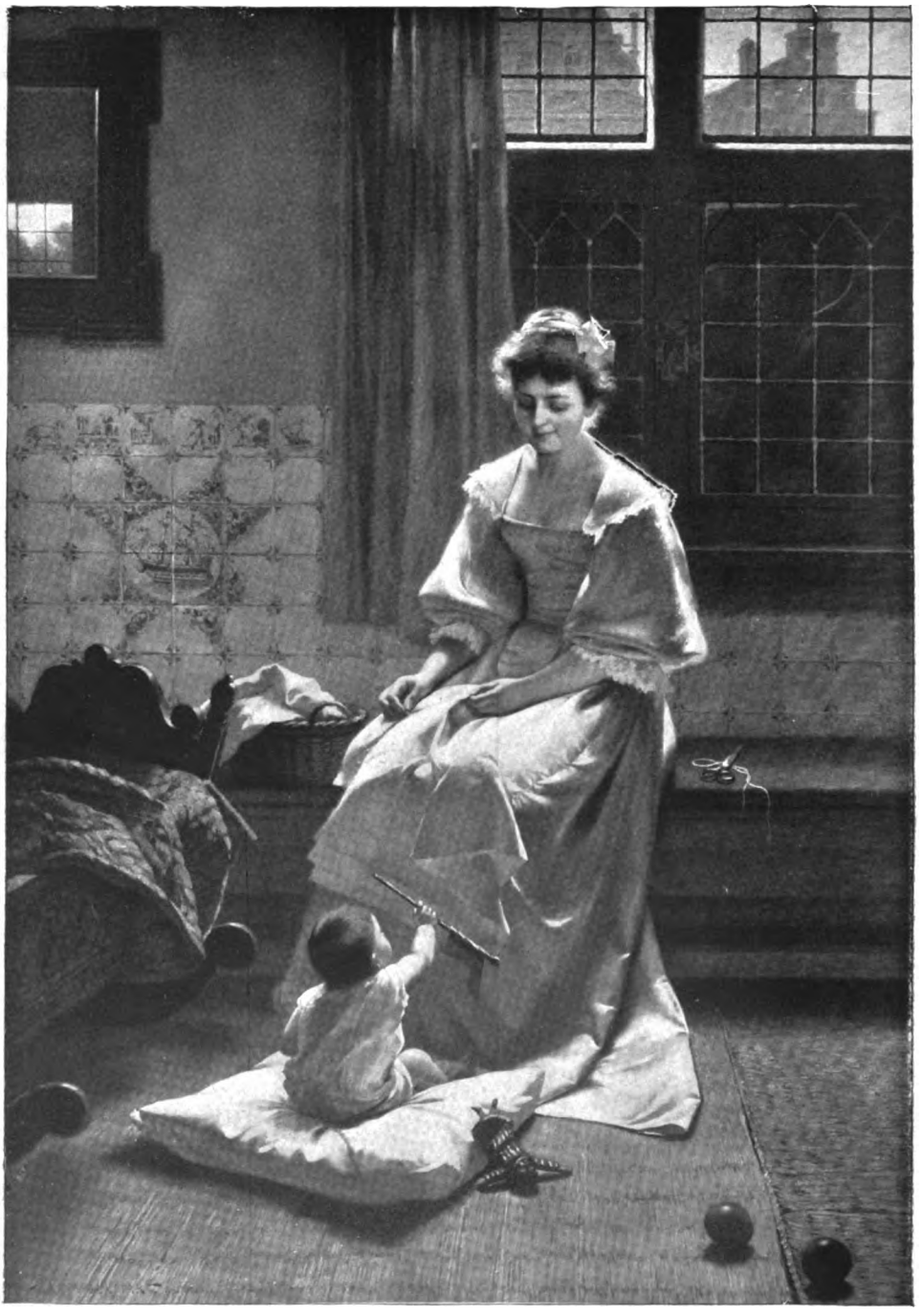
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THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII. DECEMBER, 1896. No. 2.

CANADIAN POETRY.

A Criticism.

A GLANCE at the shelves of any collector's library shows that the number of persons in Canada who publish verses is very large. A further glance at the uneven row of thin volumes shows that the poetic impulse does not last. Many a writer who has in his few timid pages given promise of good work is heard of no more. There are, doubtless, many causes for this lack of sustained enthusiasm. It may be that, taken up with a great material development, we have no appreciation of the fine arts, or that we lack historic associations, or that our culture is still provincial. Open, however, volume after volume of these abandoned ambitions, and one will be convinced that these writers are servile imitators; there is no sense of unconscious effort, no evidence of a free hand. A closer study of later publications discloses the fact that poetic inspiration runs fairly in the narrow channels made by a small coterie of writers, the chief among whom are Campbell, Carman, Lampman and Roberts. These poets, having won the ear of a generous and patriotic, though uncritical press, have been raised to an imposing authority, which restrains all originality and all determined devotion to poetry as a fine art.

It is, therefore, important that these writers should be critically examined. If they be found to be not true poets, but blind leaders of the blind, they should be deposed, and the hope of a distinctively Canadian literature may be made one step nearer its realization than it now seems to be.

How, then, shall we know if Canadian verse deserves the name of poetry, or even estimate its merit? Every reader, of course, settles for himself the worth of a volume of poems when he throws it aside as uninteresting or unproductive of pleasure. If he be a reader of no refinement, his uncritical judgment may be of no value. If, however, most readers do not cast a volume aside, but peruse it with pleasure, it is strong evidence that the poet has produced good poetry. Whatever the purpose of the poet may be, we may assume the purpose of poetry to be the production of pleasure, and it would seem to be proper in order that we may criticise poetry, to enquire what subjects give pleasure when dealt with in poetry—whether some subjects are in their nature productive of more pleasure than others, and then to enquire whether the poet has used the most effective means to the end which he has in view.

The subjects with which poetry may deal are human action, ideas of universal human interest and scenery, using scenery broadly to include objects animate and inanimate, as well as outdoor effects. Of these, human action is by

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far the most important, though ideas, if they be sane ideas of the great problems of human life, readily lend themselves to the art of poetry. Scenery, on the other hand, is the most barren topic of poetry. Aside from human associations, the pleasures of scenery are forced and affected. At most, it does not do more than excite feelings of sublimity and repose. Its other effects are, doubtless, merely physical. But, as the representation of action in poetry is limited only by æsthetic taste, the poet of action may range the whole field of human experience and find matter to appeal to every human emotion. If, therefore, poetry be weak in action or ideas, and strong in scenery, it will make but a limited appeal to human interest and play upon a narrow range of feeling. It may be safely said that no poetry of lasting merit is possible which does not base its claim to our attention on action or reflection concerning action.

The relative importance of the subject matter of poetry may be made still clearer: Why do we skip Scott's prolix descriptions when reading his prose or poetry? The answer is plain. We are more interested in action and ideas of human interest than in scenery. Our interest in action never flags. Consciously or unconsciously, the reader sees always in the action represented a reflection of his own, and there is thus provided a constant motive of interest on which the artist may rely. Detailed description is an effort to represent not the universal idea in the poet's mind, but some particular vision of his imagination. Hence the effect produced on the reader, if he should make an effort to reconstruct the poet's vision, will be void of human association and fail in artistic effect. Moreover, interest in action is more intense than interest in scenery, because of the element of suspense in action; and the pleasures of represented action are, therefore, more vivid. Action takes place in time: one action suggests another, arouses curiosity to know what it will be. The interest which holds breathless the spectators of a horse race, though not so laudable in its object, owes its intensity and its vulgar pleasures to the same conditions as those which keep an audience eager to know whether Juliet will rise in living beauty from the tomb. On the other hand, succession in time does not enter into the contemplation of scenes and objects. A single vision is a complete presentation to the mind, and its artistic effect lies in the whole effect of a moment. Such an effect even Scott was unable to produce.

But language is not adequate to the detail description of scenery; aside altogether from its limited interest, and its meagre power to appeal to human feeling, it cannot be represented in detail by the poet as vividly as action. The presentation of objects to the mind is the proper work of the painter or sculptor. The painter presents his subject in detail, and it produces its whole effect at one flash of vision. The poet, attempting detailed description and not merely suggestion, produces on the mind of the reader only a confused and distracted effect. The mind of the reader attempts to grasp the first detail by calling up from memory the image most like that suggested by the poet's words. This is an effort of some difficulty, and will produce some sense of pain, destructive of the pleasure which it is the purpose of art to awaken. Having got one detail of the picture, he seeks to recall another and another, until the whole has been attempted. But, at each succeeding attempt, he must drop the images which have preceded, and at the end he will have a confused impression of details and not the vivid representation of a whole.

While scenery is in itself relatively indifferent as subject matter, and the elaboration of it in detail impossible in poetry, it may yet be made to play a most important part. The pure-

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ly artistic purpose of poetry is to excite pleasant feeling; its method is not to imitate nature but the idea existing in the mind, to call up images—not the particular image of the poet's mind, but general images in the mind of the reader, such as that of a brook, a waterfall, or the face of a beautiful woman. This the poet does by suggestion, by naming the most striking element of the image desired, by the addition of apt metaphor, striking epithet, or by any one of a hundred well-known means. Such description, as it can scarcely stand alone, must attend on a theme of human interest, whether of action or reflection.

Little need be said of the means of the art of poetry. The main theme must be human life. Poetical form, as well as the choice of words and the use of figures, may be left to each writer's judgment. The unerring test will always be the effect produced upon readers of refined feeling.

Tried by these tests, Canadian poetry of the day fails. Campbell, Carman, Lampman and Roberts can hardly be said by the most generous to have written anything of lasting merit. The reader who can twice strain his imagination to the contemplation of their painfully wrought miniatures would indeed be a curiosity. They are not without virtues, and it may be fairly said that they are all men of great talent. They have mastered the mechanics of versification. They have music and a flowing rhythm. They have great elevation of diction, and their patriotic zeal well befits the honourable enterprise in which they are engaged. Action they scarcely attempt, unless it be action to strut before impossible landscapes. Their works are singularly barren of ideas of universal human interest, although there is a constant recurrence to Wordsworth's idea of kind mother earth.

"Songs of the Common Day" is the title of Mr Roberts' latest work, published in 1893. It contains about forty sonnets and a similar number of what he terms poems, and closes with "Ave; An Ode for the Centenary of Shelley's Birth." A few titles of these verses show fairly the method and content of Mr Roberts' work. The Furrow, The Sower, The Cow Pasture, Frogs, The Cicada in the Firs, The Night Sky, Rain, Mist, Moonlight, and The Night Hawk, do not suggest either ideas or action. One or two feeble attempts at dramatic interest are made in "The Tide on Tantramar," and "A Christmas Eve Courtin'," the latter in dialect, and after the style of Carleton. But the whole is overwhelmed by description, not the suggestion of general images nor literary impressionism but description so minute that a painter, without reflection, might well repeat any scene upon his canvas in every detail of form colour. "The Sower" may be given in full as a fair sample of his work.

A brown, sad-coloured hillside, where the soil,
Fresh from the frequent harrow, deep and fine,
Lies bare; no break in the remote skyline,
Save where a flock of pigeons streams aloft,
Startled from feed in some low-lying croft,
Or far-off spires with yellow of sunset shine;
And there the Sower, unwittingly divine,
Exerts the silent forethought of his toil.

Alone he treads the glebe, his measured stride
Dumb in the yielding soil; and, though small joy
Dwell in his heavy face, as spreads the blind,
Pale grain from his dispensing palm aside,
This plodding churl grows great in his employ;
God-like, he makes provision for mankind.

As description, this is well done. The language is direct, the metaphors natural. The climax of reflection is, however, extremely tame While one or two expressions are effective to represent the object which the poet had in mind, there is little to appeal to the reader's emotion. Mr. Roberts inverts the relation of poet and reader. The poet should awaken general images in the reader's mind, not force upon him the poet's own particular images. The particular scene here pourtrayed, may

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have for the author the tenderest associations; for the reader there will be suggestion only in individual phrases—in the universal elements of the scene attempted.

"The Summer Pool" may be compared with Tennyson's lines in "The Miller's Daughter:"

> I loved the brimming wave that swam
> Thro' quiet meadows round the mill,
> The sleepy pool above the dam,
> The pool beneath it never still.

"Ave; An Ode for the Centenary of Shelley's Birth," is an ambitious poem of some length. It opens with a long and painful description, in the poet's best style, of Tantramar, a locality, in the neighbourhood of the Bay of Fundy, where Mr. Roberts seems to have spent his youth. The marshes of Tantramar are like Shelley's "compassionate breast," wherein dwelt "dreams of love and peace, and the ebb and flow of tides from the salt sea of human pain hissed along the perilous coasts of life and beat upon his brain." Thence he pursues the storm-strained Shelley through many stanzas of turgid declamation, replete with the same unnatural metaphor. But the poem lacks interest. It does not strike home. There is not a phrase which the reader carries away to ponder, as the Scotchman ponders his humour. The poem attempts Shelley's style, and fails because Shelley's style died with him.

Mr. Roberts also draws inspiration from Wordsworth. How well he has caught Wordsworth's tone may be judged by reading together "Tantramar Revisited," and Wordsworth's "Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey." In the latter the scenery is general, and always subordinated to the affecting moral theme which prevails in every line. "Tantramar" opens and closes with reflections of no mean interest, but the intermediate lines run on at great length in an utterly ineffective twaddle of description. He would have learned the true scope of art had he pondered these lines of Wordsworth:

> For I have learn'd
> To look on Nature, not as in the hour
> Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
> The still, sad music of humanity,
> Not harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
> To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
> A presence which disturbs me with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts.

The music of colour and scene, or of empty, jingling words, may please some ears, but the music of humanity is the only music which the world will hear from poets.

What has been said of Roberts is also true, in the main, of Lampman. He writes of April, An October Sunset, The Frogs, Heat, Winter, and the like. Though his descriptions are fatal to his merit as a poet, he does not indulge in so much detail as Roberts. He has a habit of broadly suggesting scenes which is very effective, and of going on to treat them in a way that is very tiresome. He does not know when to stop. One of his most interesting poems is entitled "Freedom." The first three stanzas bring us from the unnatural and unbeautiful life of the city into the joy and peace of the country:

> Into the arms of our mother we come,
> Our broad, strong mother, the innocent earth,
> Mother of all things beautiful, blameless,
> Mother of hopes that her strength makes blameless,
> Where the voices of grief and of battle are dumb,
> And the whole world laughs with the light of her mirth.

Here he might have stopped, and he would have produced a poem of much beauty, but yielding to the vicious habit of description, he goes on for seven or eight stanzas to describe the scenery of the country in detail after the moral proposition, the human interest, has been announced. Though his description is detailed, his scenes are larger than those of Roberts, and he is, therefore, enabled to put more suggestion in each line. His diction is more simple, and his metaphors are

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natural. Though the range of his ideas is not very wide, there is an earnest tone in his poetry which, in itself, wins our sympathy, and makes us hope that he will do more than any of the writers mentioned. But this everlasting plague of description among our Canadian poets, how tiresome and oppressive it becomes! From bombast to doggerel, it runs through everything. Open any volume, at any page, and the golden haze, the rock-ribbed coast, the sighing south wind, the grey monotony start upon us. Human associations which alone can make description an avenue to the heart are forgotten in the affected joys of colour and landscape.

"Low Tide on Grand Pré, a Book of Lyrics" is the title of a volume published by Mr. Bliss Carman. The poems in this volume, he tells the reader, have been collected with reference to their similarity of tone. They are variations of a single theme. They are in the same key. The words, tone, theme, and key are terms of the language of music, and their use implies a similarity between the range of the human feelings and the musical scale. The tone of his poems is weird. The feelings excited are subdued feelings of gloom and foreboding. Although they respond readily, they are of a very limited range and afford a very slight foundation for a great reputation. It is possible, of course, to produce a masterpiece in a minor key. An ambitious composer one would expect to play upon a wider range of feeling. There is nothing definite about Mr. Carman's verse. His themes are vague. His narrative must be largely supplied by the reader, and with painful effort. His scenes are quite unlike those of Roberts and Lampman. They are personified outlines, stalking shadows, which suggest vague and threatening presences. It is perhaps safe to say that the chief artistic effect of his writing lies in the ghostly suggestions of dark corners. Although he is a descriptionist, he is often more effective than Roberts or Lampman. As for example:

> Outside a yellow maple tree,
> Shifting upon the silvery blue
> With small, innumerable sounds,
> Rustles to let the sunlight through.

Throughout his verse, it must be said in his favour, there is a voice of human interest, vague and limited though it be.

> And all the world is but a scheme
> Of busy children in the street,
> A play they follow and forget,
> On summer evenings, pale with heat.

"Behind the Arras" is a later publication, which shows his style to have become more defined. There is the same weird and grotesque vagueness, the same slipping of persons into shadows, the same incongruous conjunction of the limits of time and space. Such a fantastic style is not to be imitated. It cannot possibly be made the means of a great utterance. The human voice of Shakespeare, or Milton, or even Tennyson, could hardly struggle through it. And yet most readers will turn from Roberts and the others to Carman for relief. He is a greater artist; he writes to affect our imaginations, not to teach them the images of his own He deals with life, vague and fantastic though it be.

"The Dread Voyage" is one of the latest publications of William Wilfred Campbell. If description be the crowning effort of poetry, he is entitled to take his place beside Ariosto and Bombastes. A new order of beings must be created to appreciate him, for, surely, there is not in all the stores of imagination the material of his fancy. He is always at full steam; everything is in the superlative degree or at the point of climax. His chief endowments are of the eye and ear. The most striking characteristic of his work is the want of refinement of taste, the inability to discern fine shades of feeling or to know when he pleases or offends. In his description he continually mars his effects by using words and comparisons which

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necessarily drag in with them inharmonious elements. Often his metaphors are the merest jingle of unmeaning words. This stanza from a poem entitled "Winter" may be cited as an example of his descriptive powers:

Wide is the arch of night, blue spangled with fire,
From wizened edge to edge of the shrivelled-up earth,
Where the chords of the dark are as tense as the strings of a lyre
Strung by the fingers of silence ere sound had birth,
With far-off, alien echoes of morning and mirth,
That reach the tuned ear of the spirit, beaten upon
By the soundless tides of the wonder and glory of dawn.

What image of a star-lit night is left behind by this jumble of high-sounding words! The imagination comes to a full stop at these impossible comparisons, express and implied. What is meant by the chords of the night being tense? Can any one picture the strings of a lyre strung by the fingers of silence ere sound had birth? What image is awakened? It is, perhaps, hypercritical to object that the poet has made alien echoes in the distance attributes of the dark, like its tenseness. The epithet shrivelled may, possibly, be passed over, because it may express the idea which the poet had in his mind, whatever that may be. The meaning given to the word wizened by dictionaries is thin and dried. No careful writer, much less a poet of refined taste, would have forgotten its particular application, and dared to introduce into the imposing picture which he had in hand the wizened face of an old woman. When fancy takes such flights as these it soars beyond the possibility of artistic effect.

Most readers will prefer such poems as "Unabsolved," because they deal with life and possess some strength of dramatic interest. Yet the pleasure will be greatly marred by their high-soundingness, and by the lack of delicacy in the expression of sentiments in themselves original and interesting. In these days of liberal thought, a poet even may go a long way in satirizing the clergy without giving offense. But the reader of poetry is disposed to be very manly, and will find his pleasure destroyed by the iteration of an unfriendly sentiment, where it is spoken gratuitously and not addressed to an offensive individual suffering poetic justice.

The same unrefined taste shows itself in his poem entitled "The Mother," which has won the unstinted applause of a Chicago newspaper. It is a poem dealing with a subject of the most intense human interest—a mother's love for her first-born. It is too long for reproduction in full. These are the opening stanzas:

It was April, blossoming spring,
They buried me when the birds did sing;

Earth, in clammy wedging earth,
They banked my bed with a black, damp girth.

Under the damp and under the mould,
I kenned my breasts were clammy and cold.

Out from the red beams, slanting and bright,
I kenned my cheeks were sunken and white.

I was a dream, and the world was a dream,
And yet I kenned all things that seem.

I was a dream, and the world was a dream,
But you cannot bury a red sunbeam.

She narrates further that, lying "stark and white," she knew the changes of seasons, the alternation of day and night, the whispering wind and the blossoming flowers:

Though they had buried me dark and low,
My soul with the season's seemed to grow.

There is, then, a retrogression in time:

I was a bride in my sickness sore;
I was a bride nine months and more,

when death came. "But under the sod," she dreamed of her baby; his rest was broken in wailings on her "dead breast." She could not sleep in her "cold earth bed," and rose from

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her "damp earth bed," "rosy and warm," with the dreams of her child.

I felt my breasts swell under my shroud!

Then stole past the "graveyard wall," passed the streets to "my husband's home," climbed the chamber stairs amid the sound of sleeping persons,

Like waves that break on the shores of death,

paused a moment at the door,

Then stole like a moon ray over the floor,

and, behold, her infant lay on "a stranger arm." Crooning to the child, she carries him back to her bed, "banked with a blossoming girth," and "nestling him soft to her throbbing breast," "steals to her long, long rest," and lies with him

Under the flowers
That sun winds rock through the billowy hours

With the night-airs that steal from the murmuring sea,
Bringing sweet peace o my baby and me.

This wanton repetition of coarse suggestions of the charnel-house is not compensated by the mawkish sentiment of the poem, or by the questionable beauty of its scenery. Poetry cannot tolerate the disagreeable, except in rare instances. Tennyson, reflecting on the short span of human life, produces a rare effect of art when he says:

Old Yew, which graspest at the stones
That name the underlying dead,
Thy fibres net the dreamless head,
Thy roots are wrapt about the bones.

But he does not stay to dig up the grave and spread before us its shocking contents; he does not permit us to linger until our minds seize the painful suggestions of the place. There is scarcely a line of "The Mother" in which the horror is not renewed. It must be a sluggish imagination which, in the time of these eighty or ninety lines, does not grow to a full realization of this dreadful scene. It is no answer to say that the poem is to be taken in a spiritual sense, for that is impossible, and it cannot have been the writer's intention, else why the repetition of material suggestions which force the mind into activity? If it was sought to intensify the impression of a mother's love by naming the physical conditions which attend it, it is just to say that, aside from the suggestions of the grave, the poem would still have been offensive. The physical conditions of maternity are regarded with so great reserve and delicacy that only the most veiled allusions may be made to them. Nor is it an answer to say that the disagreeableness of the poem is harmonized by such poetic expressions as, "you cannot bury a red sunbeam," or, "you cannot bury a mother in spring." Rather, the pain of the reader is increased by the violent contrast of feeling, by the effort to hold together images so opposite in their suggestions as those presented by this poem.

If the foregoing remarks be just, and they are tendered in a spirit of perfect fairness, Canadian poetry is devoid of life and interest. It is scarcely likely that these faults are altogether due to false principles of art. Want of moral enthusiasm, of the inspiring energy of new ideas and large hopes of human progress, leaves men of talent no other course than to seek a false brilliancy in the trickery of exaggerated description and strained sentiment. Scott and Byron, Shelley and Wordsworth were full of the new wine of the French Revolution, and spoke as their hearts burned. Tennyson reflected the minds of men who had seen the hopes of their father's fail. Education has been slow to lift up the masses; Cobden did not foresee the squalor of industrialism; the ballot-box has not brought perfect freedom, nor lifted the burden of militarism. It may be that in these later days human enthusiasm has flickered out. If so, we cannot expect great poets till there be a rekindling of new ideas and new hopes of humanity.

Canadians are so eager for a na-

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tional literature that it is a somewhat delicate task to frankly criticise Canadian poetry. With the desire for a distinctively Canadian literature everyone must sympathize. It is possible, of course, that a national literature may rise without the corrective, or even chilling, influence of criticism. The structure may, nevertheless, be long delayed by the misdirected efforts of truly able writers. In poetry, as in all other arts, there is a wide latitude of individual freedom. But the poetry of the past, which has found a lasting place in public favour, is wide and varied enough to justify the conclusion that the principal rules gathered from a study of it are universal, and cannot be disobeyed even by Canadian poets. It is not enough that they find a ready market for their writings to fill up the vacant page-spaces of magazines, or even that their art is the affectation or fad of a literary coterie. If they would succeed they must reach the feelings and imaginations of their readers, as the great writers of the past have done.

Gordon Waldron.



THE FOUNDERS.

EVERY true man is a founder of the future of his State;
As a stone in a cathedral he uplifts and makes it great.
Every man who with his life-blood in its need has stained the field,
Every man who for its service all he hath and is would yield,
Every man who worketh truly that its laws be fair and right,
Every foeman of its error, every messenger of light,
Every servant of its sick, and of the children of its poor,
Every labourer on its streets, if he doth labour to endure,
Every one who will not brook in it the evil or the base
But whose soul like a pure fountain clears the river of his race,
And who sayeth ever to it: "Thou art part of human kind,
Be thou just with all the nations; large in nation—heart and mind,
Seek from none the base advantage, be no boaster o'er the rest,
But be that that with its strength, among the peoples serveth best,"—
Every such one is a founder of the future of his State;
As a stone in a fair minster, by his truth it cometh great.
Yea, though all the rest were rotten, and its form come tottering down,
God shall build again and of him carve the new cathedral's crown.

W. D. LIGHTHALL.

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A CIVIL WAR.

With Four Illustrations by Brigden.

"MAJOR MACKENZIE, will you take down Miss Broadhurst?"

The Major bowed, and Miss Broadhurst inclined her head with the prettiest smile in the world.

"I wondered," said she, "if I was to be inflicted upon you, or upon that strange-looking gentleman with the glasses."

"It's no infliction, I'm sure. I was just hoping that——"

"Now don't perjure yourself, Major Mackenzie," said the girl.

They were standing at the bay window of a sitting-room in the "Dorset," a little private hotel, where at present Mr. Graham (of James Graham & Bennet, importers, of the city) was entertaining a small house-party in the hot August days. It overlooks one of those quiet little bays, with St. George's Channel on the horizon; and Major Mackenzie always declared that he liked the "Dorset" the best of any place on earth. It is a question if he would have said so, had Ethel Broadhurst not been there; but the Major was a backward wooer and, so far, Ethel knew nothing of the ocean of affection that the Major held shut up in his turbulent heart.

"Who is that lady who has just come in? Do you know her?"

The Major looked to the door, and groaned inwardly.

"Yes, I know her. It's Mrs. Holler — and that's Mr. Holler coming in now," said he.

"She looks as if she might be clever, doesn't she?"

"Yes, she might be!" said the Major, dejectedly. "I don't know her as well as my friend Brock does. She used to patronize him, and Brock had to put up with it, for Holler's firm (he's a lawyer) had a good deal to do with Brock, and he wanted to stand in well. But one day she asked Billy to take Mrs. Tabley for a drive (Mrs. Tabley takes fits, or something like that), and Billy said he wasn't going to be footman to an epileptic infirmary; and then there was a battle. To tell the truth, Mrs. Holler thinks I am her legitimate prey, because I am chummy with Brock."

"That's rather hard on you, isn't it?"

"Yes. But you'll meet her to-night, and it's very wrong of me to prejudice you against her. Perhaps you and she will turn out the best of friends."

"Perhaps," said Miss Broadhurst, doubtfully.



"The Major looked to the door, and groaned inwardly."

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A long silence ensued, the Major looking out on the water, where the horizon was a mass of blue and grey-gold.

"A penny for your thoughts, Major Mackenzie!"

"I was thinking of a question you once asked me when I used to know you. You were about five years old, and I—well, I was correspondingly older—just after I got my commission—and you asked, before about a dozen people, 'Mr. 'Kenzie, what makes your nose red?'"

"Oh, I never said such a thing, surely!" cried Miss Broadhurst.

"I can feel my blushes yet. But, to do me justice, I think it was only sunburn."

"Will you let me atone now for the follies of my childhood?"

"Oh, Miss Ethel, I wouldn't be so exacting. But there's the bell!"

The "Dorset" prided itself upon its style; and Mr. Graham presided at the head and Mrs. Graham at the foot of a table, which was just like their own mahogany, there being no strangers.

Mrs. Holler's mood was a very perverse one, and Mackenzie kept a discreet silence lest she should fix upon him, and compel him to widen the breach that already existed between them.

During a spirited conversation at the other end of the table, which rendered it difficult for any one not concerned to hear, Mrs. Holler leaned over and said,

"Did you see your friend Mr. Barker, when you were at Malta, Major Mackenzie?"

"Yes, Mrs. Holler."

"Does he drink as much as ever?"

"I never observed that he drank," said the Major, mildly.

"Your powers of observation cannot be acute," retorted Mrs. Holler, with a good deal of acerbity.

"I never noticed any particular lack in myself."

"People rarely do!" was her rejoinder; after which silence fell on the group.

As they left the dining-room, Ethel Broadhurst looked at the Major, with a mischievous smile: "You and aunt don't get on, do you?"

"Aunt!" quoth the amazed Major.

"Yes, didn't you know that? Think of all the things you said of my aunt, and to *me*, too!"

The Major reddened.

"Well, I didn't tell any lies!" he added, deliberately. "You should have told—"

"Oh, don't mention it! Aunt Holler's first husband was my father's brother. He died." Mackenzie laughed; for her words implied cause and effect. "But don't worry, Major. Wait till she rows me some day, and then listen to what I shall say about her. I am a regular vixen!"

"Nobody would judge so to look at you."

"But I am!" I shall lead some poor man a dog's life,—maybe," she added, after a pause.

"Mayn't I be the dog?" said the Major, with a sudden change of tone, which caused Ethel to look up.

"I'm—not—sure that you want—that you'd like to be chained up, would you?" she said, with a queer little smile. "But you're not serious?" she added quickly.

But a woman would not have needed to look twice at his eyes to know that he was serious; and Ethel Broadhurst was a woman.

By the strange perversity of man and womankind, no word further was spoken for three days, and nothing had transpired between Mrs. Holler and the Major, save a few skirmishes, in which the Major used defensive tactics. On Saturday the schooner-races had been held, and competition had been keen. Mr. Holler had not been fortunate in his selection of the winner, and, consequently, Mrs. Holler was not in the best of sunny humours; she was a true barometer of her devoted husband's moods.

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The conversation turned on the coming meet of the Surrey hounds: "West has got four new hunters, I believe. He goes in a great deal for hunting since his son died," said Graham. "Young West was with you, wasn't he, Mackenzie? Was it in Afghanistan?"

"Yes; he was attached to our regiment for nearly six weeks before he was killed. We all liked him thoroughly."

"But I heard," put in Burrows, (who was a protége of Mrs. Holler's, and who had entered the line a few weeks before) "— I heard that he was rather a disgrace—"

"He is dead! Mr. Burrows," said the Major, quietly.

"Yes," added Mrs. Holler," and I daresay the army lost little by —"

"More than could be said of the Jews and money-lenders," added Holler, with a smile at his own acuteness.

Mackenzie did not know what to say; he knew that West had had debts, for he himself had had to do with the paying of them; and he also knew that every man in the regiment had thoroughly respected the young fellow who had died, like a man, with them, in Afghanistan. He looked pleadingly at Graham, but Graham was looking intently at his plate, in extreme discomfort.

Mrs. Holler went on, relentlessly:

"He could not have been a nice companion, I should think, if all the stories —"

"I always thought well of him," broke in Mackenzie.

"Oh, Major Mackenzie! I think you army men condone faults that others could not!" Mackenzie disregarded the thrust.



"I beg your pardon, indeed I do, Mrs. Graham!'

Graham made an effort to turn the conversation; but Burrows had not yet had his say.

"I have heard it hinted," said he, "that West was killed in some brawl or other, and not on the field at all."

"No, I think not, Mr. Burrows," chirped Holler; "he was shot in the back—funking, I believe!"

"That's a damned lie!"

Poor Mackenzie had stood it as long as he could. Half rising from his chair, he looked appealingly towards Mrs. Graham: "I beg—I beg your pardon, indeed I do, Mrs. Graham! I forgot—I—," and the poor old fellow blushed like any girl. As for the rest of the table, there was a momentary hush, and then everybody began to talk his loudest, as if to overcome the bad effects of any such lapse of propriety. There is no book upon etiquette which says what shall be done when some one swears at the table. Mrs. Holler looked inexpressibly shocked; but her heart was jubil-

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ant—for she had never before "scored" on the Major, and she owed him a heavy grudge; for, among other things, Mackenzie had discovered the fact that the Poppenham firm had put hide-scrapings into their tinned-beef, and the Government had cancelled the contract! And was not Mrs. Holler born a Poppenham of the Poppenhams?

As soon as possible Mrs. Graham rose from the table, and, without a word, Mackenzie gave his arm to Miss Broadhurst, and they went out to the drawing-room. In a moment Mr. Graham and Burrows came in, and Burrows began to talk to Miss Broadhurst. Taking Mackenzie by the arm, Graham led him over to the corner, discoursing on a bed of primroses which he was laying out for his own amusement. But primroses were not in the Major's line. Suddenly interrupting Graham, he blurted out: 'I really beg your pardon; I am very sorry I should have done such a thing; I didn't —"

But Graham patted him on the back as if he had been a schoolboy. "Why, my dear fellow, don't think of it! Why, I'd—I'd do the same thing; the fact is, if you hadn't said it, I was going to say—those identical words myself."

This was a gigantic falsehood, as the Major knew, but it was a comforting one.

Now it happened that Mrs. Graham had among her guests two or three severities, who were much like Mrs. Holler in their prim ways; and by two days' talk Mrs. Holler had convinced them that Mackenzie was a most depraved specimen of manhood. Therefore, while Mr. Holler, after an animated private discussion with his wife, went to demand an abject apology from the Major, she entertained her bosom friends and Miss Broadhurst with a few remarks upon rudeness as an art. Miss Broadhurst looked annoyed and said nothing; but when Mrs. Holler concluded a half-minute speech, by denouncing Mackenzie as a low-bred cad, she rose, and took three quick steps towards the speaker.

"That's not true!" said she, with an angry gasp. "I think Major Mackenzie just called Mr. Holler what he is!"

Mrs. Holler was stricken speechless.

What was about to happen next can never be known; for at that moment a cry of anguish came up from the billiard-room below. There was surely a familiar ring to the voice, for Mrs. Holler ejaculated "James!" and rushed for the door.



"That's not true!" said she, with an angry gasp."

Along a passage, down four steps, along another passage, and the door of the billiard-room was in sight. Peeping through the screen doors stood the butler, evidently enjoying hugely what he saw. To thrust him aside was the work of an instant for the agitated spouse, who entered, followed by Miss Broadhurst.

On the billiard-table, stretched on his back, lay Holler,

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and beside the table, rapidly draw ing him to and fro on its chalky surface, stood Mackenzie. Holler had evidently resisted; but at this juncture Mackenzie held one strong hand on his collar, while with the other he grasped one of the unfortunate Holler's ankles. There was very little bodily injury being done, but the indignity was unquestionable.

To see was to think; to think, to act. Mrs. Holler snatched up a cue, and began to belabour Mackenzie over the back with the butt-end.

"You brute! Kick him, James! Kick him, dearest! Oh—you—you—!" but words failed her.

Thus assailed, Mackenzie relinquished his hold of Holler, and ran to place the table between himself and his newfound enemy; but she started in pursuit. Old Mr. Green, who had been a quiet but interested spectator, who was now sitting down on a lounge, weak with laughter, caught her eye. He, at the same instant, not liking her interference (for, above all things, he loved "a square fight, by gad!"), thrust out his cue to bar her progress. Had Mr. Green ever baited bulls at Madrid, he would have been more cautious before shaking the red rag. With her cue in rest, Mrs. Holler abandoned her pursuit of Mackenzie, and made full tilt at Mr. Green, whose portly waistcoat offered a tempting mark. The now prostrate Green was hit fairly, at about the level of the third waistcoat button, and lost no time in making for the door, by which all the others had already made their escape.

Mrs. Holler turned upon her husband, who was descending from the billiard-table.



"Mrs. Holler—made full tilt at Mr. Green."

"Why didn't you thrash him?"

"Why didn't I thrash him!" retorted the savage Holler, "Because!!"

Before luncheon on the following day Mackenzie had made everything right with Mrs. Graham, who was very kind and sympathetic; but, despite their entreaties, he had determined to return to the city in the afternoon, intending to complete his visit after the Hollers had gone. He was standing in the little library, looking at a marine water-colour, wondering the while if he ought not to

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write a note of apology and explanation to Miss Broadhurst, when that young lady entered. He turned around, "Oh, Miss Ethel——" he began; then he stopped. She divined what he was about to say, and laid her hand on his arm. It was a matter of little difficulty for her to read the Major's thoughts.

"I think you were quite right. I wished that I had been a man, and I'd have stuck up for Mr. West, too; and wasn't it funny—on the billiard-table!" she added mischievously.

"But then I swore!" said the disconsolate Major.

"Well, I've heard swears before!"

"And you're not utterly disgusted?" queried the Major, more hopefully than before.

"No, of course not!"

"But I wager that your aunt is!" said the Major, with another descent to the depths of despair.

"Don't call her my aunt! Besides, when did you begin to pay so much deference to Mrs. Holler's opinions? Do you think she is any better judge of proprieties than I?"

"No, not one-tenth as good!"

"Well, then," said she, with an assertion of authority that the Major thought the prettiest thing in the world, "pay attention to me!"

"Exactly what I would like to do!" quoth the Major, roguishly.

"I didn't mean that, stupid!" said Ethel, with a smile.

"Don't call me names!"

"I shall call you names if I like! I'm not afraid of you!" and she shook, playfully, a very neat little fist in close proximity to the Major's nose.

It was never intended that a pretty girl should, with impunity, shake her fist in the Major's face. It is uncertain whether or not he was to blame, but the Major boldly laid hold of a bewitching little curl on her brow. In a frantic twist to escape, Miss Ethel found that she had just wriggled herself into the Major's arms, and in that very moment she found herself most unmistakably kissed!

Before she had time to vent her wrath, Mrs. Holler's step was heard at the door; and the Major, for many reasons, made a hurried exit by the side door. Ethel stood, quite calm and collected, at the window.

"Ethel, was Major Mackenzie here just now?"

"Yes, not long ago; but he has gone out."

"I am glad, Ethel," said the Severity, "that you and he do not get on well. I think he is a most objectionable man. If he had not been going away, I should have done so."

"But we do get on well, Aunt Holler; I like him very much!" Mrs. Holler glared.

"Any man who blasphemes in the presence of ladies——"

"Who blasphemes in the presence of ladies?"

"Ethel! Don't contradict me. In your mother's name, I forbid you to have——"

"Tommyrot!" said Ethel, irreverently.

Going to the door by which the Major had escaped, she called out, "Major Mackenzie! Tom!"

The Major could scarcely believe his ears, for she had never called him Tom before. He rushed to the door.

"Look here, Tom, Aunt Holler says we don't get on well!"

Mrs. Holler's face was a picture; she turned and fled. "Tom, indeed!" she muttered; "the wretch!"

The Major turned to Ethel.

"What were you saying when I went out? I understood you to say yes!"

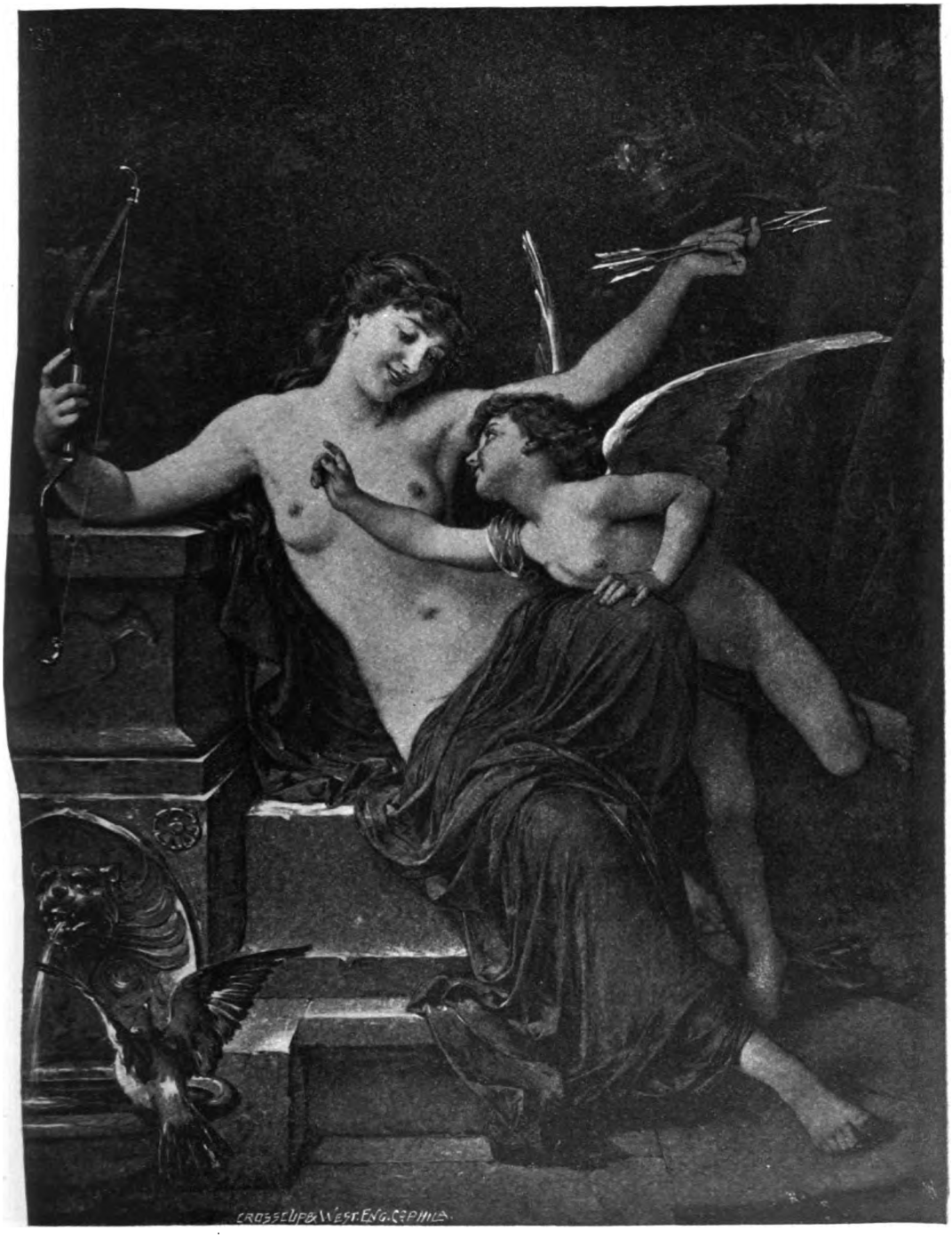
"I never did," said she, indignantly.

The Major's face lengthened.

"But," she added, "I was going to."

John McCrae.

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FROM A PAINTING.

CUPID DISARMED.

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John Anderson, My Jo.

A LOVE STORY

BY

JETNA.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. H. KAHRS.

CHAPTER I.

"OH! Whistle and I'll come to thee, my lad,
Whistle and I'll come to thee, my lad;
Though —"

sings Meg Carnegie, but, stopping suddenly, as a clear whistle answers her song.

"It's John," she says to herself. "Who'd have thought he'd been out here this evening, and he so busy!"

The whistling continues. Meg's song and gardening have stopped . . . down goes the watering can, and pushing back her broad-brimmed hat, which had been tilted over her nose, she runs up the path, round the little arbour, and into the arms of John, who crushes the pretty white dress (and its wearer) most unmercifully.

"Well, what do you want?" she says.

"You, of course," says the young man; "and, to judge from your singing, you seemed as much in need of me."

She slips her hand through his arm, and with a soft, caressing movement lays her head down for a moment beside it. There is a happy, contented smile on her face—for those two are lovers.

Since ever John can remember, he has fairly worshipped his "Marguerite," as he calls her; but it was just a year ago he asked her to marry him, and even then Meg had been quite amazed, she said, at his "presumption" in loving her the way they did in novels.

"Your e'en were like a spell, lassie, that ilka day bewitched me, sair. I couldna' help mysel', lassie," said he; and then—well—she gave him her hand, and a kiss besides, and promised she would ever be true.

And this had happened "within a mile o' Edinburgh town," too; for Meg is an orphan and "'bides" with her aunt, Miss Graham, in a pretty country house—"cottage" they call it, except "when putting on airs." Her mother had been left a young officer's widow,

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with one child, and when just starting for England from India took fever and died, being laid beside the husband whom she had mourned so bitterly. The little daughter was sent home to "Aunt Anne," her mother's only sister, and a home it has been in every sense of the word.

Meg is pretty—lovely, some of her friends call her, but "bonnie," as Sandy, the old gardener, says, suits her best of all. Sweet, true blue eyes which are grey in some lights, a winsome smile, soft, waving hair, a graceful figure, make an attractive *tout ensemble*. She dresses neatly on a very tiny sum of her own—so small that it requires much calculation to make it spin out. Now and again she has wished her John were richer, and then sagely concluded, he would not have been the same John then. And for her sake he, on his side, plods steadily on in the legal profession, and thinks how proud he will be when able to furnish a comfortable house for his pretty bride, and to get her all sorts of well-cut gowns and furbelows.

"Such news, John," she says; "just fancy—my cousin Sally, whose home is in Canada, has written to Aunt Anne, asking her to let me go and pay her a short visit. 'Twould be awfully nice. I need polishing up. Then, most important of all, she, Sally, is to stand all expenses. She has heaps of money, you know, and I have not," rattles on Meg. "Well, what say you?" for John is looking none too pleased to lose his treasure for a few weeks, even. "How dreary," he says.

But his treasure laughs, and says he should be glad to get rid of her for a short time. "Think of it, John; I'll come back quite accomplished, speaking French and all sorts of languages; Indian, too, I suppose. I will turn into quite a fine lady!"

"Ah! that's just it," he says. Somehow, I feel sure, deary, if you go, things will change—won't keep the same. Don't go and leave me."

"You silly old imaginative goose! What could happen?"—squeezing his arm. "Some wealthy monsieur might fall in love with most magnificent me? Not likely; and if he did, why,

> 'I'll tell him he needn't come wooing to me,
> For my heart, my heart is over the sea,'"

sings Meg. "No! no! nothing so romantic as a duel in prospect, my Jo. Take that frown off your forehead," stroking it softly, "and look pleased once more. There goes the tea-bell! Oh, I hope Betsy has made some scones! 'Hurry up,' as Sally says."

John laughs, and the frown vanishes as he greets Miss Graham, with whom he is a great favourite, and the three sit down at a cosy tea-table, and drink very good tea out of unfashionably large blue, willow-pattern cups, and eat hot scones and crisp short-bread, and discuss the all-important Canadian visit question. Meg's heart seems set on going. "Wealthy cousins are not so plentiful!" she cries, helping herself liberally to the short-bread. "I may never get such another chance; besides, it's a real kindness to relieve



MISS GRAHAM'S TEA TABLE.

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those rich people of some of their money."

Well, finally an acceptance is written, and in a few days Meg bids a tearful goodbye to Auntie, Sandy, Betsy—not forgetting the old black cat. John accompanies her to Greenock, and waves his adieu till the steamer is a mere speck, and the slight figure in the grey homespun suit, who is waving in return, is no longer visible.

CHAPTER II.

QUEBEC, Sept. 25th, 1891.

MY OWN DEAREST JOHN:

You will know ere this that we have arrived safe and sound. We had a most dreadfully stormy passage, though the captain laughed loudly at me when I asked him if we were in great danger, and said something about "only a capful of wind." But there was a great deal more than would fill a hundred big *theatre hats*. A capful, indeed! I think captains are rather untruthful and very unfeeling, at times though generally most kind and jolly. One day I felt the steamer grate against the bottom of the Atlantic, or a sunken rock or something, and I tried to get one of the sailors to bring the captain to me at once. He said, "Captain asleep, miss." "Never mind," I commanded, "bring him;" and the poor man then said, "Miss, do you want me to be put in irons?"

Quebec is such a quaint old town. We arrived about three o'clock yesterday afternoon. Sally was waiting on the wharf for me, looking cool and "quite the thing" in a buff linen costume.

It was so funny to hear all the men who were standing about, helping with the ropes and all that, gabbling in French, and such strange French, not boarding-school kind at all.

Sally's husband is a duck—an ideal husband. She does anything she likes, and her purse is so full of dollars (four almost make a £1-note, she says) that it won't close. I thought I had quite enough clothes for even a long visit when I left; but you should see Sally's blouses, and tailor-made turnout, and silks and satins—millions of them, and all so handsome; but I daresay mine will "pass muster." Sally likes that pale blue muslin, your favorite, so much, but says it wants style. I was a little angry when she said that, and told her it was your especial fancy, and she said "Um!" and pursed up her lips, and then remarked, "I shouldn't think Mr. Anderson had any taste in dress. Don't for any sake take his advice in choosing your attire." I didn't praise the colour or make of any of her attire for ever so long after that, John.

We drove, after dinner, all through the curious, steep streets, down Mountain Hill—such a hill!—a regular slide it must be in winter. We stopped the "waggon" as they called it—(it was a shabby-looking cab, I thought), and went down a great number of wooden steps, to what I was told was Champlain street. Quite a poor class of people live there. Some of the small shops, or stores, as they call them here, have such beautiful Indian work for sale in the windows.

This morning before lunch we drove out on a nice wide road, called the St. Louis road, returning by a pretty shady one called St. Foye. My dear John, the leaves, if you only could see them, all tinged with the most exquisite tints. The touch of the first frost turns them. It's impossible to describe how lovely the maples look. Oh, John, we must take a trip out here for our honeymoon. I have such lots more to say, but I fear I must stop. Sally is calling me. She wishes to go down to lower town, where all the gentlemen's offices and warehouses are, to see Dick, and then we are to cross the River St. Lawrence which is so different from our Scotch rivers or burns, rather, in com-

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parison, and go to Point Levis. It just takes a few minutes to cross in a little puffing tug. Good-bye, my own dearest John—must stop. I do miss my own John. Write at once to your ever loving, faithful, MEG.

P.S.—We expect a Frenchman, a real live 'Monsieur,' next week, to stay for a few days; he may make love to me (through an interpreter), and I suppose he'll eat frogs' legs and other delicacies! I need hardly say I'll refuse him. Farewell!

P.P.S.—Got back from Point Levis about eight o'clock, and just add a line or two before going to bed. It's now about eleven o'clock; enjoyed the trip across awfully, and oh, John, the citadel looks lovely on its high rock —something like our castle. There is no place like home, of course, but when we were coming back in the dark evening, and all the lights were twinkling and rising higher and higher, I said to Sally, "Oh Sally, Quebec is just lovely from here," and she seemed pleased, and replied she so wished I'd stay with her for good, or make my home out here. And I then remarked, "What would John do? He could not practise law in Quebec." And fancy, dearest, what she said; but you must never tell anybody, or think of it again; she said, "Oh, bother John Anderson!" I do not care very much for Sally. Good night.

Your own loving,

MEG.

CHAPTER III.

Two months have flown swiftly and very enjoyably. Winter has set in early, and all the Canadian sports are in full swing. They are novel and exhilarating for our Meg, who has become quite an adept at snow-shoeing and tobogganning. The Frenchman has come and gone—and come again. A handsome man is M. Duchesney,—dark eyes, white teeth, dark pointed beard and moustache, and he is rich, and of a good old family. Meg, nothing loth, accepts his drives, courteous speeches, and ever-ready assistance at rinks and other places of amusement. Whenever she wanted a helping hand in any difficulty, M. Duchesney was at her side, suave and gracious, ever ready to explain this or that; and as for the French, he made a compact that if he coached her in his language she should do so for him in hers. Many a laugh the one had at the other's expense—and Sally looked on well pleased.

Meg often thinks of home, and writes, "I will be back soon now," and John, poor John, reads and re-reads her loving letters, and writes long, long ones in reply—loyal, devoted epistles from the heart and hand of a real good fellow.



M. DUCHESNEY.

And old Sandy, who is always asking for news of his "young leddy," has little bits of Meg's rather blotted scrawls to Miss Graham read aloud to him—accounts of all the strange doings (as he calls them) in that new country over the sea. But when he gets home and takes his pipe out, and reads his paper, and sits thinking, often he says to himself, "I dinna like yon Frenchman. Mr. John'll be worth twa dozen o' thae gabbering fools. Na, na, I dinna like yon Frenchman."

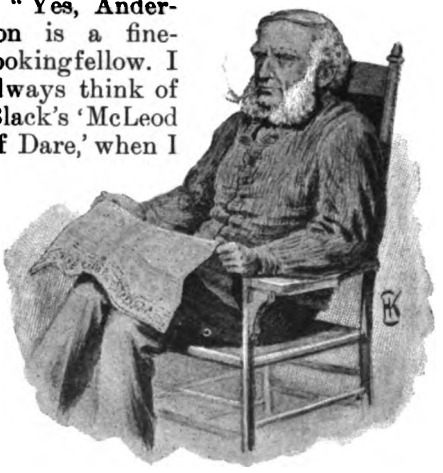
One night late in November John attends a ball at the house of a friend, and while dancing with a Miss Grey, who is dressed in a blue dress, tells

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her that blue is his favourite colour. This makes Miss Grey think and wonder if handsome John Anderson really likes her. But it is of Meg's blue muslin that John is thinking; his Meg is far away from him.

Later on, John runs across his hostess, and is asked to find her ivory-handled fan, the one with the jewels, which she had left somewhere. John sees the lost fan lying behind a huge palm, and, while stooping for it, hears his own name (how quick one is to catch that always!) He draws back, and the couple discussing him slowly stroll past.

"Yes, Anderson is a fine-looking fellow. I always think of Black's 'McLeod of Dare,' when I look at him," answers the girl; "he seems so true."



Old Sandy soliliquizes over "yon Frenchman."

"Aw, yaas," drawls the young officer, one of the "79th," then stationed in the Castle. "Let's hope McLeod's fate is not in store for him. Believe he is engaged to a Miss Carnegie. My father knew hers in India. But he'd better look out; Miss Carnegie may not be so simple after all. Friend of mine staying at the Citadel in Quebec says she is engaged to a man Duchesney, a Frenchman, with lots of tin—quantities of that there, you know—roofs of the houses covered with it!"

The girl laughs, says something, and they move out of sight.

Meg, his loving, faithful little Meg, engaged—to a Frenchman, Duchesney—*lots of tin*—he has none but what he earns—but she said she loved him. Ah! he remembers now her writing of this man, this villain; he grinds his teeth, and closes his hands on an imaginary throat. Then he somehow finds his way into the cloak-room, dons his ulster—fan, hostess, everything, forgotten. Through the cold early morning air he wends his way home to his lodgings. A policeman hears him muttering to himself, and sees the dazed look, and thinks he has taken "a drap ower muckle." He often helped gentlemen home after a spree. But John's one glass of champagne was not "the drap ower muckle.' It was the few sentences he had heard in the conservatory that had gone to his brain. "Gossip, idle gossip," he keeps repeating. "I won't believe it. Fool that I am to give credit for a moment to such a lie," and he laughs aloud hysterically. Another Bobby shakes his wise head and says: "Drunk as a lord," and for answer words something like these come wafted back to him on the still air: "No, no, I'll trust my own love, for she vowed she'd keep ever true." And "Bob" smiles and thinks: "My, he's real bad; it's the *mixtures* that plays the mischief wi' them!"

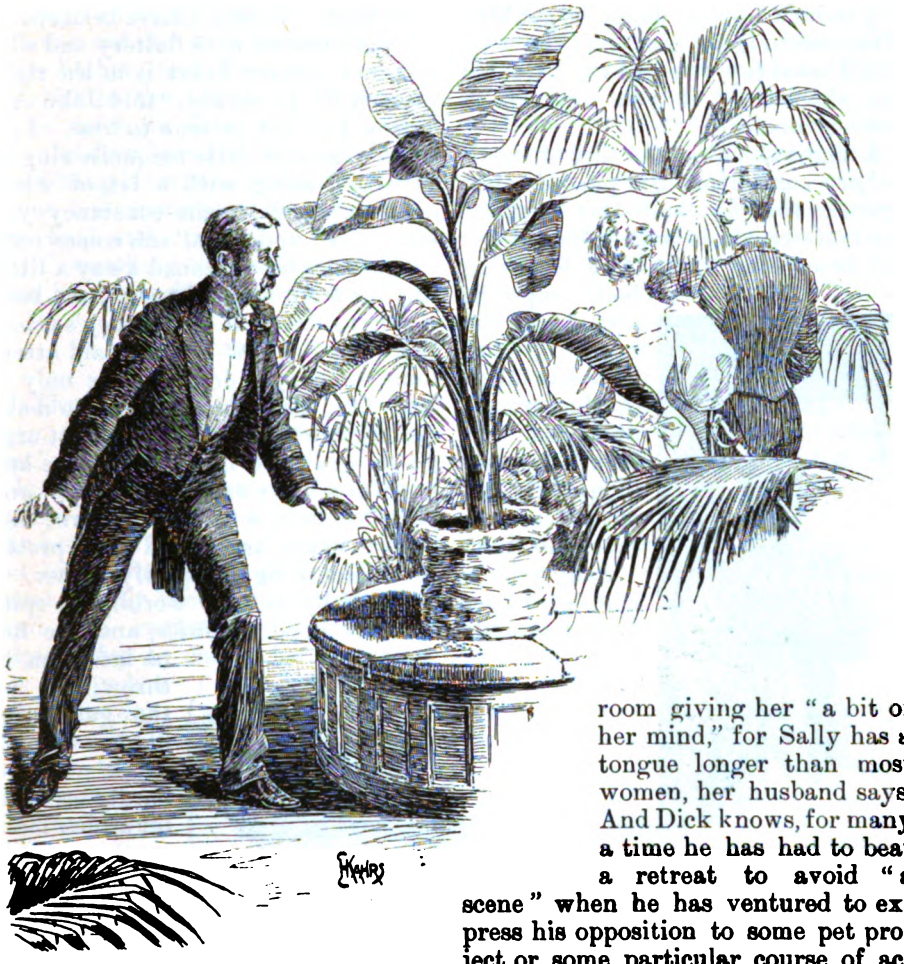
CHAPTER IV.

"Really, Meg, its too provoking, and such a love of a dress," and Sally gives the soft, foamy billows of chiffon an angry toss.

There is to be a ball at the Frontenac. Dick has given his cousin a bewitching toilet to wear at it, or, rather, he has told Sally to "fix Meg up" as she best knows how. The result is a lovely "confection" of satin and gossamer, with a faint line of silver running through. "A cloud with silver lining," quoth Dick, growing poetical when he sees this work of art.

"Dear Sally, the dress is simply lovely; too good by far for me. I did

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John overhears the conversation in the conservatory.

not want one or need it, really; the muslin—"

"Muslin—that draggled old thing!" snaps Sally. "Bad cold; not feeling up to going, you say? Well, I don't believe a word of it—not a word; and the trouble I've taken about that dress for you."

"Oh, Sally, I know I told you not to," comes from the depths of an armchair, and the figure in the pink dressing-gown turns a distressed face to the window, where her cousin is standing in her blanket coat and toque, for it is snowing heavily and she has been out, She is now in Meg's bedroom giving her "a bit of her mind," for Sally has a tongue longer than most women, her husband says. And Dick knows, for many a time he has had to beat a retreat to avoid "a scene" when he has ventured to express his opposition to some pet project or some particular course of action on the part of his venturesome spouse. Sally has another plan just now on which she has set her heart.

"I'm not used to such fine dresses or so much outing, and I do feel tired and not well. My bones ache. I—I—I think it is 'grippe'," concludes Meg.

"Oh, bother 'grippe!" says Sally; "you are as well as I am, and you know it; but, of course, if you are determined to be a fool, a perfect little fool, I wash my hands of you, that's all. Here is a man rich, handsome, with loads of money belonging to one of the best French families in the province, devoted to you. You have

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only to hold up your finger to get him. After encouraging him from the very first, I must say you will have treated him shamefully if you draw back now—shamefully."

A slight shudder and sort of horrified cry came from the pinked-robed figure in the big chair—her eyes are fixed on her cousin with a bewildered and beseeching look. She is sitting bolt upright now, and the book on her knee has fallen to the ground unheeded; her breath is coming quickly, but not a word escapes her lips.



Sally, relentless, continues her harangue —blind to pale face and beseeching looks: "I'd have been afraid to have behaved so, and all because you fancy yourself engaged to some poor, obscure, out-at-elbows, half-starved law student called Anderson. Ugh! The name even—so common, so plebian; he —"



"Stop, Sally!" comes at last from the silent listener, and the voice, though low, has a determined ring in it which brings Sally to a full stop. "Leave John's name out of the question altogether, please. You, you have been all that is kind and generous to me; oh, don't think I am not grateful! I," with a little laugh and the shadow of a sob; "have had a real good time. In fact, I have been spoilt, my head turned with flattery and silly speeches, but my heart is in the right place still; I," slowly, "told John Anderson I would be true to him. I always wear this little turquoise ring he gave me, along with a bit of white heather, which means constancy, you know. I," and a real sob comes now, "may have been weaned away a little tiny bit from him. It may have been wrong to accept M. Duchesney's attentions, but I know he has paid attentions to many. John thinks only of me. Oh! Sally, do not try to make me forget what honour is; do not urge me to break the heart of as true and faithful a lover as ever girl had," and the sob ends in a torrent of tears; and Sally's arms are round her pretty cousin, soothing and pacifying her.

But Sally is very worldly, in spite of other good qualities, and she has no intention of throwing up the game—indeed, would think herself hardly used, after all her manœuvring for Meg, to see her "throw herself away" upon this poor, plain, unknown (as she thinks) John Anderson.

"We'll have tea," she says brightly, and Meg's tears cease, and she is petted and fussed over.

"But mark my words," says Dick's wife, afterwards, to him; "just a little pressure in the right direction, and some good advice, and that silly girl will get quite reasonable, and her love (romantic rubbish!) for that aggravating Scotchman will evaporate pretty quickly. She'll marry Duchesney, and live happy ever after."

"Well," says Dick, "I'm fond of lit-

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tle Meg, and, in my humble opinion, she isn't cut out for a Frenchman's wife. Why bother over the matter? Let her stick to the fellow across the sea, if she cares for him, and I'm pretty sure she does," says he, waxing bolder. "And, hang it! what does money count if one has enough to be happy, and buy food and drink, and—and 'baccy?'" watching the smoke curling up from his favourite meerschaum.

CHAPTER V.

"Three o'clock! Get on your hat, Meg; we go out driving at a quarter-past," says Sally.

It is a lovely day, about the end of April. Mrs. Mackenzie has taken it into her head to take a trip to Toronto, and so we find them at the Queen's Hotel. Sally has important work on hand—the enchanting business of helping Meg to choose her trousseau. For Sally has carried the day, and the wedding is to be very soon.

"Ready, Sally!" says Meg, and she looks fashionable in her pale grey mohair, and pretty, wide black hat with crimson roses; but she does not look so young, and bright and happy as she used to; and she seems taller and more slender.

"Pretty girl, that," says one man to another, as the cousins pass out of the hotel to the victoria awaiting them. "Scotch, I believe, from her accent; looks melancholy; perhaps, she's left her heart behind her in bonnie Scotland."

The victoria wends its way along King Street, where some shopping is done, and then up Jarvis. Meg is delighted with the cool-looking streets, so wide and clean, and the pretty trees.

"What about those patterns we got to look at?" remarks Sally. "I think satin will be ever so much richer-looking than silk. And have the front all lace and orange blossoms."

"Yes," absently answers Meg; "the short grey skirts look so comfortable, and the blouse and sailor hat suit them so well." Her eyes are fixed on a girl who is riding a bicycle. "I think it must be simply glorious, when you feel dull or out of spirits, to mount one of those steeds and fly through the air. See how happy they look," as a party of schoolgirls whizz past them, chattering and laughing. "Oh, Sally, let the wedding gown be of cotton, or anything, and let us spend the money on a bicycle. I want a stimulant of some kind, and that must be exhilarating!" Meg actually laughs—a rare occurrence with her now.



Mrs. Anderson explains her hopes to Dick.

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"Duchesney will settle that with you," says Sally, playfully. "He comes to-morrow; have you forgotten that?"

A frown quickly succeeds the laugh, Meg sinks back in the carriage; "forgotten?" she thinks, when only yesterday she had said to herself: "Oh, hypocrite that I am, must I carry on this miserable farce? I will—I will—I will show him I will not wear the willow, even though it breaks my heart to do it. But oh, John, how could you treat me so? How could you—and why did you? It seems strange, mysterious; but Sally always says we were not suited. Still, I am so unhappy; it is all wrong—wrong!"



MRS. CARMICHAEL.

That night she had the same thoughts again, and sobbed herself to sleep.

The old proverb, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," had been true in her case. She had cared more for her lover since leaving him than she had ever done before; or, rather, she had never really known the extent of her feeling for him till then. However, just after she had indignantly thrust aside the idea even of seriously accepting Duchesney's attentions, John's letters had suddenly ceased. In vain had poor Meg waylaid the postman morning after morning. "No letters, miss," he would cheerfully announce. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," but it also made our pretty Meg keep herself at her prettiest, dance her lightest, skate, toboggan and flirt to the best of her ability—and she was no poor hand at any of the three last-named accomplishments.

When the winter was over she wore a sparkling hoop of diamonds, in place of the little turquoise ring, and was congratulated by all her friends on being "a very lucky girl." And if being miserable makes one lucky, then, indeed, she is.

And John. Well, his landlady declares he is working himself to death. Motherly Mrs. Carmichael is sore distressed. With the penetration of her sex in a love affair she has noticed the non-arrival of letters directed in a round, feminine hand, and vows vengeance on the disturber of her young lodger's peace of mind. Indeed, she audibly gives vent to her anger one day when carrying "ben" to the kitchen his scarcely touched dinner, by exclaiming: "Well, afore I'd be sae saft as let ony woman mak' me gang aff my meat like that, I'd"—and a whisk of her clean, starched print gown, and a clatter of dishes finishes the sentence, and John wonders what has put out his generally good-tempered landlady.

And could that landlady see within a certain locked drawer in his desk a letter with a foreign stamp on it, and could she read that letter, the mystery as to what "ailed" her young man would be solved. The handwriting is delicate and refined, the paper a soft, warm, creamy hue; but the words are cold and cruel, and briefly inform "Dear Mr. Anderson" that Miss Carnegie's feelings have undergone a change, which, in the interest of future happiness, it is better to acquaint him with; that she had mistaken a "fancy" for a deeper feeling, as is often the case with a girl as unsophisticated as "Dear Meg."

"And always I am,
Sincerely yours,
SARAH MACKENZIE."

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And the sun shone, and the north winds blew, and the world wagged as usual. For *whole* hearts or *broken* hearts it still goes round. And John, poor John, is—"is aff his meat."……

Duchesney, though fond of his bride-elect in his own way, is undemonstrative and by no means an exacting lover. He is puzzled often by his *fiancée's* coldness, but attributes it to shyness and Scotch reserve. Still, he cannot understand. Meg was so bright and lively formerly, but now——"

"Do all your young ladies in Scotland change as much after they wear an engagement ring?" he asks Dick one day.

And Dick coughs and gives some evasive reply, and thinks, "If the poor beggar hasn't the sense to see that the girl does not care one straw about him, he must just do the other thing. He wouldn't thank me if I interfered, but I feel sure little Meg will give him his *congé* some day soon—and then, my goodness, won't Sally's tongue have hard work!"

Dick had never "chummed" much with Duchesney. In fact, he had rather a contempt for the "scented dandy," as he called him; besides, having heard of his many affairs of the heart before this, he rather doubted the sincerity of his affection for anyone but *himself*. To do Duchesney justice, he did not know he had had a rival in the field when he offered his hand and heart to bonnie Miss Carnegie, as Meg was called. He was a man of vast conceit, and Meg's indifference, and easy, friendly behaviour to him fired his ambition, lured him on and made him determined to win her. The idea of a refusal never occurred to him. Indeed, after a somewhat noisy champagne supper one evening, he had confided to his male friends that the charming demoiselle was on the *qui vive* for his declaration, and would suit him admirably.

His wealth and position tempted Sally to aid (as she fancied) her cousin "to be off with the old love before being on with the new." Alas! what a wreck does this worldly-mindedness often make of true happiness—and that was just Sally's besetting sin; ambition and love of money were fast spoiling a kind and generous nature, and an unselfish one, because she really imagined she was benefiting Meg—securing her a brilliant future, instead of seeing her sacrifice herself to a "nobody."

One evening shortly after the visit to Toronto, some friends had been dining at the Mackenzie's, at one of those informal *recherché* little affairs they were fond of giving. Dick, who is rather an erratic being, suddenly announces that there is to be a good concert in the Music Hall that evening, and proposes they should adjourn to it. Cloaks and shawls are quickly donned, and a merry party sets forth. Somehow, Mrs. Mackenzie's parties are always merry.

The programme is not very attractive; a few hackneyed songs are sung, and the sad and touching "Sands o' Dee" meets with great approval. Then a painfully shy young man entreats his hearers to "Come back to Erin," a confident young woman crashes through the Marseillaise, another young man, with a really good tenor voice, gives "John Peel," always a favourite old English hunting song, and after these a sweet, ladylike girl rather nervously advances to the front of the stage, and in a fresh mezzo-soprano delights the audience with "Kathleen Mavourneen," which is vehemently encored. The voice is beautiful, and has a plaintive ring in it. She hesitates; the people are still demanding another song. A moment later, and the simple old Scotch air of "John Anderson, my Jo," is floating through the hall. A curious hysterical feeling comes over Meg, who is, of course, sitting beside Duchesney. Her heart seems to be throbbing and beating all out of time, and what is that horrid choking sensation in her throat?

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She must scream, but has not the power. There is a buzzing in her ears, the lights are dancing up and down—up and down. She gives a sort of frantic "lurch" towards M. Duchesney, who is gazing through his opera-glass at the singer. She is dimly conscious of a wild desire for air—air, and then, singer, audience, everything fades away, and for the first time in her life Meg has fainted. There is a buzz of excitement, and smelling salts, and scent bottles; but Duchesney, quick in an emergency, raises her in his arms, and carries her to the coolness outside of the heated hall, where cold water and fanning restore her, after some minutes, to consciousness; at least partly so. She opens her eyes, then closes them again, saying, in a trembling voice, "John, dear John—I want you—stay with me—why have you left me?—John—ah!" with a little cry, as her senses return to her. "Where am I?" Raising her head from M. Duchesney's arm, her eyes fall on the diamonds glittering on his hands; then looking up to his face, for he is still bending over her, another cry breaks from her lips. She shudders violently, and draws away from him, saying wildly, "Oh, now I remember—how could I forget! Take me home! Take me home! for I know John loves me still!"

CHAPTER VI.

"Dear Miss Graham, you must really turn me out; you make me so comfortable, you will find me a fixture if you don't look out," laughs John Anderson. "Ah!" sniffing the perfume which comes in at the open window, "how sweet that wallflower is!"

It is a lovely summer afternoon, and he is lying on the old-fashioned chintz-covered sofa in the pretty, homelike drawing-room at the Cottage. A mere shadow of his former self is John, for he has had a sharp attack of brain fever.

"All that young woman's doings," Mrs. Carmichael has informed Sandy, who shakes his wise old head, and says, "He ken't what going to that foreign land wad dae, he ken't fine hoo't wad be. Wae's me, an' sich a fine young man as Maister Anderson. My, I thocht the lassie had mair sense, ava! Weel, weel, we can but wait awa' see hoo things turn out. Its an' awfu' peety she's set her heart on the vanities o' this wicked world; that's the trouble, I'm thinking."

But Sandy had an idea of his own, and this idea finally crystallized itself into a letter. And this poor little scrawl, written with infinite pains (for Sandy had been a brave "sodger," but no scholar), sped on its way, and this was all it said (the spelling was different, of course):

DEAR MISS MEG:

Maister John has been verra' bad and at death's door with fever of the brain. He's no muckle to look at now, being that thin ye can see through him. I fear me, sair, he is wearing awa'. Will ye no come back again?

Respectfully yours,
SANDY.

And never a doubt has Sandy but that it will be "richt noo"—that these few touching words will bring his young "leddy" safe and sound across the sea to her ain Jo.

And a few days after, in the sweet little garden, with its old-fashioned flowers, John Anderson is slowly pacing up and down, his hands clasped behind his back. His coat hangs loosely on his tall, gaunt figure; in the band of his wide a-wake soft felt hat a few blue-bells, with their hair-like stems, are languishing. His face is browned with the sun, though, and his keen blue eyes, with the kindly glance in them "for man and beast," as the country folk say, are losing that hollow look.

"Oh, aye, he's pickin' up," mutters the old gardener, "but when she comes

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he'll—weel—he'll jist feel as I wad if I saw my ain Kirsty comin' back tae me frae Heaven, a-crossing the burn doon there, an' the sun glintin' on her hair, for it seemed to love her bonnie hair," and the old man sighs, for through the mist of years the image of his gude wife shines clearly still.

Miss Graham had felt Meg's fickle conduct very keenly, but the sore subject had only been mentioned between them once, for John is of a reserved nature, like most Scotchmen. Unselfish all through, no feeling of anger against his love fills his breast. She had told him she loved him. She had sworn to be true to him, but she had not really known what love was. Some one else had taught her, and he—the light of his life had gone out, but if she is happy, he thinks, then all is right. Self is entirely put aside; pride and sentiment play no part in this tragedy; he must smile and take his place in the world again soon now, and the patched-up heart must do its work in place of a whole one. Would there were more such noble natures as belonged to poor, obscure, out-at-elbows, humble John Anderson.

CHAPTER VII

"A letter for you, miss, and M. Duchesney waits in the drawing-room!"

Meg takes the badly-addressed envelope, turns it over and over, wondering, like the postman, who it can be from—then, seeing the postmark, tears it open—reads, and with every scrap of colour faded from her cheeks and lips, calls:

"Marie! find out for me when the next steamer leaves for Glasgow—Quick!—don't stand staring there; go, I say."

The French maid, scarcely understanding, is hesitating, but at the word "go!" turns and runs downstairs. She has scarcely done so ere she is frantically recalled by her young mistress.

"Help me to pack! I must go at once—at once," she utters breathlessly—pitching skirts, blouses, hats, boots, slippers, stockings, in a perfect avalanche to poor, bewildered Marie, who requires to exercise no little skill in order to dodge the high-heeled boots and slippers.

"This ravishing costume, Mademoiselle?" she enquires, commencing to fold up the lovely shimmering white ball dress, and very much astonished is she to find the ravishing costume twitched from her fingers and flung to the other side of the room, where it lay in a frothy heap.



"The tall, gaunt figure."

"Heavens!" mutters the maid, marvelling what had gone wrong with "Mees Carnegie," for Meg was usually pleasant and affable to the servants, and they all loved her.

"Take that hateful dress!" says Meg; adding, under her breath, "the dress I wore when I was base enough to promise to marry one man while I loved another, and that other I *know* has never in thought, word or deed swerved from me; how could I for a moment think so?" and she goes on throwing to the girl all she can quickly get out of the wardrobe, avoiding with a shudder anything belonging to the "trousseau."

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"M. Duchesney waits, Mademoiselle," repeats Marie a second time. She has a sincere admiration for the handsome Frenchman.

"Let him—but, no—here, give me my tea gown"—for Meg had been resting in her dressing gown this warm afternoon; and slipping on the soft, silky, amber-coloured *negligé* all ruffled with creamy lace, she runs swiftly downstairs and into the drawing-room. Not one glance in the glass had she taken—her hair is ruffled, her eyes shining with excitement and looking dark in contrast to the small, colourless face. The loose, flowing yellow gown, drawn in round the waist with fluttering golden cord and tassels clings softly, almost pathetically, to the slender figure—one of those indescribable works of art from a fashionable modiste which are easy and graceful, and yet fit perfectly.

M. Duchesney, in irreproachable dress and carefully-pointed beard, turns as she enters, twirls his waxed moustache, flicks a speck of dust from his coat sleeve with his perfumed handkerchief, and advances with outstretched hands, thinking how really charming his Scotch *fiancée* is looking, —almost a beauty, and quite a presentable Madame Duchesney.

As he advances Meg retreats, and pulling off the diamond hoop, her betrothal ring, she lays it on the table she has stopped beside.

"Why! what!"—he begins; but Meg makes a gesture for him to cease.

"This is your ring!" she says, speaking quickly, but distinctly, though her poor heart is beating wildly. "I give it back to you. I never really loved you, though I was wicked enough to take your gifts and promise to marry you."……

"You speak strangely, Mademoiselle. Do my feelings count not in this new arrangement?"……

"They do—they do. It is for your sake, as well as mine," cries Meg. "You remember that night at the concert?" Duchesney stiffly inclines his head. "Well, after that there was little need to speak. You must have known how it was with me."

"But, I—I—was told you wished to hold me to my bargain. Not so—not so; I see there has been a leetle misunderstanding all round," he rejoins. "You were indisposed after the concert. Mrs. Mackenzie did then tell me you had had a leetle *affaire* in your own country which had been off for some time Indeed, I think she implied that the young man had—had 'cried off'—yes, these were her words. It seems she was wrong. My heart has been at your feet since we met first, and it is thus you repay me."

"Ah! forgive, forgive me!" says Meg, and loyalty to her cousin seals her lips, though there is anger in his heart against her. "Everything has been wrong, but let there be no more deception between us. Let a final decision be come to *without interference*," drawing up her slight figure, "for what happiness could ever be ours if I still deceived myself and you?"

Meg draws further back as Duchesney again approaches her. "Take this," she adds, again holding out the glittering ring. "You do not mind very much. Keep it for someone more worthy of it than I. I am not worth crying over; besides, my heart has always, always belonged to another, and I have murdered him."

M. Duchesney, with one or two staccato bounds, at once widens the distance between them and keeps it. "Those small hands do not look murderous," he is thinking, "but still one never knows"

Meg, divining his thoughts, almost laughs as she reassures him by saying: "Oh! there is no blood on my hands. I just broke his heart, that was all. He ceased to write to me—I know not why. Something tells me there was a reason, and that made me angry, you see. You were always kind and generous to me. I liked you." Duchesney bows stiffly. "I was piqued at

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John's silence, and I accepted you; and he trusted me so—he trusted me so! And now he is dying, or dead, and that cruel ocean between us, so dark and cold. Oh! forgive me, please, and believe me by helping me to go to him. Ah! why did I come here—why did I? Only to work mischief. It is all my fault," and the tears are running down her cheeks, and passionate sobs are breaking from her as she holds her hands out beseechingly to Duchesney.

Real feeling begets real feeling, and Meg's some time lover clasps her hands in his, saying in an earnest, sincere voice, which is a little shaky, to tell the truth: "Compose yourself, dear Miss Carnegie; if you had never come, I would not have been taught by you what a most beautiful thing true love is. I used to fancy what you promised me never 'rang true'—but I could not tell, not knowing what I now know." A sob from Meg, who is crying quietly now. "If all Scottish hearts are as faithful as yours, then happy is the man who wins one for his own. We love, but with a difference."

"Faithful! No, no! I have been vain and silly, and the good things money can give tempted me; I was always mercenary. It is all my fault!" cries poor Meg. "Ingratitude for kindness has been my return—it is all my fault!"

"No, not all," says a voice; and it is Sally's. And then a graceful figure in a cool-looking and *chic* "get-up" of pale mauve (for becoming costumes, she confesses, are her strong point) moves across the polished floor, and puts her arm gently round her cousin, giving M. Duchesney a bright "good afternoon" in passing, and he thinks what a pretty picture they make, as the mauve and gold colours blend artistically together. Sally was really sorry for Meg's distress; but had her cousin worn a *blue* dressing gown, nothing, not even oceans of tears, would have induced her to fold her in her embrace. "Not all your fault," repeats Sally; "I plead guilty to valuing money, position, fine clothes, jewels, far more than a true and noble heart's devotion. I partly, *pour passer le temps*, turned matchmaker—tried to tempt Meg to jilt her Scotch lover because he could give her none of these advantages; and when I saw she was determined to remain true to him, for her good, as I thought, I wrote to him."

Meg starts violently, and, drawing away from her cousin, raises her head, fixing her soft eyes, with an eager, breathless look upon her face. "Ah!" she cries, her breath coming quick and fast—and then she waits. "I wrote to him," repeats Sally, "and the result was, he ceased writing—details are always tiresome. I did it for the best."

"Oh! Sally, Sally, how could you? I will never, never forgive you; it was wicked—dishonourable! And poor John, to mislead him so—and now—dead, perhaps! Ah! Sally, it was cruel kindness."

"Cruel fiddlesticks! You ought to feel very much indebted to me for all the trouble I've taken about you, you silly girl." But there is a rather suspicious tremor in Mrs. Mackenzie's voice which belies the off-hand speech, and the mauve and gold are close together again, and Sally is softly stroking poor Meg's down-bent brown head, upon which, all unknown to her, some glittering drops are falling. And now the dark-eyed cavalier of the picture moves into active life and joins the clinging figures.

"Compose yourself, dear Miss Carnegie, and we will assist you now. You wish to go to your friend—your lover? Well, I shall waste no time in seeing about the arrangements. Let us all forget what has passed. It was *pour passer le temps*, as Mrs. Mackenzie says. It is over. Let us be good comrades still, in the days to come. *Au revoir*," and with a wave of the hand and a smile Duchesney was gone

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—and Meg had never felt so near loving him as now. . . . . .

CHAPTER VIII.

In the twilight of a soft summer evening, somewhere about a fortnight later, a cab is driving quickly along Princes-St., Edinburgh, towards the west end—and the girl seated inside, dressed in grey homespun, and little felt hat with jaunty white wings at the side, feels her heart throb with a great gladness. Now they are passing "Sir Walter Scott's monument," and then the grim old Castle, which "stands upon a rock," frowns down upon her; but her heart is light, and she sends back a smile for the frown. An organ in Castle Street is playing "Home, Sweet Home," and Meg leans back with a restful feeling she has not felt for months.

Meg, arrived at the said gate, descended from her "kerridge," paid her fare, and tripped down the familiar lane still perfumed with wild roses and honeysuckle as it had been the day she left nearly a year ago.

"A year ago!" says she to herself, "it seems like ten. Anyway, I feel ten years older. Ah, Sandy, is that you? Gallant as ever!" For the old man's pipe is instantly shoved into his coat pocket, and, hat in hand, he stands with beaming face.

"I kent it; I kent it," he says, "for I dreamt I seed ye comin' doon the lane last nicht. An' it's a prood man I am the day, being the first to speer 'hoo's a' wi ye?'"

Meg shakes him vigorously by both hands. "Yes, I'm back. 'East or West, Home is best,' Sandy!"

"Aye, aye," says the gardener, "Ye're richt, only yince I thocht it wasna' when I broke the gudewife's best Cheeny teapot, an' she gaed me a bit o' her mind—puir Kirsty."

"Sandy, quick, tell me, how is *he?*"

The cunning old servant has his turn now. "An' hoo may ye be speerin' after? Oh, it's Maister Anderson is it? Weel, he's comin' round fine noo. He'd best look sharp; he's to be married soon."

"Married soon!—Mr. Anderson?" and something clutches at Meg's heart, and she turns away her face to hide its paleness, pulling a spray of honeysuckle from the hedge with her trembling hand, and holding it to her lips unsteadily.

"I am glad he is coming round, Sandy," she says. "I must go and congratulate him. Who—who is the lady?"

"The leddy, Miss, the leddy, weel, I'm thinkin' it should be piper's news tae ye Miss, for its naebody but yersel Mr. John 'll be going to marry—beggin' yer pardon for takin' the liberty tae say so." And Sandy chuckles to himself as he watches Miss Meg's hasty departure. "It's a' richt noo, an' 'twas my sendin' that billy-dux that did it." And the pipe comes out with a gratified flourish, and a "prood" man proceeded to fill and smoke it.

And the young "leddy" sped nimbly on—on. Opening the back gate she steals softly through the well-stocked kitchen garden. Betsy, happily, is nowhere to be seen, so she continues her way uninterrupted. Through the pantry and then along the passage to the pretty, home-like drawing-room with all its knick-knacks—the globe of gold fish, the old-fashioned bookcase, with the Waverley novels on the lowest shelf; and there is the black cat purring away on the big, shabby arm-chair which had been her grandfather's.

It is the "gloaming," and a soft, half light fills the room. The perfume of roses floats in at the open window, and one taller than the others is looking in at a long-legged specimen of humanity in flannels, who is lounging back on a low couch, a "tonicy-" looking bottle and carafe of water on a small table at his side. A vase of pale green glass filled with Marguerites keeps them company. He seems dozing. The evening paper has fallen

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to the floor. His eyes open. Meg draws further into the shadow. How thin his face—how thin—but sun-tanned and healthy-looking also. She can see the blue veins in his hands, they are so white. As he stretches one out towards the vase and selects one of the largest daisies—a faint, sad smile flits over his face.

The breeze seems to have died away. It is very still everywhere, except for a voice in the distance singing rather out of tune, "When the Kye come Hame."

"A little, passionately; not at all," says John. "A little, passionately; not at all. A little, passionately——"

"Always, always and forever. John, John! My own true love! It is I, Meg, your Meg, and all my heart is yours."

And then there is a silence more eloquent than words. And one star comes out and twinkles down upon them, and a little breeze gets up, and the rose nods its pretty head in a friendly way at them as if well pleased, and the old black cat blinks at them but they seem oblivious to all but the fact that they are together once more.

"Dear heart, my Marguerite, you are happy and content?" asks John, for the fiftieth time. And Meg looks up at him with a smile and a tear, saying, "I, Meg Carnegie, do swear by this little turquoise ring and by yonder moon that I am truly happy and content forever in the love of 'John Anderson, my Jo'."

Jetna.

LONGFELLOW.

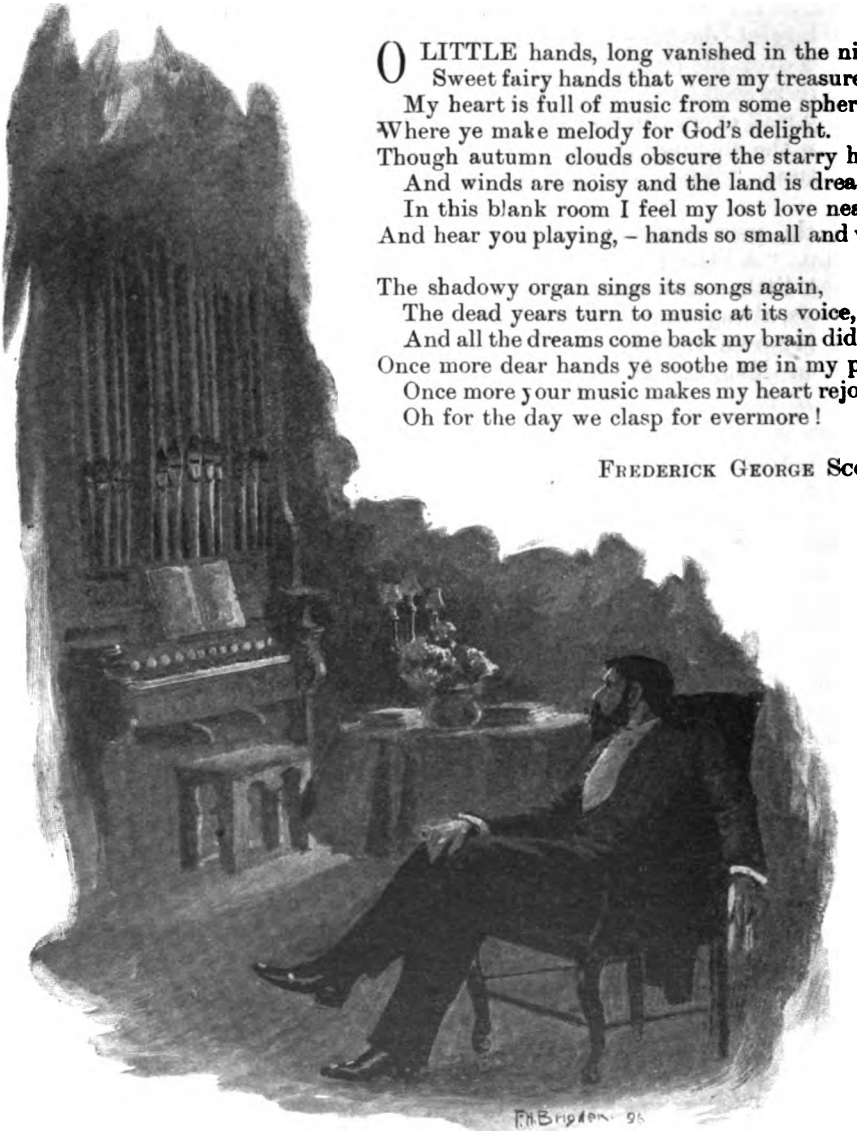
HERE, where the sunbeams steep the meadows wide
Of quaint Grand Pré, I stand where he *did* stand,
Watching the ancient dykes that keep the tide
From creeping stealthily upon the land,
Watching the willows, all so gnarled and old,
Watching the shimm'ring light that loves to play
On Minas Basin—and the mists that fold
About old Blomidon, so gaunt and grey.
Acadia, you owe a debt to him
Who sings of you, in notes so sweet and strong
That hearts must thrill, and eyes grow soft and dim,
The while rings through the world that wondrous song.

What though upon his grave the grass is green?
He cannot die who wrote Evangeline.

JEAN BLEWETT.

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AT NIGHTFALL.

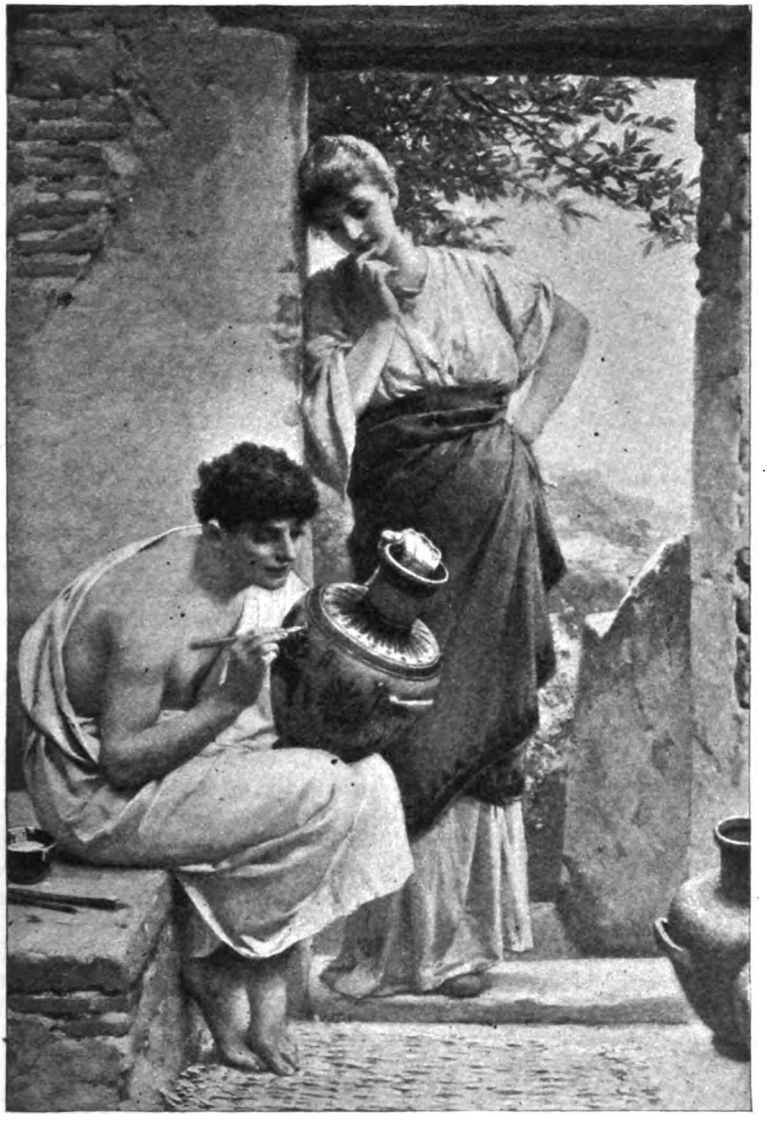


O LITTLE hands, long vanished in the night—
Sweet fairy hands that were my treasure here,
My heart is full of music from some sphere
Where ye make melody for God's delight.
Though autumn clouds obscure the starry height,
And winds are noisy and the land is drear,
In this blank room I feel my lost love near,
And hear you playing, – hands so small and white.

The shadowy organ sings its songs again,
The dead years turn to music at its voice,
And all the dreams come back my brain did store.
Once more dear hands ye soothe me in my pain,
Once more your music makes my heart rejoice,—
Oh for the day we clasp for evermore!

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

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FROM A PAINTING.

THE ARTIST AND HIS CRITIC.

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THE whole unfortunate business was brought about by the abominable behaviour of Mrs. VanSawder's electric lights.

We were all sitting at dessert, very fashionable, very well behaved and very dull. The anxiety of Mrs. VanSawder about her dinners invariably infected her guests, and we were, I think, unfeignedly relieved that the footman had steered clear of disastrous breakers, and the cook safely navigated us to our present port.

On one side of me sat Miss Sperring—a mere shadow in the prevailing gloom; but on the other was Bridget. Bridget is—well, just Bridget, and I should have been more than content with my geographical position at the table, if it had not been that the Other Fellow sat on her left hand. Bridget was charming to us both; she has just that fascinatingly shy manner which can only be successfully assumed by persons of irreproachable breeding, who have been through two seasons at least.

I had made up my mind to propose; so, I felt convinced, had the Other Fellow. There was not a moment to be lost; still, I fancied she would not be pleased if I asked her at the table. How should it be done? I stared abstractedly at the Man Opposite, lost in thought. Suddenly I became aware that the Man Opposite was smiling at Bridget. I turned fiercely; she was poising a morsel of peach on the end of her fork, and listening with large-eyed, innocent sympathy, to some thing the Other Fellow was saying.

Suddenly the lights went out—abruptly, completely, without even a preliminary flicker. Somebody gasped, someone else's fruit-knife dropped with a clatter, and there was a slight clink of glass. Then dead silence and thick, velvety darkness.

I seized my opportunity. I do not attempt to excuse myself; any man with Bridget next him would have done the same thing.

I leaned slightly toward the left; my moustache brushed a cheek not a hundred miles away from my own; I kissed it; I whispered "Darling," and the lights flashed up again.

I did not dare to look at her; I occupied myself in soothing Miss Sperring's maiden fears. When I did steal a side glance in the other direction Bridget was leaning back in her chair,

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scarlet from brow to chin; her shoulders were heaving under their satin band. The Other Fellow had nearly turned his back on her.

How would she take it? Suddenly she turned to me and smiled shyly. My heart leaped.

"You got it?" I said rather incoherently.

"Yes," she murmured. "I am so glad; but it was rather embarrassing!"

"Suppose the lights had not gone out!" I said.

"I should have got it afterwards," she answered, with a little bewitching tilt of her chin; "Shouldn't I?"

"I should have taken care of that," I said.

Then the Other Fellow struck in, and I fell into a blissful silence. Presently Mrs. VanSawder "picked up the eyes," and the ladies drifted on billows of silk out of the room.

When we followed them, the Other Fellow got to the drawing-room first, and marched—confound his cheek!—straight to the cushioned window seat where Bridget was waiting for Me.

"My dear fellow," I said, tapping him on the shoulder, just as he was about to gather up his coat tails, "I know you will forgive me if I ask you to leave Bridget and me to a little *tête-a-tête*. I have something very special to say to her."

"Well, upon my word, I like that," he cried wrathfully; "suppose I have something very special to say myself?"

"There, there," I replied soothingly, "of course you don't understand. It only happened when the lights went out."

I looked at Bridget and smiled. She returned an uncomprehending stare. The Other Fellow looked at her and smiled, and she stared at him.

"Bridget!" I cried, "tell him to go away; you know I have a right to—"

"Bridget," interrupted the Other Fellow, "didn't you give me a——"

"Bridget, where were you when—"

"Bridget, didn't you call me a dar——"

Our voices were attracting attention; the Man Opposite strolled up.

"What's all this?" he said curiously.

"Ask her what happened when the lights went out," I said angrily. "Ask her where she was."

All looked at Bridget. She was crimson.

"I haven't the faintest idea what this extraordinary conduct means," she said deliberately. "As for my whereabouts—if you must know—*I was under the table!*"

"Under the table!" we all echoed in stupefaction.

Bridget looked down. "I have a stupid fashion of kicking off my slipper at dinner; to-night I couldn't find it, and when the lights went out it seemed such a good opportunity that I slipped down——"

I turned to the Other Fellow. He was almost white. I felt pale.

We both laughed a little, and it was the Man Opposite who sat down in the window seat.

Kathleen F. M. Sullivan.



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KATE CARNEGIE.*

BY IAN MACLAREN, AUTHOR OF "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH" AND "IN THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE."

CHAPTER XXI.

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.

THE Rabbi had been careful to send an abstract of his speech to Carmichael, with a letter enough to melt the heart even of a self-sufficient young clerical, and Carmichael had considered how he should bear himself at the Presbytery. His intention had been to meet the Rabbi with public cordiality and escort him to a seat, so that all men should see that he was too magnanimous to be offended by this latest eccentricity of their friend. This calculated plan was upset by the Rabbi coming in late and taking the first seat that offered, and when he would have gone afterward to thank him for his generosity the Rabbi had disappeared. It was evident that the old man's love was as deep as ever, but that he was much hurt and would not risk another repulse. Very likely he had walked in from Kilbogie, perhaps without breakfast, and had now started to return to his cheerless manse. It was a wetting spring rain, and he remembered that the Rabbi had no coat. A fit of remorse overtook Carmichael, and he scoured the streets of Muirtown to find the Rabbi, imagining deeds of attention—how he would capture him unawares mooning along some side street hopelessly astray; how he would accuse him of characteristic cunning and deep plotting; how he would carry him by force to the Kilspindie Arms and insist upon their dining in state; how the Rabbi would wish to discharge the account and find twopence in his pockets—having given all his silver to an Irish Presbyterian minister stranded in Muirtown through peculiar circumstances; how he would speak gravely to the Rabbi on the lack of common honesty, and threaten a real prosecution, when the charge would be "obtaining a dinner on false pretences"; how they would journey to Kildrummie in high content, and—the engine having whistled for a dogcart—they would drive to Drumtochty manse, the sun shining through the rain as they entered the garden; how he would compass the Rabbi with observances, and the old man would sit again in the big chair full of joy and peace. Ah, the kindly jests that have not come off in life, the gracious deeds that never were done, the reparations that were too late! When Carmichael reached the station the Rabbi was already half way to Kilbogie, trudging along wet and weary and very sad, because although he had obeyed his

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conscience at a cost, it seemed to him as if he had simply alienated the boy whom God had given him for a son in his old age, for even the guileless Rabbi suspected that the ecclesiastics considered his action foolishness and of no service to the Church of God. Barbara's language on his arrival was vituperative to a degree; she gave him food grudgingly, and when, in the early morning, he fell asleep over an open Father, he was repeating Carmichael's name, and the thick old paper was soaked with tears.

His nemesis seized Carmichael so soon as he reached the Dunleith train in the shape of the Free Kirk minister of Kildrummie, who had purchased six pounds of prize seed potatoes and was carrying the treasure home in a paper bag. This bag had done after its kind, and as the distinguished agriculturist had not seen his feet for years, and could only have stooped at the risk of apoplexy, he watched the dispersion of his potatoes with dismay, and hailed the arrival of Carmichael with exclamations of thankfulness. It is wonderful over what an area six pounds of (prize) potatoes can deploy on a railway platform, and how the feet of passengers will carry them unto far distances. Some might never have been restored to the bag had it not been for Kildrummie's comprehensive eye and the physical skill with which he guided Carmichael, till even prodigals that had strayed over to the neighbourhood of the Aberdeen express were restored to the extemporised fold in the minister's top coat pockets. Carmichael had knelt on that very platform six months or so before, but then he stooped in the service of two most agreeable dogs, and under the approving eyes of Miss Carnegie; that was a different experience from hunting after single potatoes on all fours among the feet of unsympathetic passengers, and being prodded to duty by the umbrella of an obese Free Kirk minister. As a reward for this service of the aged, he was obliged to travel to Kildrummie with his neighbour—in whom for the native humour that was in him he had often rejoiced, but whose company was not congenial that day—and Kildrummie laid himself out for a pleasant talk. After the sorts had been secured and their pedigree stated, Kildrummie fell back on the proceedings of Presbytery, expressing much admiration for the guidance of Doctor Dowbiggin and denouncing Saunderson as "fair dottle," in proof of which judgment Kildrummie adduced the fact that the Rabbi had allowed a very happily situated pigsty to sink into ruin. Kildrummie, still in search of agreeable themes to pass the time, mentioned a pleasant tale he had gathered at the seed shop.

"Yir neebur upbye, the General's



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dochter, is cairryin' on an awfu' rig the noo at the Castle"—Kildrummie fell into dialect in private life, often with much richness—"an' the sough o' her ongaeins hes come the length o' Muirtown. The place is foo' o' men—tae say naethin' o' weemin; but it's little she hes tae dae wi' them or them wi' her—officers frae Edinburgh an' writin' men frae London, as weel as half-a-dozen coonty birkies."

"Well?" said Carmichael, despising himself for his curiosity.

"She hes a wy, there's nae doot o' that, an' gin the trimmie hesna turned the heads o' half the men in the Castle, till they say she hes the pick of twa lords, five honourables, and a poet. But the lassie kens what's what; it's Lord Hay she's settin' her cap for, an' as sure as ye' sittin' there, Drum, she 'ill hae him.

"My word"—and Kildrummie pursued his way—"it 'ill be a match, the dochter o' a puir Hielant laird, wi' naethin' but his half pay and a few pounds frae a fairm or twa. She's a clever ane: French songs, dancin'; shootin', ridin', actin', there's nae deevilry that's beyond her. They say upbye that she's been a bonnie handfu' tae her father—General though he be—an' a' peety her man."

"They say a lot of . . . lies, and I don't see what call a minister has to slander," and then Carmichael saw the folly of quarrelling with a veteran gossip over a young woman that would have nothing to say to him. What two Free Kirk ministers or their people thought of her would never affect Miss Carnegie.

"Truth's nae slander," and Kildrummie watched Carmichael with relish; "a' thocht ye wud hae got a taste o' her in the Glen. Didna a' hear frae Piggie Walker that ye ca'd her Jezebel frae yir ain pulpit, an' that ma lady whuppit out o' the kirk in the middle o' the sermon?"

"I did nothing of the kind, and Walker is a . . ."

"Piggie's no very particular at a time," admitted Kildrummie; "maybe it's a make-up the story about Miss Carnegie an' yirsel'.

"Accordin' tae the wratch," for Carmichael would deign no reply," she wes threatenin, tae mak a fule o' the Free Kirk minister o' Drumtochty juist for practice, but a' said, 'Na na, Piggie, Maister Carmichael is ower quiet and sensible a lad. He kens as weel as anybody that a Carnegie wud never dae for a minister's wife. Gin ye saie a Bailie's dochter frae Muirtown 'at hes some money comin' tae her and kens the principles o' the Free Kirk.'

"Noo a' can speak frae experience, having been terrible fortunate wi' a' ma wives . . . . Ye 'ill come up tae tea; we killed a pig yesterday, an . . . Weel, weel, a wilfu' man maun hae his wy," and Carmichael, as he made his way up the hill, felt that the hand of Providence was heavy upon him, and that any high-mindedness was being severely chastened.

Two days Carmichael tramped the moors, returning each evening wet, weary, hungry, to sleep ten hours without turning, and on the morning of the third day he came down in such heart that Sarah wondered whether he could have received a letter by special messenger; and he congratulated himself, as he walked round his garden, that he had overcome by sheer will-power the first real infatuation of his life. He was so lifted above all sentiment as to review his temporary folly from the bare, serene heights of common sense. Miss Carnegie was certainly not an heiress, and she was a young woman of very decided character, but her blood was better than the Hays', and she was . . . attractive—yes, attractive. Most likely she was engaged to Lord Hay, or if he did not please her—she was . . . whimsical and . . . self-willed—there was Lord Invermay's son. Fancy Kate . . . Miss Carnegie in a Free Kirk manse—Kildrummie was a very . . . homely old man, but he

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touched the point there—receiving Doctor Dowbiggin with becoming ceremony and hearing him on the payment of probationers, or taking tea at Kildrummie manse—where he had, however, feasted royally many a time after the Presbytery, but . . . This daughter of a Jacobite house, and brought up amid the romance of war, settling down in the narrowest circle of Scottish life—as soon imagine an eagle domesticated among barn-door poultry. This image amused Carmichael so much that he could have laughed aloud, but . . . the village might have heard him. He only stretched himself like one awaking, and felt so strong that he resolved to drop in on Janet to see how it fared with the old woman and . . . to have Miss Carnegie's engagement confirmed. The Carnegies might return any day from the South, and it would be well that he should know how to meet them.

"You will be hearing that they hef come back to the Lodge yesterday morning, and it iss myself that will be glad to see Miss Kate again; and very pretty iss she looking, with beautiful dresses and bonnets, for I hef seen them all, maybe twelve or ten.

"Oh yes, my dear, Donald will be talking about her marriage to Lord Kilspindie's son, who iss a very handsome young man and good at the shooting; and he will be blowing that they will live at the Lodge in great state, with many gillies and a piper.

"No, it iss not Janet Macpherson, my dear, that will be believing Donald Cameron, or any Cameron—although I am not saying that the Camerons are not men of their hands—for Donald will be always making great stories and telling me wonderful things. He wass a brave man in the battle, and iss very clever at the doctrine, too, and will be strong against human himes (hymns), but he iss a most awful liar iss Donald Cameron, and you must not be believing a word that comes out of his mouth.

"She will be asking many questions in her room as soon as Donald had brought up her boxes and the door was shut. Some will be about the Glen, and some about the garden, and some will be about people—whether you ever will be visiting me, and whether you asked for her after the day she left the kirk. But I will say, 'No; Mister Carmichael does not speak about anything but the religion when he comes to my cottage.'

"That iss nothing. I will be saying more, that I am hearing that the minister is to be married to a fery rich young lady in Muirtown who hass been courting him for two years, and that her father will be giving the minister twenty thousand pounds the day they are married. And I will say that she is very beautiful, with blue eyes and gold hair, and that her temper is so sweet they are calling her the Angel of Muirtown.

"Toot, toot, my dear, you are not to be speaking about lies, for that is not a pretty word among friends, and you will not be meddling with me, for you will be better at the preaching and the singing than dealing with women. It is not good to be making yourself too common, and Miss Kate will be thinking the more of you if you be holding your head high and letting her see that you are not a poor lowland body, but a Farquharson by your mother's side, and maybe of the chief's blood, though twenty or fifteen times removed.

"She will be very pleased to hear such good news of you, and be saying that it iss a mercy you are getting somebody to dress you properly. But her temper will not be at all good, and I did not ask her about Lord Hay, and she said nothing to me, nor about any other lord. It iss not often I hef seen as great a liar as Donald Cameron.

"Last evening Miss Kate will come down before dinner and talk about many things, and then she will say at the door, 'Donald tells me that Mister Carmichael does not believe in the

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"Ah, he's in, but ye canna see him."

Bible, and that his minister, Doctor Saunderson, has cast him off, and that he has been punished by his bishop or somebody at Muirtown.'

"'Donald will be knowing more doctrine and telling more lies every month,' I said to her. 'Doctor Saunderson—who is a very fine preacher and can put the fear of God upon the people most wonderful—and our minister had a little feud, and they will fight it out before some chiefs at Muirtown like gentleman, and now they are good friends again.'

"Miss Kate has gone off for a long walk, and I am not saying but she will be calling at Kilbogie Manse before she comes back. She is very fond of Doctor Saunderson, and maybe he will be telling her of the feud. It iss more than an hour through the woods to Kilbogie," concluded Janet, "but you will be having a glass of milk first."

Kate reviewed her reasons for the expedition to Kilbogie, and settled that they were the pleasures of a walk through Tochty woods when the spring flowers were in their glory, and a vist to one of the dearest curiosities she had ever seen. It was within the bounds of possibility that Doctor Saunderson might refer to his friend, but on her part she would certainly not refer to the Free Church minister of Drumtochty. Her reception by that conscientious professor Barbara could not be called encouraging.

"Ay, he's in, but ye canna see him, for he's in his bed, an' gin he disna mend faster than he wes daein' the last time a' gied him a cry, he's no like tae be in the pulpit on Sabbath. A' wes juist thinkin' he wudna be the waur o' a doctor."

"Do you mean to say that Doctor Saunderson is lying ill and no one nursing him?" and Kate eyed the housekeeper in a very unappreciative fashion.

"Gin he wants a nurse, she 'ill hae tae be brocht frae Muirtown Infirmary, for a've eneuch withoot ony fyke (delicate work) a' that kind. For twal year hev a' been hoosekeeper in this manse, an' gin it hedna been

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for peety a' wud hae flung up the place.

"Ye never cud tell when he wud come in, or when he wud gae oot, or what he wud be wantin' next. A' the waufies in the countryside come here, and the best in the hoose is no gude eneuch for them. He's been an awfu' handfu' tae me, an' noo a' coont him clean dottle (silly). But we maun juist bear oor burdens," concluded Barbara piously, and proposed to close the door.

"Your master will not want a nurse a minute longer; show me his room at once," and Kate was so commanding that Barbara's courage began to fail.

"Who may ye be?" raising her voice to rally her heart, "'at wud take chairage o' a strainger in his ain hoose an' no sae muckle as ask leave?"

"I am Miss Carnegie, of Tochty Lodge; will you stand out of my way?" and Kate swept past Barbara and went upstairs.

"Weel, a' declare," as soon as she had recovered, "of a' the impident hizzies," but Barbara did not follow the intruder upstairs.

Kate had seen various curious hospitals in her day, and had nursed many sick men—like the brave girl she was—but the Rabbi's room was something quite new. His favourite books had been gathering there for years, and now lined two walls and overhung the bed after a very perilous fashion, and had dispossessed the looking-glass—which had become a nomad and was at present resting insecurely on John Owen—and stood in banks round the bed. During his few days of illness the Rabbi had accumulated so many volumes round him that he lay in a kind of tunnel, arched over, as it were, with literature. He had been reading Calvin's Commentary on the Psalms, in Latin, and it still lay open at the 88th, the saddest of all songs in the Psalter; but as he grew weaker the heavy folio had slid forward, and he seemed to be feeling for it. Although Kate spoke to him by name, he did not know any one was in the room. "Lord, why castest Thou off my soul? . . . I suffer Thy terror, I am distracted . . . fierce wrath goeth over me . . . lover and friend hast Thou put far from me . . . friend far from me."

His head fell on his breast, his breath was short and rapid, and he coughed every few seconds.

"My friend far from me. . . ."

At the sorrow in his voice and the thing which he said the tears came to Kate's eyes, and she went forward and spoke to him very gently. "Do you know me, Dr. Saunderson, Miss Carnegie?"

"Not Saunderson . . . Magor Missabib."

"Rabbi, Rabbi"—so much she knew; and now Kate stroked the bent white head. "Your friend, Mister Carmichael. . . ."

"Yes, yes"—he now looked up and spoke eagerly—"John Carmichael, of Drumtochty . . . my friend in my old age . . . and others . . . my boys . . . but John has left me . . . he would not speak to me . . . I am alone now . . . he did not understand . . . mine acquaintance into darkness . . . here we see in a glass darkly . . . (he turned aside to expound the Greek word for darkly), but some day . . . face to face." And twice he said it, with an indescribable sweetness, "face to face."

Kate hurriedly removed the books from the bed and wrapped round his shoulders the old grey plaid that had eked out his covering at night, and then she went downstairs.

"Bring," she said to Barbara, "hot water, soap, towels, and a sponge to Doctor Saunderson's bedroom, immediately."

"And gin a' dinna?" inquired Barbara, aggresively.

"I'll shoot you where you stand."

Barbara shows to her cronies how Miss Carnegie drew a pistol from her pocket at this point and held it to her

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head, and how at every turn the pistol was again in evidence; sometimes a dagger is thrown in, but that is only late in the evening when Barbara is under the influence of tonics. Kate herself admits that if she had had her little revolver with her she might have been tempted to outline the housekeeper's face on the wall, and she still thinks her threat an inspiration.

"Now," said Kate, when Barbara had brought her commands in with incredible celerity, "bring up some fresh milk and three glasses of whisky."

"Whisky!" Barbara could hardly compass the unfamiliar word. "The Doctor never hed sic a thing in the hoose, although mony a time, puir man . . ." Discipline was softening even that austere spirit.

"No, but you have, for you are blowing a full gale just now; bring up your private bottle, or I'll go down for it.

"There's enough," holding the bottle to the light, "to do till evening; go to the next farm and send a man on horseback to tell Mr. Carmichael, of Drumtochty, that Doctor Saunderson is dying, and another for Doctor Manley, of Muirtown."

Very tenderly did Kate sponge the Rabbi's face and hands, and then she dressed his hair, till at length he came to himself.

"This ministry is . . . grateful to me, Barbara . . . my strength has gone from me . . . but my eyes fail me. . . . Of a verity you are not . . ."

"I am Kate Carnegie, whom you were so kind to at Tochty. Will you let me be your nurse? I learned in India, and know what to do." It was only wounded soldiers who knew how soft her voice could be, and hands.

"It is I that . . . should be serving you . . . the first time you have come to the manse . . . no woman has ever done me . . . such kindness before . . ." He followed her as she tried to bring some order out of chaos, and knew not that he spake aloud. "A gracious maid . . . above rubies."

His breathing was growing worse, in spite of many wise things she did for him—Dr. Manley, who paid no compliments, but was a strength unto every country doctor in Perthshire, praises Kate unto this day—and the Rabbi did not care to speak. So she sat down by his side and read to him from the "Pilgrim's Progress"—holding his hand all the time—and the passage he desired was the story of Mr. Fearing.

"This I took very great notice of, that the valley of the shadow of Death was as quiet while he went through it as ever I knew it before or since. I suppose these enemies here had now a special check from our Lord and a command not to meddle until Mr. Fearing was passed over it. . . . Here, also, I took notice of what was very remarkable: the water of that river was lower at this time than ever I saw it in all my life. So he went over at last, not much above wet-shod. When he was going up to the gate . . . ."

The Rabbi listened for an instant.

"It is John's step . . . he hath a sound of his own . . . my only earthly desire is fulfilled."

"Rabbi," cried Carmichael, and, half kneeling, he threw one arm round the old man, "say that you forgive me. I looked for you everywhere on Monday, but you could not be found."

"Did you think, John, that I . . . my will was to do you an injury or . . . vex your soul? Many trials in my life . . . all God's will . . . but this hardest . . . when I lost you . . . nothing left here . . . but you . . .—my breath is bad, a little chill—. . . understand. . . ."

"I always did, and I never respected you more; it was my foolish pride that made me call you Doctor Saunderson in the study; but my love was the same, and now you will let me stay and wait on you."

The old man smiled sadly, and laid his hand on his boy's head.

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"I cannot let you . . . go, John, my son."

"Go and leave you, Rabbi!" Carmichael tried to laugh. "Not till you are ready to appear at the Presbytery again. We 'ill send Barbara away for a holiday, and Sarah will take her place—you remember that cream—and we shall have a royal time, a meal every four hours, Rabbi, and the Fathers in between," and Carmichael, springing to his feet and turning round to hide his tears, came face to face with Miss Carnegie, who had been unable to escape from the room.

"I happened to call"—Kate was quite calm—"and found Doctor Saunderson in bed; so I stayed till some friend should come; you must have met the messenger I sent for you."

"Yes, a mile from the manse; I was on my way. . . . Janet said . . . but I . . . did not remember anything when I saw the Rabbi."

"Will you take a little milk again . . . Rabbi?" and at her bidding and the name he made a brave effort to swallow, but he was plainly sinking.

"No more," he whispered; "thank you . . . for service . . . to a lonely man; may God bless you . . . both . . ." He signed for her hand, which he kept to the end.

"Satisfied . . . read, John . . . the woman from coasts of—of——"

"I know, Rabbi," and, kneeling on the other side of the bed, he read the story slowly of a Tyrian woman's faith.

"It is not meet to take the children's meat and cast it to dogs."

"Dogs"—they heard the Rabbi appropriate his name—"outside . . . the covenant."

"And she said, Truth, Lord, yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table."

"Lord, I believe . . . help mine . . . unbelief."

He then fell into an agony of soul, during which Carmichael could hear: "Though . . . He slay . . . me . . . yet will I trust . . . trust . . . in Him." He drew two or three long breaths and was still. After a little he was heard again with a new note —"Not put to confusion . . . nor break the bruised reed." Then he opened his eyes and raised his head, and said, in a clear voice full of joy, "My Lord, and my God."

It was Kate that closed his eyes and laid the old scholar's head on the pillow, and then she left the room, casting one swift glance of pity at Carmichael, who was weeping bitterly and crying between the sobs, "Rabbi, Rabbi."

CHAPTER XXII.

WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT REPROACH.

DOCTOR DAVIDSON allowed himself, in later years, the pleasant luxury of an after-luncheon nap, and then it was his habit—weather permitting—to go out and meet Posty, who adhered so closely to his time-table—notwithstanding certain wayside rests—that the Doctor's dog knew his hour of arrival, and saw that his



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master was on the road in time. It was a fine April morning when the news of the great disaster came, and the Doctor felt the stirring of spring in his blood. On the first hint from Skye he sprang from his chair, declaring it was a sin to be in the house on such a day, and went out in such haste that he had to return for his hat. As he went up the walk, the Doctor plucked some early lilies and placed them in his coat; he threw so many stones that Skye forgot his habit of body and ecclesiastical position; and he was altogether so youthful and frolicsome that John was seriously alarmed, and afterwards remarked to Rebecca that he was not unprepared for calamity.

"The best o's tempts Providence at a time, and when a man like the Doctor tries tae rin aifter his dog jidgment canna be far off. A'm no sayin'," John concluded, with characteristic modesty, "that onybody cud tell what was coming, but a' jaloused there wud be tribble."

The Doctor met Posty in the avenue, the finest bit on our main road, where the road has wide margins of grass on either side, and the two rows of tall, ancient trees arch their branches overhead. Some day in the past it had been part of the approach to the house of Tochty, and under this long, green arch the Jacobite cavaliers rode away after black John Carnegie's burial. No one could stand beneath those stately trees without thinking of the former days when men fought, not for money and an easy life, but for loyalty and love; and in this place the minister of Drumtochty received his evil tidings like a brave gentleman who does not lose heart while honour is left. During his years in the Glen he had carried himself well, with dignity and charity, in peace and kindliness, so that now when he is dead and gone—the last of his family—he still remains to many of us a type of the country clergyman that is no longer found in Scotland, but is greatly missed. It seemed, however, to many of us—I have heard both Drumsheugh and Burnbrae say this, each in his own way—that it needed adversity to bring out the greatness of the Doctor, just as frost gives the last touch of ripeness to certain fruits.

"Fower letters the day, Doctor, ane frae Dunleith, ane frae Glasgie, another frae Edinburgh, and the fourth no clean stampit, so a' can say naethin' aboot it. Twa circulars an' the *Caledonian* maks up the hale hypothic" (complete stock).

Posty buckled and adjusted his bag, and made as though he was going, but he loitered to give opportunity for any questions the Doctor might wish to ask on foreign affairs. For Posty was not merely the carrier of letters to the Glen but a scout who was sent down to collect information regarding the affairs of the outer world. He was an introduction and running commentary on the weekly paper. By-and-by, when the labour of the day was done, and the Glen was full of sweet, soft light from the sides of Ben Urtach, a farmer would make for his favourite seat beside the white rose tree in the garden, and take his first dip into the *Muirtown Advertiser*. It was a full and satisfying paper, with its agricultural advertisements, its roups reported with an accuracy of detail that condescended on a solitary stirk, its local intelligence, its facetious anecdotes. Through this familiar country the goodman found his own way at a rate which allowed him to complete the survey in six days. Foreign telegrams, however, and political intelligence, as well as the turmoil of the great cities, were strange to him, and here he greatly valued Posty's laconic hints, who, visiting the frontier, was supposed to be in communication with those centres. "Posty says that the Afghans are no makin' muckle o' the war," and Hillocks would sally forth to enjoy Sir Frederick Roberts' great march, line by line, afterward enlarging thereon with much unction, and laying up

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a store of allusion that would last for many days.

Persons raised to the height of a daily newspaper like the minister might be supposed independent of Posty's precis, but even Dr. Davidson, with that day's *Caledonian* in his hand, still availed himself of the spoken word.

"Well, Posty, any news this morning?"

"Naethin', Doctor, worth mentionin', except the failure o' a company, Gleisgie wy; it's been rotten, a' wes hearin', for a while,' and noo it's a fair stramash. They say it 'ill no be lichtsome for weedows an' mony decent fouk in Scotland."

"That's bad news, Posty. There's too many of these swindling concerns in the country. People ought to take care where they place their savings, and keep to old-established institutions. We're pretty hard-headed up here, and I'll wager that nobody in the Glen has lost a penny in any of those new-fangled companies."

"The auld folk in Drumtochty pit their siller in a pock an' hode it ablow their beds, an', ma certes, that bank didna break;" and Posty went along the avenue, his very back suggestive of a past, cautious, unenterprising, safe and honest.

The Doctor glanced at the envelopes and thrust the letters into his pocket. His good nature was touched at the thought of another financial disaster, by which many hard-working people would lose their little savings, and all the more that he had some of his private means invested in a Glasgow bank—one of those tried and powerful institutions which was indifferent to every crisis in trade. Already he anticipated an appeal, and considered what he would give, for it did not matter whether it was a coal-pit explosion in Lanarkshire, or a loss of fishing boats in the Moray Firth, if widows needed help the Doctor's guinea was on its way within four-and-twenty hours. Some forms of religious philanthropy had very little hold on the Doctor's sympathy—one of the religious prints mentioned him freely as a Unitarian, because he had spoken unkindly of the Jewish mission—but in the matter of widows and orphans he was a specialist.

"Widows, Posty said; poor things! and very likely bairns. Well, well, we 'ill see what can be done out of Daisy's fund."

Very unlikely people have their whims, and it was his humour to assign one fourth of his income to his little sister, who was to have kept house for him, and "never to leave you, Sandie," and out of this fund the Doctor did his public charities. "In memory of a little maid" appeared in various subscription-lists; but the reference thereof was only known after the Doctor's death.

"The Western Counties Bank did not open its doors yesterday, and it was officially announced at the head office, Glasgow, that the bank had stopped. It is impossible as yet to forecast the debts, but they are known to be enormous, and as the bank is not limited, it is feared that the consequences to the shareholders will be very serious. This failure was quite unexpected, the Western Counties Bank having been looked on as a prosperous and stable concern."

He read the paragraph twice word by word—it did not take long—he folded the paper carefully and put it in his pocket, and he stood in the spot for five minutes to take in the meaning in its length and breadth. A pleasant spring sun was shining upon him through a break in the leafy arch, a handful of primroses were blooming at his feet, a lark was singing in the neighbouring field. Sometimes the Doctor used to speculate how he would have liked being a poor man, and he concluded that he would have disliked it very much. He had never been rich, and he was not given to extravagance, but he was accustomed to easy circumstances, and he

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"To put flowers on his grave"

pitied some of his old friends who had seen it their duty to secede at the Disruption, and had to practise many little economies, who travelled third class and had to walk from the station, and could not offer their friends a glass of wine. This was the way he must live now, and Daisy's fund would have to be closed, which seemed to him now the sweetest pleasure of his life.

"And Jack! Would to God I had never mentioned this wretched bank to him. Poor Jack, with the few hundreds he had saved for Kit!"

For some five minutes more the Doctor stood in the place; then he straightened himself as one who, come what may, would play the man, and when he passed Janet's cottage, on his way to the Lodge, that honest admirer of able-bodied, good-looking men came out and followed him with her eyes for the sight of his firm, unbroken carriage.

"Miss Kate will be grieving very much about Dr. Saunderson's death," Donald explained at the Lodge, "and she went down this afternoon with the General to put flowers on his grave; but they will be coming back every minute," and the Doctor met them at the Beeches.

"May I have as fair hands to decorate my grave, Miss Catherine Carnegie," and the Doctor bowed gallantly; "but of one thing I am sure, I have done nothing to deserve it. Saunderson was a scholar of the ancient kind, and a very fine spirit."

"Don't you think," said Kate, "that he was . . . like A'Kempis, I mean, and George Herbert, a kind of . . . saint?".

"Altogether one, I should say. I don't think he would have known port wine from sherry, or an *entrée* from a mutton chop; beside a man like that what worldly fellows you and I are, Jack, and mine is the greater shame."

"I'll have no comparisons, Padre," —Kate was a little puzzled by the tone in the Doctor's voice; "he was so good that I loved him; but there are some points in the General and you, quite nice points, and for the sake of them you shall have afternoon tea in my room," where the Doctor and General

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fell on former days and were wonderful company.

"It's not really about the road I wish to talk to you," and the Doctor closed the door of the General's den, "but about . . . a terrible calamity that has befallen you and me, Jack, and I am to blame."

"What is it?" and Carnegie sat erect; "does it touch our name or . . . Kate?"

"Neither, thank God," said Davidson.

"Then it cannot be so very bad. Let us have it at once," and the General lighted a cheroot.

"Our bank has failed, and we shall have to give up everything to pay the debt, and . . . Jack, it was I advised you to buy the shares." The Doctor rose and went to the window.

"For God's sake don't do that, Sandie. Why, man, you gave me the best advice you knew, and there's an end of it. It's the fortune of war, and we must take it without whining. I know whom you are thinking about, and I am.....a bit sorry for Kate, for she ought to have lots of things—more dresses and trinkets, you know. But, Davidson, she 'll be the bravest of the three."

"You are right there, Jack. Kate is of the true grit, but.....Tochty Lodge?"

"Yes, it will hit us pretty hard to see the old place sold, if it comes to that, when I hoped to end my days here.....but, man, it's our fate. Bit by bit we've lost Drumtochty, till there was just the woods and the two farms left, and soon we 'ill be out of the place —nothing left but our graves."

"Sandie, this is bad form, and..... you 'ill not hear this talk again; we 'ill get a billet somewhere and wherever it be, the'ill be a bed and a crust for you, old man;" and at the door the two held one another's hands for a second; that was all.

"So this was what you two conspirators were talking about downstairs, as if I could not be trusted. Did you think that I would faint, or perhaps weep? The Padre deserves a good scolding, and as for you——" Then Kate went over and cast an arm round her father's neck, whose face was quivering.

"It is rather a disappointment to leave the Lodge, when we were getting it to our mind; but we'll have a jolly little home somewhere; and I'll get a chance of earning something. Dancing, now—I think that I might be able to teach some girls how to waltz. Then, my French is really intelligible, and most colloquial; besides revolver shooting. Dad, we are on our way to a fortune, and at the worst you 'ill have your curry and cheroots, and I'll have a well-fitting dress. *Voila, mon père.*"

When the two Drumtochty men arrived next forenoon at the hall in Glasgow, where the shareholders had been summoned to receive particulars of their ruin, the dreary place was filled with a crowd representative of every class in the community except the highest, whose wealth is in land, and the lowest, whose possessions are on their backs. There were city merchants, who could not conceal their chagrin that they had been befooled; countrymen, who seemed utterly dazed, as if the course of the seasons had been reversed; prosperous tradesmen, who were aggressive in appearance and wanted to take it out of somebody; widows, who could hardly restrain their tears, seeing before them nothing but starvation; clergymen, who were thinking of their boys taken from school and college. For a while the victims were silent, and watched with hungry eyes the platform door, and there was an eager rustle when some clerk came out and laid a bundle of papers on the table. This incident seemed to excite the meeting and set tongues loose. People began to talk to their neighbours, explaining how they came to be connected with the bank, as if this were now a crime. One had

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inherited the shares and had never had resolution to sell them; another had been deceived by a friend and bought them; a third had taken over two shares for a bad debt. A minister thought that he must have been summoned by mistake, for he was simply a trustee on an estate which had shares, but he was plainly nervous about his position. An Ayrshire Bailie had only had his shares for six months, and he put it, with municipal eloquence, to his circle, whether he could be held responsible for frauds of years' standing No one argued with him, and indeed you might say anything you pleased, for each was so much taken up with his own case that he only listened to you that he might establish a claim in turn on your attention. Here and there a noisy and confident personage got a larger audience by professing to have private information. A second-rate stockbroker assured quite a congregation that the assets of the bank included an estate in Australia, which would more than pay the whole debt, and advised them to see that it was not flung away; and a Government pensioner mentioned casually in his neighbourhood, on the authority of one of the managers, that there was not that day a solvent bank in Scotland. The different conversations rise to a babel, various speakers enforce their views on the floor with umbrellas, one enthusiast exhorts his brother unfortunates from a chair, when suddenly there is a hush, and then in a painful silence the shareholders hang on the lips of the accountant, from whom they learn that things could not be worse, that the richest shareholder may be ruined, and ordinary people will lose their last penny.

Speech again breaks forth, but now it is despairing, fierce, vindictive. One speaker storms against Government which allows public institutions to defraud the public, and refers to himself as the widow and orphan, and another assails the directorate with bitter invective as liars and thieves, and insists on knowing whether they are to be punished. The game having now been unearthed, the pack follow in full cry. The tradesman tells with much gusto how one director asked the detectives for leave to have family prayers before he was removed, and then declares his conviction that when a man takes to praying you had better look after your watch. Ayrshire wished to inform the accountant and the authorities that the directors had conveyed to their wives and friends enormous sums which ought to be seized without delay. The air grew thick with upbraidings, complaints, cries for vengeance, till the place reeked with sordid passions. Through all this ignoble storm the Drumtochty men sat silent, amazed, disgusted, till at last the Doctor rose, and such authority was in his very appearance that with his first words he obtained a hearing.

"Mr. Accountant," he said, "and gentleman, it appears to me as if under a natural provocation and suffering we are in danger of forgetting our due dignity and self-respect. We have been, as is supposed, the subjects of fraud on the part of those whom we trusted; that is a matter which the law will decide, and, if necessary, punish. If we have been betrayed, then the directors are in worse case than the shareholders, for we are not disgraced The duty before us is plain, and must be discharged to our utmost ability. It is to go home and gather together the last penny for the payment of our debts, in order that, at any rate, those who have trusted us may not be disappointed. Gentlemen, it is evident that we have lost our means; let us show to Scotland that there is something that cannot be taken from us by fraud, and that we have retained our courage and our honour."

It was the General who led the applause so that the roof of the hall rang, but it is just unto Ayrshire and the rest to say that they came unto themselves—all men of the old Scots

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breed—and followed close after with a mighty shout.

The sounds of that speech went through Scotland and awoke the spirit of honest men in many places, so that the Doctor, travelling to Muirtown, third class, with the General, and wedged in among a set of cattle dealers, was so abashed by their remarks as they read the *Caledonian* that the General let out the secret.

"Yir hand, sir," said the chief among them, a mighty man at the Falkirk Tryst; "gin it bena a leeberty, ilka ane o's hes a sair fecht tae keep straicht in oor wy o' business, but ye've gien's a lift the day," and so they must needs all have a grip of the Doctor's hand, who took snuff with prodigality, while the General complained of the smoke from the engine.

Nor were their trials over, for on Muirtown platform—it being Friday—all kinds of Perthshire men were gathered, and were so proud of our Doctor that before he got shelter in the Dunleith train his hand was sore, and the men that grasped it were of all kinds, from Lord Kilspindie—who, having missed him at the manse, had come to catch him at the station—"Best sermon you ever preached, Davidson"—to an Athole farmer—"I am an elder in the Free Kirk, but it iss this man that will be honouring you."

It was a fine instance of the unfailing tact of Peter Bruce that, seeing the carriage out of which the two came, and taking in the situation, he made no offer of the first class, but straightway dusted out a third with his handkerchief, and escorted them to it cap in hand. Drumtochty restrained itself with an effort in foreign parts—for Kildrummie was exceptionally strong at the Junction—but it waited at the terminus till the outer world had gone up the road. Then their own folk took the two in hand, and these were the body-guard that escorted the Minister and the General to where our Kate was waiting with the dogcart, each carrying some morsel of luggage—Drumsheugh, Burnbrae, Hillocks, Netherton, Jamie Soutar, and Archie Moncur. Kate drove gloriously through Kildrummie as if it had been a triumph, and let it be said to its credit that, the news having come, every hat was lifted, but that which lasted till they got home, and long afterward, was the hand-shake of the Drumtochty men.

(To be concluded in next issue.)

OUR EMBLEM.

THE maple-leaf fades slowly out,
  Reluctance beams in each bright fold;
And, blushing crimson red, she throws
  A parting kiss of yellow gold.

Verdant in spring-time infancy,
  And golden-red in weeping fall,
Is not our tender maple-leaf
  The fairest emblem of them all?

A. P. McKishnie.

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CABOT AND OTHER WESTERN EXPLORERS.

BY THE HON. C. H. MACKINTOSH, LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF THE N. W. TERRITORIES.

ON the 17th of February last, the Senate Chamber of the Parliament of Canada presented a pageant happily conceived and admirably directed by Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen. That termed a Fancy Ball was, in reality, a significant object lesson, illustrative of various epochs in Canadian history, eminently calculated to awaken interest in personages who, during successive periods, had been prominent in the discovery, settlement and progress of the Dominion. It was history in the concrete, from days when, in 982, Eirek, or Leif Eirekson, and his Norsemen penetrated the Polar regions, discovering Iceland and Greenland, to modern times, with Canada, a branch of the Empire, her people industrious, contented and prosperous, enjoying all the blessings of constitutional rule, and having, as the representative of Her Majesty, a Governor-General who closely identifies himself with the material interests of the commonwealth.

Past and present were happily blended: John Cabot, surrounded by his Venetian friends; Jacques Cartier, Champlain; the early French and English in Acadia—de Monts, Sir William Alexander and Charles de la Tour; the days of Maisonneuve; New France under de Tracy, Frontenac and other courtiers of the "Grande Monarque" period; English Acadia in the days of "Evangeline," and Montcalm and Wolfe; the coming of the United Empire Loyalists—God bless them!—and the regime of Murray and Haldimand and Simcoe; and then the modern or "up-to-date" statesman—a type we always have with us! It was, indeed, a beautiful conception, a patriotic idea, an event worthy of being perpetuated, greatly assisting those who had for many months striven to direct public attention to, and win sympathy for, a national design—the Cabot Revival. It remains to be seen what Ontario and Nova Scotia will accomplish, particularly if the other Provinces throughout the Dominion co-operate in this prospective jubilee.

When Henry VII., emerging from an atmosphere of apathy and grab, tickled the palm of "him who founde the new Isle," with a gift of £10 0s. 0d., he doubtlessly premised that "John Kabotto, Venecian," would not be sole beneficiary. This sudden freak of munificence must have astounded all conversant with the avaricious instincts of their sovereign. On the other hand, he may have been impelled by considerations altogether foreign to issues affecting Britain's geographical boundaries. Roasting Lollard martyrs, variegated branding, unartistic ear-slitting, extortions and quelling, resultant revolutions, were becoming monotonous as well as exceedingly dangerous operations. Added to this, there existed a widespread conviction that treasure passing within Royalty's abnormally lengthy reach seldom escaped absorption. This startling manifestation of prodigality was, therefore, a masterpiece of diplomacy, albeit a severe wrench to majestic purse-strings. Cabot may have been satisfied, although, on a second occasion, when "given and graunten" permission to re-visit "the londe and isles of late founde by the seid John," he stayed at home, deputing his son, Sebastian, to command the expedition.

Republics have flourished, empires decayed, since then, and the year 1897,

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marking the four hundredth anniversary of John Cabot's journey in quest of the Western World, and passage thence to the gorgeous kingdoms of Asia, naturally revives days when European traders, bearing the standard of a broader commercial intelligence, if not higher civilization, coquetted with the East, only to meet with gruesome rebuffs. Brigandage and bloodshed followed all venturing into Turcomania, Upper India and the fastnesses and deserts of Thibet; and while pioneers were alive to the magnificence of Cathay, the splendours of Polo's Zipangu, the colossal resources and vast possibilities of the languorous Orient, those whose necks had been spared wisely decided that existing advantages were, to some extent, chimerical; as thousands have done since they looked yearningly towards the West for a highway to the promised land.



Ever faithfully
Alexander Mackenzie

No wonder King Henry squandered £10 0s. 0d. upon the enterprise, or the heroic navigator, Columbus, willingly gave the best years of a patient life, battling with the elements of physical nature. Persevering, self-reliant, intrepid—who more competent to assist in solving the mystic problem of the Great Unknown? Some authorities speculatively affirm that Cabot, sailing to the West, reached Labrador, Prince Edward Island or Newfoundland; it is more probable—if maps and charts possess virtue—that he sighted Nova Scotia, or the Island of Cape Breton, arriving at the northern portion of the continent long before Columbus reached the Orinoco. Why not admit that the area was too great for one man to discover, and that until Nansen, making a second attempt, stands on the earth's pivot, sees latitude disappear, and, by a twist of his heel, "travels every degree of longitude," or Andree and his companions hover over the North Pole, sage or scientist should pause ere rendering even a tentative verdict upon the boundaries of this continental domain?

To be sure, the neighbouring Republic seldom suffers from excessive modesty, the very best being never too good to claim, even though the property or privilege of others; still, if monopoly is craved, Canadians would doubtless meet their demands, yielding a modicum of the glory, the achievements, the fame of Christopher Columbus, while canonising the man who sailed from Bristol — John Cabot. Equally would they give credit to those distinguished explorers, Lewis and Clarke, while reserving their allegiance for the man who inscribed upon the rock-bound shores of the Pacific, "Alexander Mackenzie — from Canada by land, July 22nd, 1793." Captain Clarke and his companion, Lieutenant Lewis, certainly left the Atlantic coast in June, 1803, reaching the mouth of the Columbia in 1805. It must be remembered, however, that trading-posts had been established by Canadian merchants from the River St. Lawrence to the Rocky Moun-

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tains, and from Hudson's Bay to Peace River, and explorations extended from Lake Superior to the Arctic Ocean, when the entire region from the Missouri to the Pacific had not even heard the white man's footfall. Surely, then, one of the greatest colonies of the Empire can reasonably claim for Sir Alexander Mackenzie the honour of having made the first overland journey, north of the Gulf of Mexico, to the Pacific Ocean, and such men as Simon Fraser and David Thompson, whose perilous expeditions resulted in the discovery of the sources of the Fraser and Thompson Rivers, as having preceded many of those now specially eulogized by American enthusiasts. John Jacob Astor's company in Oregon; the achievements of overland travellers from Utah and Nevada to California; Wyeth's tramp from Massachussetts to Oregon, certainly proved what dangers were encountered and difficulties overcome by energy, resolution and undaunted courage. On the other hand, all the western country now forming portions of the Dominion was explored by Canadians, or those trading within Canadian boundaries. Flaccid muscle never was indigenous to this soil; hence, a little self-glorification is excusable, particularly as scant recognition has been vouchsafed those early pioneers either by the Empire proper or her robust colonies. It is reasonable, then, that, amid the pomp and splendour of a commemorative Cabot revival, those who pierced the interior of America and gave practical form to what else would have been but the dream of a navigator, should not be forgotten.

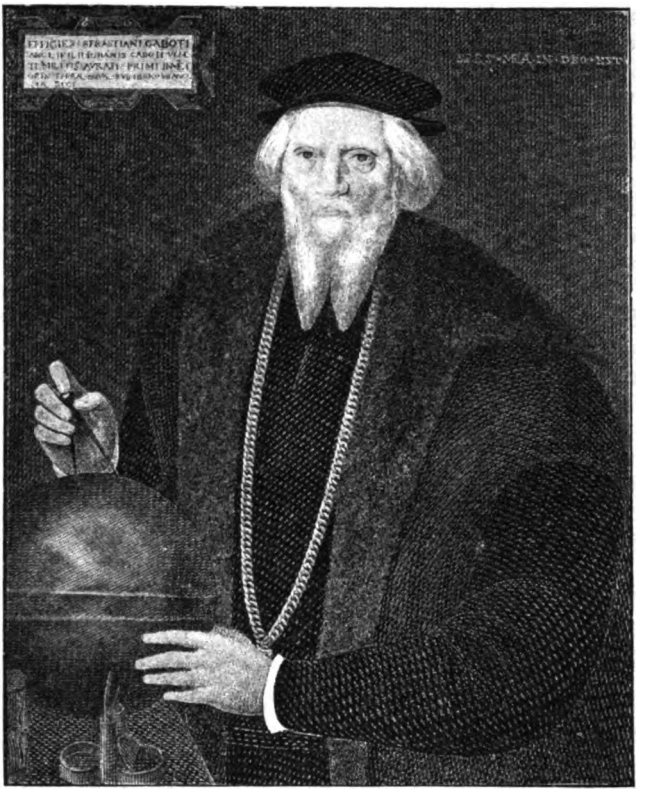
Truly, there were giants in the earth in those days; a marvellous race of men faithful unto death to that which duty dictated; a galaxy of memorable characters; a group of Titans, who trembled only before the phantom—Failure. Not alone Alexander Mackenzie; long ere this time, by land and sea and river, hardy pioneers had found a labour of love in the wilds of Lakes Huron, Ontario and Superior. The French pioneers under Champlain had ascended the Ottawa in 1615; Fathers Raymbault and Jogues had (1640) penetrated the north shore of Lake Superior, and reached Sault Ste. Marie. Albanel had (1671) accomplished an overland expedition from Quebec to Hudson's Bay, and Noyon visited the Lake of the Woods; La Verendrye (1731-39) had reached the Saskatchewan, and his son, Chevalier La Verendrye, had penetrated within the Rocky Mountain zone; LaSalle had pierced the interior of America to die by the hands of assassins, while the pious Friar Ribourde (1680), breviary in hand, had fallen beneath the war-clubs of savages, for whose salvation he had renounced courtly honours and preferments.

Nor should the agents of the great fur companies, notably of two, the "Hudson's Bay" and the "North-West," before the consolidation of those rival concerns in 1821, be forgotten. Only men of iron nerve and indomitable courage could have penetrated the Rocky Mountains in those early days, establishing posts at various points in British Columbia (then New Caledonia). In 1805, we find them on Macleod Lake; in 1806, on Stewart Lake; in 1807, on the Fraser, then called the Jackanut, at Fort George. They are discovered in 1808, coursing the Thompson River; in 1811, facing the dangers of the Columbia, from its northern bend at Boat Encampment to the mouth of the great stream. We find them in what is now Oregon, in Washington Territory, and far to the north, within the shadows of the Arctic Circle. Wherever trade justified their operations, these men forced a pathway to its very centre.

It was ordained, however, that Alexander Mackenzie should become the central figure of an epoch in western annals, rendering services to civilization far in advance of any interior explorer. He brought a new world into

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existence; opened a new field; inspired a school of hardy enthusiasts; and, ere passing to his long home, realized in a spirit of humility, yet with justifiable pride, that he had accomplished something worthy, something beneficial, something ennobling, something entitling him to the love and respect of future generations.



SEBASTIAN CABOT.

His is the story of a great man's triumph over obstacles seemingly insurmountable, the chronicle of events pregnant with vital consequences to the British Empire; for to-day the Dominion of Canada exercises sovereignty over the greater part of the American continent; two oceans are connected by links of steel, while Great Britain controls the shortest and safest route to her possessions in the East. One intrepid spirit, inspiring those whom he directed, accomplished marvellous work, achieving a splendid victory over the combined forces of Nature. Hence, to chronicle the historic journey, with all its graphic incidents; to paint the pictures of brave men struggling to assert man's supremacy; to describe hair-breadth escapes from flood, hand-to-hand encounters with vindictive savages, is not the design of this brief record; suffice to know that perils were successfully encountered, difficulties grappled with and overcome. Across snow-packed, tree-strewn gorges; over widely-gaping crevasses; through swollen streams and cataracts, roaring above rocky beds; through canyons, where human life had never before pulsated; beneath crashing boulders, and along ledges seemingly suspended in mid-air; forcing a pathway through trackless mazes of dense forests, these crusaders accomplished that which entitles them to the love, the reverence, the admiration of all generations.

One can imagine the interest awakened in the mind of Alexander Mackenzie, as Simon Frazer, fifteen years afterwards (1808), arrived at Fort George, and was advised by the Indians to turn back or perish—the very point where Mackenzie decided to retrace his steps, thus reaching the coast by a shorter route. In Senator Masson's quotations from Fraser's Journal, in "*Les Bourgeois de la Compagnie cu Nord-Ouest*," the appalling dangers are graphically described. Narrow canyons, steep precipices contracting the roaring waters, "turbulent, noisy, and awful to behold;"

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rapids, cascades, intercepting rocks, the portaging of heavy loads, crossing ravines, passing along the declivity of mountains—all conspired to strike terror into the hearts of the bravest. "Spuzzum" was reached, where now stands the Canadian Pacific Railway-station, a few miles east of Yale. Little did Simon Fraser dream, as he gazed upon the scene, that those were born who would witness the opening of a great trans-continental railway through this weird and apparently impassable country; that against the face of the rocks, 150 feet above the boisterous river, rails would be laid, and trestles brought into requisition, and the roar of the locomotive heard amid the crags and gorges and peaks of these terribly impressive wilds.

Poor Fraser, he did his work well! David Thompson, too, after whom another great river is named, should not be forgotten; for these great men, Mackenzie, Frazer, and Thompson, are one in historic importance. Thompson, in 1800, made an unsucessful attempt to reach the coast by way of a pass supposed to be that since utilized by the Canadian Pacific Railway. Unequal to the task of fighting hordes of Indians, he returned. In 1807, however, he went in a southerly direction, entered Howe's Pass, and reached the Columbia and Kootenay Lake, the sufferings of himself and his men being described as terrible. A long line of explorers followed: Gabriel Franchere, Ross Cox, Alexander Henry, D. W. Harmon, John Macleod, Sir George Simpson, Alexander Ross, David Douglas, Robert Campbell, and hosts of others, each contributing to the volume of information. A son of John Macleod, Malcolm, at present resides in Ottawa; his father rendered great service to the country, being an intrepid explorer, and a very able man. Mr. Malcolm Macleod was an earnest advocate of the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, writing under the *nom de plume* of "Britannicus." He is universally respected, but, being reduced in circumstances, is consequently without friends. Talk about republics being ungrateful; savage or civilized, monarchical or despotic — governments, like individuals, too frequently forget to reward according to merit.

Consult any standard Encyclopædia, one may find references to, but no distinct epitome of, the career of Simon Fraser, the explorer. True, James Baillie Fraser is mentioned, a diplomatist, traveller and author, who "displayed great skill in water colours;" and Simon Fraser, Baron Lovatt, a Jacobite intriguer and "born traitor," who appears to have caused so great a stir in courtly circles that the edge of an axe was requisite to suppress his exuberant vitality. But Simon Fraser, the intrepid western explorer, is not included. Well, perhaps the name of David Thompson, another giant in the field of discovery, may be found. Not so! Sir Benjamin Thompson appears, a brilliant scholar and philanthropist, born in Massachussetts, who, when in London, devoted much time to the study of "how to cure smoking chimnies," and to the founding of an institution designed to make "vicious and abandoned people happy;" then Thomas Perronet Thompson, a political economist, and writer of a treatise on musical acoustics, forming the basis of the "Tonic Sol-fa system of music;" and poor James Thompson, who wrote the "City of Dreadful Night," and lived and died in an atmosphere of opium and alcohol; next, Sir Charles W. Thompson, a student of the biological conditions of the depths of the sea; then James Thompson, the poet, whose generous publisher allowed him three guineas for the "Seasons." These are remembered; but Simon Fraser and David Thompson, who proved how valuable heritage the Empire possessed in New Columbia, seemingly had no existence, either in the flesh or in the hearts of unappreciative countrymen.

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Not until recently have the direct successors to this British portion of the New World put forth any effort to glorify the memories of those adventurous spirits. Where stands the marble bust? Where rests the storied urn, indicative of national appreciation and national gratitude? Alas! to know human nature is to lose faith in humanity! The Rocky Mountains, God's own creations, these perpetuate the fame of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, while two mighty streams, in their wild career through gorges and canyons, proclaim the deeds of heroes, but sound eternal reproaches to those who have forgotten the dead.

True, Simon Fraser was offered an imperial title, dying at St. Andrew's, Quebec, at the age of 89 years, in abject poverty, a miserable pittance of a pension being vouchsafed his relatives; David Thompson, chivalrous, loyal and self-sacrificing, unable to procure the simple necessaries of life, passing from the scene at Longeuil, near Montreal, on the 18th February, 1857, at the age of 87. One turns in disgust from evidence of neglected worth, fervently praying that a day may dawn witnessing the recognition of merit while the warm flush of life pulsates in the veins, not awaiting posterity's verdict to glorify and perpetuate it by mocking eulogies on stone. Bread sustains life—marbled laudation is for departed greatness.

If monumental columns commemorative of Canadian explorers are few, a similar paucity of historic paintings is noticeable; nor can the plea be entered that native artists were incapable; the truth is, those competent to perform met with scant encouragement. Some galleries contain a limited number of pictures, chief amongst which that of a swarthy gentleman, rather gaudily apparelled, bearing a sword of somewhat modern design, his sea-legs evidently in prime condition, his right hand shading his eyes from perpetual sunshine, while surroundings suggest a generous assortment of early nautical appliances. This is "Columbus discovering America"; failing a gentle reminder, the vast array of sanguinary natives on the distant shore, tumbling over one another in mad frenzy and excitement, might naturally create doubt whether, in reality, America was not discovering Columbus! Tomahawks and feathers have at all times possessed attractions for artistic genuis; in some cases, if the Indians were half as bad as painted they must have been an exceedingly scurvy lot. However, men like Catlin in the United States, and Kane in Canada, rescued



ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

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them from the tube-emptying of amateurish destroyers and layers-on of heavy colouring, bequeathing to posterity a few of the redeeming features of those whom modern civilization, with dogmatic assurance, placed in the general category of feudal savages.

Canadians are in no respect deficient in national spirit; what they have accomplished is in evidence. As with other young communities, common-sense, perhaps, convinced them that they could not live upon scenery alone, nor expend all their strength and industry in erecting marble columns. They were aware that vast sums had been devoted to the discovery of a channel between the eastern and western coast—a passage from Europe to Asia—in seas coterminous with the Dominion. They were aware that from Viking days, until Behring perished on a lonely isle in the Straits commemorating his name, the grim probability of failure haunted each navigator. They had read of those who sailed across the Polar Sea, when Phipps, with Horatio Nelson as "Middy," experienced the frigid reception vouchsafed those who ventured into latitude 80° 37″; later, they mourned the fate of Franklin, and gloried over the exploits of others who undertook to pierce impenetrable ice-fields. In more recent times they promoted the great overland expedition, by which the true highway to Asia, through British Territory, was established. So when, on the 7th of November, 1885, at Craigellachie, in the Eagle pass of the Rocky Mountains, Sir Donald Smith, a leading director of the Canadian Pacific Railway, drove the spike destined to tap the commerce of Cathay, no wonder that cheers, mighty cheers, went up! The North-west passage to Asia had become a reality; not altogether over oceans, but by a speedier method of transport and a splendid triumph of engineering skill. As the last ring of the hammer re-echoed through the mountains, every Province had, indeed, perhaps unwittingly, united in perpetuating the name and fame of Cabot, Mackenzie, Frazer, and Thompson.

There is more to be done now that the clouds are rolling away, lethargic indifference disappearing before a suddenly awakened sense of national duty. Let a mighty shaft, erected on the rugged cliffs of Cape Breton, proclaim that not alone the Royal Society of Canada, but every subject of Her Majesty throughout the Dominion, be he English, French or German, appreciates the splendid heritage bequeathed by the Bristol explorer. This being accomplished, what of Alexander Mackenzie? What of Simon Fraser? What of David Thompson? Have we no Canadian artists? Have we no Canadian sentiment? We have both—each awaiting the appeal. To begin with, no more appropriate painting could be suggested than Sir Alexander Mackenzie, after a marvellous overland journey, completed on the 22nd of July, 1793, stamping the impress of his personality and the sovereignty of his country upon the coast of what is now British Columbia. True, the mountains will forever be monuments commemorative of heroes like Mackenzie, Fraser and Thompson; the cloud-capped peaks proclaim their prowess; the rushing waters sound pæans of praise; for wherever mighty Nature, asserting herself,

> "Sits alone,
> Majestic on her craggy throne,"

the record of these men will be found. But Canada should do justice to their memories. True to their generation, have generations been true to them? They renounced station, ease, affluence; yet, to-day, none so poor as to do them reverence; none so rich as to be willing to perpetuate throughout the ages the memory of their chivalrous achievements.

C. H. Mackintosh.

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CHRISTMASTIDE.

SING me a song of the Winter time
When the blustering North winds blow,
And the forest boughs are deep with rime,
And the fields with drifting snow!
Sing me a song of the frosty air,
And the long nights white and still,
When the great stars gleam of the Northern Bear,
And the round moon rises cold and fair
O'er the crest of the tamarack hill.

Sing me a song of the Christmas time,
And the morning of blessed birth,
When the resonant bells accordant chime
Their message of joy on earth!
Sing me a song of the princely art
Of the bounteous hand benign,
That blesses unseen, unguessed, apart,
The outcast fate of some hopeless heart,
With the grace of a gift divine.

Sing me a song of the evergreen,
And the holly berries red
On the festooned wall of the festive hall,
And the mistletoe overhead!
Sing me a song of the ample cheer,
And the laughter running free,
When the heart, emboldened, forgets to fear,
Forgiving the faults of the waning year,
And blessing the one to be!

Sing me a song of the pine log's blaze,
And the home-made cakes and wine!
Of the romping game and the dance's maze,
And the eyes that sparkling shine!
Sing me a song of the crystal stream,
And the starlit sky above;
Of the moonlit roads, and the flying team,
Of the glimmering meadows of snow adream,
And the heart adream with love!

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

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THE CABOT CELEBRATION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "MEMOIRS OF SIR JOHN MACDONALD."

SO much has been written during the past two years on the subject of the approaching four hundredth anniversary of the landing of John Cabot upon the shores of America—or, as some term it, of the discovery of Canada—and such unanimity of sentiment displayed in regard to the propriety of fitly commemorating that event, that the few observations here submitted may seem to savour of presumption on the part of the present writer. Yet it can scarcely be doubted that large and important questions, such as are involved in the consideration of the Cabot voyages, may be examined from more than one point of view, with advantage to all those animated by a genuine love of historic research. The discussion which has already taken place upon this subject furnishes an illustration of this. In the light of friendly criticism, the more extreme pretensions of the original promoters of the celebration have been quietly abandoned, and those of less extravagant character re-stated with comparative moderation.

Before going farther, it may be well to direct attention to the original presentation of this subject.

The generally received opinion among Canadians, for which, no doubt, our school histories and guide-books are largely responsible, is that John Cabot, sailing under a commission from Henry VII., landed somewhere in the vicinity of the Gulf of St. Lawrence on the 24th June, 1497, and took possession of the whole country in the name of the King of England. On the same day he discovered Prince Edward Island, which he named the Isle of St. John, being moved thereto by the fact that the 24th June is the Festival of St. John the Baptist. In an article entitled, "The Fourth Century of Canadian History," published in the CANADIAN MAGAZINE for January, 1895, Mr. O. A. Howland, M.P.P., adopts this, which may be termed the popular view, and elaborates it with great vigour and precision. There is no doubt in his mind as to the leading facts, nor as to the profound importance and far-reaching consequences of the event.

"It was," he writes, "a circumstance of no small importance, not merely as a matter of dry historical record, but as pregnant with the course of future events, that on that 24th June, 1497, John Cabot took possession of the mouth of the Gulf of St. Lawrence for the English King, and set flying the Red Cross of St. George from the headland of Cape Breton. St. John's day, June 24th, 1497, the date of Cabot's discovery, may fairly be taken as the true beginning of the history of Canada."

In the course of the same article he boldly proclaims John Cabot "the discoverer of Canada."

Mr. Howland, who certainly does not lack the courage of his convictions, subsequently embodied these views in a Bill, having for its object the incorporation of the Canadian Historical Exhibition, which he himself introduced into the Ontario Legislature. The opening lines of the preamble of this Bill, as originally drafted, read as follows:

"WHEREAS the twenty-fourth day of June, 1897, will be the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of Canada by the landing of John and Sebastian Cabot upon the shore of Cape Breton.—"

Lord Melbourne is said to have expressed the wish that he could be half as sure of anything as "Tom" Macau-

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lay was of everything. Were that nobleman in our midst to-day, his soul would doubtless be moved to envy at the abounding confidence displayed by the draughtsman of this measure, compared with whose cocksureness even Lord Macaulay's splendid audacity falls far short.

Having regard to the eminently controversial nature of the subject, almost every point of which is enveloped in deep obscurity, the dogmatic tone of this preamble suggests nothing more forcibly than the decrees of an Ecumenical Council. One involuntarily looks for the concluding malediction which the Roman pontiff is wont to pronounce against all who "shall presume to contradict this our definition." Indeed, it requires no great stretch of fancy to imagine Parliament being invited to declare that:

"If any one shall say that the 24th June, 1897, will not be the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of Canada let him be anathema."

"If any one shall not be ashamed to affirm that John and Sebastian Cabot did not land on the shore of Cape Breton let him be anathema."

In order to appreciate the slenderness of the data on which this pronouncement is founded, it may be well to state just what is certainly known of the event proposed to be commemorated.

At the outset it must be premised that whatever knowledge we possess of John Cabot is at second hand. We do not know whether he wrote any accounts of his voyages, or traced any maps. None have come down to us, and we are forced to depend primarily upon a few sentences in letters written by Spanish and Italian envoys at the English Court, who obtained, or who may have obtained, their information from Cabot himself. These letters, one or two historical references of even less weight, and a map purporting to be the work of Sebastian Cabot (who is now generally admitted to have been a colossal humbug and pretender) comprise our sources of information.

It is, however, historically accepted as true that John Cabot, a naturalized Venetian of Genoese birth, long resident in England, in his ship the *Matthew of Bristol*, sailed from the port of Bristol—we do not know exactly when—bound for the new world. He bore with him a patent from Henry VII., empowering him to discover and take possession for the English Crown of all lands "which before this time have been unknown to all Christians." He discovered and landed upon some portion of the North American continent, and was back in England before the 10th of August, 1497.

"Probably no question in the history of this continent," writes Dr. S. E. Dawson, "has been the subject of so much discussion as the lives and voyages of the two Cabots. Their personal character, their nationality, the number of the voyages they made, and the extent and direction of their discoveries, have been, and still are, keenly disputed over. The share, moreover, of each in the credit due for the discoveries made is a very battle ground for historians. Some learned writers attribute everything to John Cabot; others would put him aside and award all the credit to his second son, Sebastian The dates even of the voyages are disputed; and very learned professors of history in Portugal do not hesitate to declare that the voyages are apocryphal, the discoveries pretended, and the whole question a mystification."

Let us now proceed to examine in detail the opening recitals of the Bill above mentioned, as originally introduced, and briefly to indicate where they overstep the limits of ascertained fact.

"Whereas, the twenty-fourth day of June, 1897, will be the four hundredth anniversary—"

If John Cabot did indeed land on the 24th June, 1497, then, waiving the ten days involved in the circum-

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stance that he reckoned by the Julian Calendar, this statement is indisputably correct; but the date of his landing is not absolutely free from doubt. Harrisse, Dawson, Bourinot and other writers agree in fixing it at 1497, which there are many reasons for believing to be the correct date; but, on the other hand, Tarducci and D'Avezac, both high authorities, affirm that the year was not 1497, but 1494, and in support of their contention appeal to what is commonly called the map of Sebastian Cabot, whereon the date accompanying the legend *prima tierra vista* is plainly written, both in Roman numerals and Arabic figures, 1494. Moreover, Mr. Harrisse, while accepting the year 1497, is of opinion that the landfall took place earlier in the season than the 24th June.

"of the discovery of Canada—"

This expression, as applied to any act of John Cabot, is simply a misnomer. Admitting every other statement in the Bill to be true, it is not pretended that Cabot entered the estuary of the St. Lawrence at all, and, consequently, could not have discovered Canada unless he travelled overland. In 1497 Cape Breton was in nowise a part of what throughout the succeeding centuries was known as Canada. It did not become so for 370 years thereafter, and to speak of the man who first landed on the shores of Cape Breton as having thereby discovered Canada betrays an inexactness of thought which it is not easy to parallel, even by way of illustration. Let us suppose, however, that the West Indies were some day to become united with this country, a remote, though—in view of the fact that only a few years ago negotiations were mooted looking to the incorporation of Jamaica with the Dominion—a not wholly impossible contingency. In that event, according to this Bill, Cabot would have to be taken down from his pinnacle; for by parity of reasoning, Columbus, and not he, would then be the discoverer of Canada.

"by the landing of John and Sebastian Cabot—"

There is no documentary proof and, consequently, no certainty that Sebastian Cabot accompanied his father on the first voyage, although it has always been taken for granted that he did. Harrisse, who discusses the point, says the only circumstance which may be cited as bearing thereon goes to show that he did not. Opinions, probably, will differ as to the value of Harrisse's inference; but, be this as it may, the statement admits of argument, and, therefore, should not be postulated in an Act of the Legislature.

"upon the shore of Cape Breton."

It is greatly to be regretted that Mr. Harrisse was not aware of this forthcoming statutory pronouncement before writing his exhaustive volume of 500 pages on the Cabot voyages, which has recently appeared. In that monument of industry and research Mr. Harrisse is largely occupied with the determination of this vexed question. He examines the subject from every possible point of view, and finally decides that the vicinity of Cape Chidley, at the entrance of Hudson Straits, is the spot he is seeking. There, hundreds of miles from Cape Breton, far up on the Labrador coast, in his opinion, did John Cabot first touch the soil of America.

Judge Prowse, of Newfoundland, too, is equally unlucky. In his history of Newfoundland he re-affirms the position previously taken by him, that Cape Bonavista in Newfoundland marks Cabot's landfall. It is true he does not give any reasons worth mentioning for his belief, but he is none the less positive on that account.

More fortunate than either of the above-named gentlemen is Dr. Samuel Edward Dawson, one of the best authorities upon the dawn of civilization on this continent. Dr. Dawson has re-

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cently written two interesting papers upon the voyages of the Cabots, and it would be difficult to over-estimate the patience, thoroughness, and fairness displayed by him in his treatment of the obscure and perplexing problems which he seeks to solve. Possessed of a practical acquaintance with the North American seaboard, which Mr. Harrisse evidently lacks, he has thereby been able successfully to impugn more than one of that author's deductions; and while, in consequence of the paucity of data at their command, both writers are sometimes compelled to draw conclusions *par les cheveux*, there can be little doubt that if Dr. Dawson has not absolutely succeeded in proving his theory that the landfall was on Cape Breton, he has at least demonstrated the high improbability of its having been on Labrador.

These few references to the current literature upon the subject suffice to show that every statement in the opening lines of the preamble under review is either contrary to fact or admittedly the subject of controversy. Its unwarranted dogmatism was so palpably at variance with historic accuracy that it had scarcely seen the light of day ere it was promptly remodelled and issued from committee, shorn, at any rate, of its more amusing features. The Act, however, as it stands on the Statute Book of Ontario, discloses that the process of excision was untimely stayed; witness, for example, the statement that important benefits to this country and to civilization have followed from the discovery of the Cabots. This is but a qualified and guarded statement of what is more openly expressed elsewhere, and what, indeed, gives the key-note to the proposed celebration, namely, that we Canadians owe our British connection, and all its consequent advantages, to the fact of John and Sebastian Cabot having landed on the shore of North America.

Dr. Moses Harvey, a well-known historical writer of Newfoundland, in a letter to Dr. Bourinot, puts this idea very clearly:

"In virtue of Cabot's discoveries, England established her claims to the sovereignty of a large portion of these northern lands. The fish wealth of these northern seas, which Cabot was the first to make known, speedily attracted fishermen; and for the protection and development of the fisheries colonies were first planted. Other nations, such as France, profited by the great discovery. That North America is now so largely occupied by an English-speaking population, with all their vast energies and accumulated wealth, has been largely owing to the daring genius of Cabot, who opened a pathway to the northern portion of the new hemisphere. But for Cabot, Spain might have monopolized discovery in North as well as South America; English and French enterprise might have taken different directions, and the history of North America been shaped in different fashion.

"The genius and courage of Cabot were second only to those of Columbus. He, too, pushed out in a little barque into the unknown waters of one of the stormiest seas in the world, braving its perils, and opened the way to new and boundless regions of natural wealth. Cartier, Marquette, La Salle, followed as explorers. "The Old Dominion," founded by Sir Walter Raleigh, was the first of that cluster of colonies which finally developed into the United States. Quebec was founded, and the occupation of Canada commenced. All this was the outcome of Cabot's voyage in 1497. As truly as Columbus pioneered the way in the south did Cabot open the way to a far nobler civilization in the north, the developments of which continue to expand before our eyes to-day. As Fiske has well remarked in his "Discovery of America": "The first fateful note that heralded the coming English supremacy was sounded when John Cabot's tiny craft sailed out from Bristol Channel, on a bright May morning of 1497."

Ex uno disce omnes. Now, beyond the fact that there was sequence and succession in point of time between the

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Cabot voyage and, let us say, the founding of Quebec, as there must always be between events that are not simultaneous, it is difficult to see what connection there exists between Cabot and Champlain, or how England *established* her claims to North America by virtue of Cabot's discovery. It is not even by any means certain that Cabot was the first European to reach the shores of North America. Parkman, no mean authority, says of the Basques that there is some reason to believe that their cod fishery on the banks of Newfoundland existed before the days of Cabot; and Bourinot, in his interesting monograph on Cape Breton, expresses the opinion that both Basques and Bretons "anchored their clumsy vessels in the bays and harbours" of that island before 1497.

As to the claim set up on behalf of England's sovereignty over North America by reason of Cabot's discovery, nothing more shadowy and unsubstantial could well be imagined. In the first place, it is not pretended that either John Cabot or his son did more than take formal possession of the country. There was no attempt at settlement or occupation. Yet, according to the well understood principles of international law, occupation is essential to the establishment of a title of discovery. Sir R. Phillimore says upon this point (*Commentaries upon International Law Ed., 1879. Vol. 1, p. 333*):

"Indeed, writers on International Law agree that Use and Settlement, or, in other words, *continuous use*, are indispensable elements of occupation properly so called. The mere erection of crosses, landmarks, and inscriptions is ineffectual for acquiring or maintaining an exclusive title to a country of which no real use is made."

Two hundred years after Cabot, Dongan, Governor of New York, thus ridiculed the French claims to the Iroquois country, based on discovery:

"Pardon me if I say itt is a mistake, except you will affirme that a few loose fellowes rambling amongst Indians to keep themselves from starving gives the French a right to the Countrey." And of the claim based on geographical divisions: "Your reason is that some rivers or rivoletts of this country run out into the great river of Canada. O, just God! what new, farr-fetched, and unheard-of pretence is this for a title to a country. The French King may have as good a pretence to all those Countrys that drink clarett and brandy."

If the English Governor thus scoffed at claims which Parkman holds were clearly well founded, where can we suppose he would have found sarcasm with which to express his opinion of the validity of pretensions based on a discovery such as Cabot's? Then, again: assuming the scanty information concerning the ceremony which we possess at second hand to be absolutely true, so little did John Cabot dream of enriching the Crown of England with exclusive dominion, *i. e.*, sovereignty over his "new founde isle," that side by side with the banner of St. George he planted the lion of St. Mark, in order that equal rights might accrue to Venice with England; and so little importance did Henry VII. attach to the discovery, that he considered Cabot's services requited by the munificent gift of £10 from the privy purse.

The sixteenth century ushered in a period of great maritime activity. Within seven years from the date of Cabot's first voyage, French fishermen were plying their calling in numbers upon the coast of Newfoundland. Eight years later two adventurous Frenchmen, Denys of Honfleur and Aubert of Dieppe, explored the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The succeeding decade witnessed the ill-starred venture of Baron de Lery, who was followed by Cartier, Roberval and LaRoche, all of whom essayed to plant colonies under the French flag. Their efforts, though unsuccessful as regards their immediate object, served, nevertheless,

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to preserve the continuity of national purpose, until, under the patient care of Samuel de Champlain, the seed at length took root.

During all this time England gave no indication that she viewed these attempts on the part of France as any interference with her interests. Is it probable that Henry VIII or his masculine daughter would have quietly submitted to such infringement of their rights if they felt they possessed any? Is it not more reasonable to infer from England's silence that Cabot's expedition was regarded as possessing no national significance whatever; that it was a mere fact without effect which, when over, straightway ceased to be?

A hundred years passed away, and at length the English spirit of adventure, which had long lain dormant, awoke. Inspired by the wonderful tales which came from across the sea, her subjects began to follow in the wake of their more enterprising neighbours, and to press upon the French settlements in the new world.

In the early years of the seventeenth century France held Canada and Acadia by the right of original occupation and settlement, uncontested from the beginning. At a somewhat later period we find England occupying, by a similar tenure, what is to-day known as the Eastern United States. As was inevitable, the traditional enmities between these hereditary foes broke out in the New World. Each disputed the other's claim. They fought, and England won; but candour compels us to admit that she owes her victory less to the strength of her arguments than to her power of enforcing them. The claim to Acadia based on Cabot's discovery, then heard for the first time, seems to have been nothing more than a convenient pretext for extending to the New World that old-time feud between France and England, to which their contests in North America were generally incidental and subordinate. Now that it has long served the purpose for which it was invoked, there does not seem to be any good reason for attempting to invest it with the attributes of reality. The underlying motive for doing so is no doubt a laudable desire to exalt the English name. But surely Englishmen, of all people, need not to draw upon their imaginations or wander off into the cloudland of tradition for legitimate causes of pride. What can be at once more true and more gratifying to the national sentiment than to say openly that England's title to Canada is by the sword? Why should we vainly strive to pierce the gloom which shrouds the name of Cabot, when we can point to Wolfe, or, rather, to that long doubtful conflict which, beginning with the seizure of Quebec in 1629, was destined, a hundred and thirty years later, to close in triumph on the Heights of Abraham?

Dr. Dawson, in his latest paper upon the Cabots, naïvely expresses his surprise at the "singular misconception which has arisen in the minds of some of our French fellow-countrymen" as to the scope and purpose of this celebration. He disavows any intention in honouring Cabot of derogating aught from Cartier's fame. As far as Dr. Dawson personally is concerned, there can be no doubt of this. At the same time, in view of Mr. Howland's article; of the Bill submitted to the Legislature of Ontario, and to the Parliament of Canada; and of the many recorded expressions of English opinion, the French-Canadians may well be pardoned for offering a word of protest. Why, Dr. Dawson himself is so carried away by his patriotic impulses, as to speak of the fragmentary evidences which we possess at second-hand of Cabot's voyages as "our title deeds to this continent!" If the word "our" be not employed here in the national, *i.e.*, British, sense, this expression has no application, and if it is so employed, what becomes of Cartier and Champlain?

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The writer of these lines yields to no man in his attachment to England, and in his appreciation of any movement tending to emphasize and strengthen Canada's association with the Mother-land. To one so constituted it would, no doubt, be gratifying to believe that, first of white men, John Cabot circumnavigated the Gulf of St. Lawrence, ascended our great river, established his dwelling-place at Quebec, and surveyed the gleaming Ottawa from the summit of Mount Royal. Truth, however, compels us to acknowledge that the man who did these things was not English, or rather Italian, but French. He was not named Cabot, but Cartier. We know all about him. There is no question as to the main features of his discoveries. We can trace his adventurous course day by day along our coasts, many points of which retain to this hour the names which he bestowed.

That John Cabot was a brave and skilful navigator we may well believe. That he was the first European of whom we have certain knowledge to touch the coast of North America is undoubted. We would fain know more about him—why he did so much and no more—just where he landed—how long he remained—whether he made any attempt at colonization—and why his enterprise came to naught. Unhappily, all this is oblivion. Viewed, nevertheless, simply as an isolated fact, Cabot's discovery is unquestionably a highly interesting historical achievement. The proposal to mark the four hundredth anniversary of its accomplishment is both opportune and fitting. At the same time, those charged with the celebration would do well to bear in mind that it adds to no man's dignity to ascribe to him unjust and unfounded pretensions.

Joseph Pope.



MILADY.

Lips, as cool as mountain dew;
Looks, as soft as summer's moon;
Breath, like rose-scent filtered through
The flowering bow'rs of June.

JOHN STUART THOMSON.

NEW YORK.

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SUNDAY REST A CIVIL RIGHT.

BY JOHN CHARLTON, M.P.

THE Sabbath observance question is not exclusively a religious one. While the blessing of Sabbath observance rests upon divine appointment, and the command, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," enjoins a religious duty, the rest-day enjoyed at the intervals provided by the fourth commandment is in keeping with the requirements of nature; and the respective periods assigned for labour and for rest are exactly in accordance with the needs of man.

Civil enactments protect the life of the citizen and provide the punishment for the crime of murder, and for unlawful attempts upon life. The same authority protects the citizen in his rights of property; provides the punishment for robbery, theft, swindling and fraud; shields the citizen from the attempt to deprive him of life, liberty, or possessions through falsehood and perjury; punishes the false witness; throws the shield of its protection around the innocent and unsuspecting, and punishes the ravisher and the seducer. All of these provisions for securing to the citizen life, liberty, security and good government, are provisions for securing civil rights. None of these enactments can be characterized as an interference with the rights of conscience, as mere portions or appurtenances of a creed, or as enactments of a religious character, and only binding upon Christians; and yet each one of the list derives its authority from the will of the Creator, as revealed to man through the medium of his commands contained in the decalogue.

Man is doomed to labour, or rather labour is a condition of man's existence. In the far-away ages, when the morning of his existence had barely dawned, came the words from a Lawgiver whose authority could not be questioned, and whose laws could not be repealed: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." This sentence was mitigated and its burden lightened by the beneficent command to abstain from labour on the seventh day. This rest-day thus provided is the toiler's heritage. Moreover, its privilege is no mere religious observance. On the contrary, its enjoyment is in the highest sense a human, a civil right. It is a physical boon; it is a mental boon; and to the toiler its loss is a calamity measureless and dire. The individual, the corporation, or the community that forces Sunday labour upon the bread-earner is the foe of humanity.

The centuries are rich with the accumulating fruits of progress, all acquired by the labour of man. Empires have risen and fallen. Men have laboured as slaves under the lash, as ignorant vassals, and as freemen conscious of labour's rights and dignity. But whether slave or free, the achieve-

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ment of labour's hosts have continued to grow in importance, and have reached up to the full development of modern civilization and progress. Vast strides have been made in the development of the industrial arts and in bringing earth's wastes under cultivation. The railway and the steamship have superseded the primitive modes of communication. Nations separated by wide distances are now neighbours and have intimate relations. Man's material condition has greatly improved, and the fruits of his labours are abundant beyond any previous period. He has now reached a stage of development and has accomplished material results that present a startling contrast to his early condition. But he has not outlived his dependence upon the commands of his Creator. The same old decalogue is the law to restrain and govern, and is, at the same time, the venerable Magna Charta of his liberties. Its provisions can only be disregarded at his ruinous cost. The observance of the weekly rest-day still confers the most important social, sanitary, intellectual and religious privileges; and, amid the intensity of action and the high pressure of our generation, it is more essential to his welfare than at any previous period.

Sunday observance legislation may rest upon purely civil grounds and will find in this a sufficient foundation, even if divine obligation and religious requirement is ignored. The proper aim of human enactment is to secure justice and promote the public welfare. It cannot properly trample upon human rights, reduce to a condition of slavery, or deny protection to the humble and the oppressed. A law that is calculated to confer upon the people great physical, material and social blessings needs no defence. Such a law may utterly ignore all recognition of religious duty, and may simply require the observance of the Sunday rest-day so far as abstaining from labour and unseemly recreations and actions are concerned, because such observance is held to promote the public good. The results following the enforcement of such a law would clearly justify its enactment from the purely civil standpoint only. Among these results would be found the protection of the toiler in the enjoyment of a right essential to his highest intellectual and physical interests; protection from the conscienceless greed of the classes who pocket the dividends swelled by the Sunday toil of the white slaves, whose natural rights and religious scruples are ruthlessly trampled in the dust in the scramble of the money-grabber and the pleasure-seeker; the legal establishment of the best of all sanitary arrangements resulting in the more efficient promotion of public health, cleanliness and self-respect; greatly increased opportunity for securing the benefits of the higher education furnished by Church and Sabbath school; the resulting increase of Christian homes which are the graduating schools of good citizens and the bulwark of the State; the promotion of temperance and the spirit of obedience to the law, as well as of good morals and social purity; and the securing to the toiler the rights of conscience and religious liberty.

The State cannot with propriety be indifferent to the operation of all influences, religious or otherwise, that tell upon the moral and physical condition of the citizen, and the prohibition of obscene books and prints. The suppression of obscene plays, the enforcement of quarantine regulations, the destruction of infected clothing, the isolation of persons smitten with infectious disease, and the destruction of infected herds and flocks are in line with, and justifiable upon, the same grounds as would be provisions for securing Sunday rest, because of the moral and physical blessings which result.

From the economic standpoint Sunday labour is worse than unnecessary. The most serious economic problem of

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the day is to provide a remedy for the business disturbances arising from over-production. Sunday labour simply tends to intensify this evil. In the near future, it is not improbable that shortening the hours of labour will be one of the remedies applied. Cessation of Sunday labour is one of the most obvious of the remedies for over-production. Sunday labour is never in the interest of the workingman. Under present conditions of production it means seven days' work for six days' pay; nay, worse, it means that seven days' labour will bring the weekly wage below the figure that would be given if the Sunday rest were strictly adhered to.

Railway corporations are the most remorseless offenders against the rights of labour. To remedy the evil so far as the railways are concerned concurrent action is necessary, and individual action can only be applied with difficulty, and to a limited extent. An adequate remedy for existing evils can be provided only by the intervention of civil authority. Intelligent railway employees are not in favour of Sunday labour. The responsibility for the evil comes home to the gentlemen who pocket the dividends. Three-quarters of the Sunday work upon railways could be dispensed with without injury to public interests. Pressure of business is no excuse. This reason could be made to justify almost any desecration of the Sabbath by labour. The provision of more rolling stock and the employment of more men is the simple and sufficient remedy. The higher moral tone and the increased efficiency and alertness among railway employees that would result from Sunday rest and its natural influences, would of itself largely make good the apparent diminution of transportation capacity resulting from the discontinuance of Sunday labour. To protect the labourer, and especially the railway labourer, in the right to Sunday rest, stringent legislation is required. Against such legislation it is objected that it is religious lawmaking, that it interferes with the liberty of the individual, and that if a man wants to work on Sunday no law should prevent his doing so. Sunday rest legislation cannot properly interfere with religious convictions, or the reverse, and cannot properly prescribe religious observances and usages. It can, however, with propriety secure to the toiler the right to enjoy religious privileges, and to follow the dictates of his conscience.

Blackstone has said of Sabbath observance: "It is of admirable service to the State, considered merely as a civil institution." Justice Field, of the United States Supreme Court, when Chief Justice of California, said, when pronouncing judgment in an appeal against a Sunday observance law: "The legislature has the right to make laws for preservation of health and the promotion of good morals; and so to require periodical cessation from labour, if of opinion it would tend to both."

If legal enactment is necessary to enable the toiler to wash off the grime and stain of toil; to put off the greasy blouse and overall, and unclean attire, a respectable and self-respecting citizen, to spend Sunday with his wife and family, and with them to attend church and Sunday-school, if he desires, are not the highest interests of himself, of his family, and of the State thereby promoted; and does not such a law secure for him and for his the exercise of a civil right in the highest sense?

The artisan, employee, or labourer who believes that Sunday labour is a degradation, and who desires to secure the blessing of Sunday rest, should remember that to fasten upon others a bondage from which any portion of the great fraternity of toilers seeks to escape is treason to the cause, and tends powerfully to secure the success of the attempt to break down all opposition to Sunday labour. He shall scorn to ask for, or participate in, any

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enjoyment or holiday that dooms a fellow-labourer to loss of his Sunday rest and privileges. Only works of necessity and mercy should be permitted. No requirement beyond that limitation should be made. The rights of labour to Sunday rest can be secured only by the united action of those interested in securing that right. If the holiday-seeking labourer requires the services of the excursion trainmen, or of the street-car conductor, motor-men and power-house staff, he has surrendered the principle of Sunday rest requirements, and has aided to set in motion the influences that will sooner or later, perhaps, end in the loss of his own liberties.

The agitation for street railway service on Sunday, if successful, will lead to calamitous results. The quiet of the Sabbath will be surrendered, continuous labour will be forced upon unwilling men. Excursions and junketings will shock the sense of propriety of the religious, and will draw into the vortex of temptation, and scorn of religious and moral restraint, the class over whom it is most important that such restraints should be placed. The attendance upon Church and Sunday school will be diminished, and a long stride will have been made towards the complete secularization of the day. The Sabbath quiet of Toronto, of Ottawa, and of most other Canadian cities, reminds us of the Sabbath of our fathers. In most of the cities of the United States no such object lesson is furnished. It is said that American tourists sneer at our puritanical regard for the rest-day, and that American hotel patronage is repelled because facilities are not furnished for Sunday jaunts and pleasure-seeking. If such is the case, let those who are lovers of pleasure and Sabbath desecration rather than lovers of God, moral order, and salutary regulations, betake themselves to the land of Sunday newspapers and Sunday street-cars.

Europe has tried Sunday labour and lax Sunday regulations, and is now becoming alive to the importance of Sunday rest. There the Sunday rest cause is making rapid progress. In connection with the World's Fair at Paris, in 1889, an International Congress of Weekly Rest was held under the authorization of the French Government, September 21st to 27th. This Congress passed resolutions recommending the securing of Sunday rest for labourers by legislative enactment. In 1890 the International Labour Congress was convened by the Emperor William II. at Berlin, March 15th to 30th. This Congress also passed resolutions in favour of Sunday rest, and of legislative action for securing the same. In each of these cases the action taken was entirely independent of religious considerations, and Sunday rest was treated by both of these bodies as a question pertaining entirely to civil jurisdiction. Legislative enactments in the line of these resolutions have been made by nearly all the States of Continental Europe.

Whatever influences are in the future to elevate humanity, whatever forces are to work in the direction of producing a purer and nobler civilization, must not only reach the masses, but must act specially and powerfully upon them. The environment, the privileges and the purposes of the powerful, and the rich, is a matter of minor importance. The masses now possess intelligence and constantly increasing educational advantages. No longer is it true that their opinions and their desires are of small importance. The days of serfdom and vassalage are past. The artisan and the toiler now have votes, and each one as a factor in the affairs of the State is equal in political consequence to the man of higher social position. The future of civilization depends in a large measure upon the great class who must fight the battles of the nation in time of war, and develop its resources in time of peace; who

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must till its fields, gather its harvests, dig its minerals, run its spindles and forges, build its shops, and create its wealth. In working out the problem of the world's future, if a satisfactory solution is reached, Sunday rest with its attendant blessings must bear a conspicuous part. Without it the most elevating mental and moral influences will be lost to the masses. Without it the forces of Christianity, which have given modern civilization every characteristic of the superiority it possesses over the brutal and polluted forms of heathen civilization, will become nerveless and atrophied.

The enjoyment of Sunday rest, then, I assert, is a civil right the possession of which is pregnant with social, moral, material, and intellectual consequences that commend it to the State as a necessary and proper subject for the exercise of legislative functions; and to the citizen as a privilege of priceless importance which the mandate of the civil law should secure to all.

John Charlton.

"WHEN THE GOLDEN BOWL BE BROKEN."

THE Angel of Life leaned over the verge,
Where the seven golden bars
Round the lonely rampart of heaven ran,
Like a glimmering chain of stars.

The plumes of her folded wings were soft
As the breast of a brooding dove;
Yet the sky-like depths of her dreaming eyes
Were softer still with love.

And like a husbandman, who lends
His grain to the humid loam,
She flung a million souls from heaven,
And brought a million home.

Strange charioteer, she held the reins
Of the worlds within her hand;
While the hour-glass, at her girdle hung,
Ran centuries for sand.

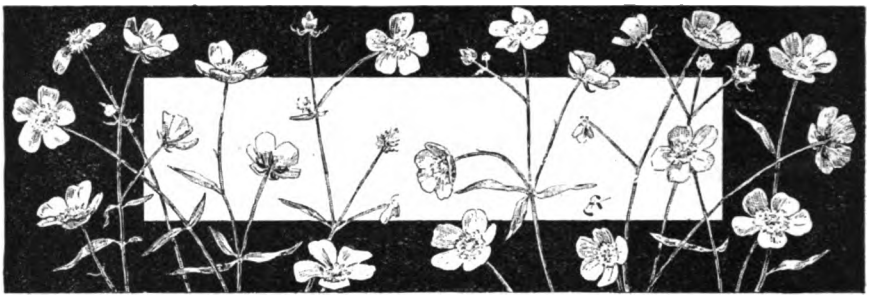
But, one by one, each one of her worlds
Sank down to a wavering spark;
And rein by rein she let them loose;
And they vanished down the dark.

She leaned far out from the golden bar;
And the sand in the glass ran low;
And the asphodel from her bosom fell;
And she let the last world go.

And she, like a sorrowing harvester,
Who has garnered all his grain,
On the lonely rampart of heaven turned
From the twilight, home again.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

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CANADA AND THE VENEZUELAN SETTLEMENT.

BY GEORGE TATE BLACKSTOCK, Q.C.

THAT the terms upon which it is announced the Venezuelan controversy is to be settled should provoke a stirring pæan of applause in the United States is quite natural; that they should be received in England with placid acquiescence is not surprising to anybody who contemplates the habitual ignorance and indifference which Englishmen generally display in dealing with the American section of the Empire; but that these terms should fail to arouse the indignation of and compel a protest from every Canadian seems incredible. We have in our international dealings with the United States taken many blows, and received many injuries, chiefly through a culpable and astounding lack of address and attention to our interests upon the part of the Home Government. Most of us had hoped that this state of affairs had passed away forever, and thought we discovered in the association of Canadian statesmen with English diplomats in our international tribunals, and in various other circumstances, signs and omens of a brighter day. But I venture to think that the sum total of all our misfortunes can scarcely equal the injury done to us by the Venezuelan settlement, and that, too, whether one regards it from a material or sentimental standpoint.

A more humiliating convention England has scarcely ever entered into. A moment's reflection ought to convince anyone that there is every ground for the United States to indulge in the coaxation and frog-galliards to which we shall now be treated by our neighbours to the south. One would think, to hear some of the sighs of relief which reach us from England, that if we have not made a very advantageous bargain, at least we have done our best in very difficult circumstances. But that is absolutely at variance with the facts.

The British Empire and the Republic of Venezuela are neighbours in South America, and had what we would call in this country a "line-fence" dispute. Venezuela for many years vainly endeavoured to induce her antagonist to submit this dispute to arbitration, which the latter as persistently declined to do. Then the United States intervened in what is called "a friendly way," and endeavoured to secure for Venezuela what she had failed to secure for herself; but again Great Britain refused to arbitrate, except with certain limitations, to which Venezuela declined to agree. Up to this point, therefore, the worst phase of the situation for England was, that she should arbitrate about a piece of disputed territory with a

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weak, poverty-stricken, ill-conditioned Spanish-American Republic, which ought to be no match for her in the preparation and presentation of her case and the general management of the business in hand, and whose victory, if England was worsted, involved no very great loss of property or prestige.

But England's refusal to arbitrate induced the United States to make the quarrel her own, and, in order to get a *locus standi*, to promulgate with ostentatious effrontery the theretofore nebulous Monroe doctrine, which had never, thus far, been formally recognized or incorporated into the code of international law. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the whole situation was changed, and became fraught with the most serious import to Great Britain. She was now in a situation where she had to choose between immensely adding to her prestige and authority over the civilized world, by withstanding with calm strength and dignity the preposterous claims of the United States on the one hand, and, on the other, of cutting the very disreputable figure of yielding to the menace and power of the United States that which she had refused to the supplication and weakness of Venezuela. The issue was clear and unmistakable. To turn a deaf ear for a quarter of a century to the entreaties of Venezuela, because she was too weak to forcibly oppose us, and then, in deference to the threats of the United States, to turn right-about-face and grant practically all that Venezuela had ever asked, was to proclaim England to the world as a swaggering bully. On the other hand, to tell the United States to mind her own business, to stand confidently upon the indisputable ground that Great Britain is as much an American power as the United States, that the latter is not entitled to any predominating influence in the Western Hemisphere, and that she cannot be permitted to interfere with impunity in the quarrels of Great Britain with other nations, was to take up a position at once sanctioned by right and justice, and, if maintained, sure to secure to England, not only substantial advantages in her trade relations with South America, but infinite glory and honour, and a large augmentation of national credit and prestige. That Lord Salisbury clearly saw the path of interest and of honour then is just as certain as that he has chosen the course of national infamy and disaster now.

The settlement just made, viewed in its narrow, immediate import, gives to Venezuela all that she ever asked, viz., a general arbitration as to the whole territory in dispute. I count as of practically no importance the limitation granting a title by prescription to districts of which the English have been in "open, notorious, and exclusive possession of for fifty years," and I venture to predict it will play a very insignificant part in the ultimate determination of the cause. Lord Salisbury announced at the Mansion House, with charming innocence, that this suggestion came from the United States—*Timeo Danaos dona ferentes.* It was too obviously furnished by Mr. Olney, as a soft spot for the English Premier to fall upon, to deceive anybody but an Englishman dealing with America.

Then, too, Venezuela gains immensely in the change of parties to the record which makes the United States the antagonist of Great Britain in the court of arbitration. Not only does this insure to Venezuela the presentation of her cause in a manner consistent with the resources and position of the United States, in a more forceful and exhaustive way than Venezuela herself could manage, but, what is of much more consequence, it brings to bear upon the tribunal itself, in favour of Venezuela, all the influence and authority of the United States, flushed with the advantage of having drawn first blood in the fight, in comparison

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with which the influence of Venezuela herself would be as nothing.

I do not dwell upon these aspects of the matter which concern almost exclusively Venezuela and British Guiana. It is when one passes from these to larger considerations that one sees at once that the United States emerges from the controversy with everything gained, while England is certainly ignominiously defeated and humiliated. If we leave out of sight the general treaty arrangement, which is not at all necessarily involved in the settlement of the Venezuela business, and which time will prove is of no advantage to England, the United States has every reason to indulge in the wildest outbursts of enthusiasm. Not only is the Monroe doctrine firmly established and inscribed in the international code, but in a form so amplified and extended as to make the influence of the United States absolutely paramount upon this continent, and to make her the arbiter of the fortunes and destinies of every South American state. The far-reaching consequences of this state of affairs will very soon make themselves apparent. Trade follows the flag, and if you deliberately modify, if not annihilate, your own influence and prestige in South America, and at the same time solemnly acknowledge that the United States is to be the paramount authority and absolute master of the situation, you will very soon find that the nations of the southern half of this hemisphere will find it to their advantage to buy their wares of, and do their business with, that country which can make or mar their fortunes. The position of the United States in the matter of controlling South American trade, which has long been the eager pursuit of her statesmen, is almost impregnable. We have delivered the prey to our enemy, and that without rhyme or reason, much less any equivalent.

This is serious enough for Englishmen, whose interests in South America are still immense; it will be much more serious for Canada a quarter of a century hence. Depend upon it, South America, when this country has a population of 15,000,000, as it will have in another 25 years, would be one of our most natural and productive markets, particularly for lumber, timber, and certain classes of manufactured goods. To nurse and preserve that market should be one of our strongest and most persistent aims; but we know that its productiveness to us will be largely destroyed if the influence of the United States can compass it.

Besides this consideration, English statesmen ought to reflect a little upon the feelings of Britons in America. If England is not really able to stand up against the United States, if the State letters of English statesmen, such as Lord Salisbury's early letters to Secretary Olney, which inflamed us with pride and enthusiasm, are, in reality, as Americans allege, only so much bounce and bluster which have only to be met with courage and firmness to make England yield, then is the position of the American Briton a sorry one indeed, and almost intolerable. It is all very well for Englishmen at home to concentrate their attention upon European politics and to be always ready to make every concession to the United States, so as to leave them free to watch the game of European intrigue with undistracted attention, but they ought to give at least a passing thought to the daily, if not hourly, humiliation to which this course of weakness and pusillanimity exposes us.

Our sympathy is in an especial degree due to our fellow-subjects in British Guiana. They, in common with ourselves, have been engaged in a high endeavour to consolidate the interests of the Empire and uphold the honour of the flag upon this continent, and to-day they find themselves surrounded by a lot of Spanish-American pups who bark and snarl

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and scratch and bite from under the protecting legs and jowl of the bulldog at Washington, to whom the British lion has formally abandoned the field. It requires no aid of the imagination to perceive that the natural effect of England's backdown, and of her assent to the extravagant pretensions and astounding doctrines of the United States, must be to greatly elevate the horn and stiffen the back of the Spanish-American communities, and to correspondingly depress the courage, spirit and energy of our fellow-subjects in those regions. Our enemies in those quarters know that from this time forth they may hector and badger their British neighbours with impunity, and that if the worm at last turns in sheer desperation, they have only to bring him before the proposed arbitration tribunal, where there is no claim too extravagant for the United States to champion, no proceeding too high-handed for her to defend, while, on the other hand, there is scarcely any imposition or indignity which England will not in the end condone. Such a position is absolutely intolerable.

We are face to face with the gravest crisis for many a day in American colonial history. There is a dignity and self-respect which pertain to individuals in their private relations with one another, without the maintenance of which life is not worth the living; there is also a dignity and self-respect which pertain to those same individuals, as members of one political community, in their dealings with citizens of other States which is just as necessary to an honourable life. It is one thing to have endured with placid equanimity, as we have done all our political lives, the inflated vapourings and boisterous swagger of the people of the United States, so long as we rested confident in the feeling that when the hour for action came England would vindicate our honour and superiority, and her own; it is quite another thing to endure all this when the Mother Country has, in effect, under her hand and seal, admitted our inferiority. It is a question of national life and honour. Constant and reiterated humiliation must leave its effects upon the character of our people, and we must either maintain our *amour propre*, or find our spirits droop and sicken in this choke-damp of national dishonour. If the arrangement with the United States is sanctioned by parliament, the most serious blow will be struck at the maintenance of British institutions upon this continent. To-day a certain percentage of our youth annually find their way to the United States, seduced not more by the smiles of fortune than by the charm of escaping from what they feel to be the equivocal status of colonists, but how much more difficult will it be, hereafter, to restrain this exodus, when England has herself given this whimsical chimera the air of reality!

The truth is that if Lord Salisbury had set out with the avowed object of elevating the fortunes and status of the United States, and depressing our own, he could scarcely have succeeded better. No one will accuse the noble marquis of any indifference to the interests or honour of his country in its foreign relations. The whole difficulty arises from that fatal inability of Englishmen to form a true estimate of American character and aims. They will persist in believing that the United States fully reciprocates their idyllic and altruistic aspirations for the harmony and union of the two peoples, and that she desires the prosperity and happiness of the British Empire as heartily as Englishmen wish these for her. No more profound error can be indulged. It cannot be too often repeated, line upon line, precept upon precept, until it passes into the currency of a maxim that England has no such deadly, jealous and persistent foe as the United States. It ought not to be so; it may not always be so; but it absolutely is so.

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So, also, Englishmen utterly fail to realize that social, political and economic conditions have conspired to induce American statesmen to forego the insular and domestic traditions of the past, and to look forward to a vigourous foreign policy, to territorial aggrandizement, and generally to playing a larger and more conspicuous part among the nations. Everyone in this continent who is familiar with the sentiments of American public men, and the trend of current discussion and opinion in that country, knows the truth of what I assert. In part consciousness, that they are a very insignificant factor in the world's politics; in part, that desire for expansion which is common to all virile and vigourous communities; and, in part, the efforts to divert attention from difficulties at home, by creating interests abroad, have produced this state of affairs, and no one is competent to conduct our international controversies who is unaware of it, or fails to keep it steadily in view. English statesmen are constantly endeavouring to conciliate the United States by concessions of one kind or another. It is a policy of weakness which is fast approaching the confines of poltroonery, and in which a small demand conceded to-day is followed by a more audacious one proffered to-morrow.

The consent to submit to arbitration the impudent assertion that the Behring Sea is *mare clausum*, and to subject our sealers to a set of regulations which practically leaves the sealing industry in the hands of Americans was a fitting prelude to the still more preposterous claim that Great Britain cannot deal with a boundary dispute upon this continent, except in the manner prescribed by the United States. That country is the horseleech's daughter crying, "Give give, give!" and the more you yield to her, the more you may. This continual nauseating deference to the demands of the United States is all the more to be deplored by those who appreciate the fact, which is undoubted, that if those demands were refused with courageous and persistent firmness, she would not persevere in them. It is the knowledge that England will go almost any length to appease her which is the most prolific source of all these difficulties; and it will be found that our subscription to the all-embracing Monroe doctrine, accompanied by the erection of a tribunal to try questions which arise, will result in the immediate multiplication of difficulties for England upon this continent. South American nations will constantly be seizing upon one pretext or another for asking the United States to intervene between them and England, which she will be only too ready to do in order to prove her power and extend her influence and trade.

So, also, we shall find that another result will be the further augmentation of the navy of the United States, which will make her still more defiant and unreasonable. Heretofore, every time she has been confronted with the possibility of a foreign war, the weakness of her navy has made her pause; but once that navy has been increased to respectable proportions, you may look for her going about the world with a chip on her shoulder, and we may also be certain that not on this continent alone, but in every quarter of the world where the Stars and Stripes are carried, their influence will always be found in the scale of England's enemies.

The carrying trade of Great Britain, which has long been the envy of Americans, and to curtail which they are putting forth superhuman efforts, must inevitably suffer. It is easy to see that the great extension of the influence and prestige of the United States must inevitably produce this result.

View it in any light we may, we Canadians cannot regard the events now passing otherwise than with

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the gravest alarm. Up to the present time there have been upon this continent two great powers, the United States and Great Britain. In the struggle for prosperity and success, for the extension and development of empire and influence, there has been a fair field and no favour, except such advantages as Nature or Fortune has conferred upon one or the other. But now at a most important crisis in our history, when we have cast our swaddling clothes, and have grown into a robust, vigourous and hopeful adolescence; when our fortunes are going up by leaps and bounds; when we are becoming daily a more formidable rival to our enemy; when we are hourly stimulating her jealousy by the exploiting and development of our resources; when we are preparing to clutch at the highest feathers in her cap; when we are making bold to emulate her prosperity at the same time that we exhibit a higher civilization and a better type of manhood—it is at such a time that an artificial handicap is placed upon us in the race by the solemn acknowledgment of the Mother Country, in the face of Christendom, that the United States is the paramount power, and is entitled to a preponderating influence in this hemisphere, and that so far as this continent is concerned, no matter what the prowess or ambition of her children, or the richness of the heritage God has honoured them with, Great Britain sinks to the level of a second-class power. We are unworthy of our sires, unworthy of the enchanting country we possess, unworthy of our fortune—aye, unworthy of the very Motherland that puts this indignity upon us, if we tamely submit to it without exhausting every effort—vain though it may appear—to avert so signal a mark of national degeneracy.

Certainly no stronger argument could be found in favor of Imperial Federation than is furnished by this unfortunate arrangement. No one for a moment believes that in any Imperial council or parliament in which the colonies had voice or representation would it be possible to set the seal of approval upon this unhappy convention, nor is it possible that if he had had a Canadian statesman of average patriotism and information at his elbow Lord Salisbury could ever have fallen into such an error. But, in the absence of such influences, it is surely the duty of our Government to enter a spirited remonstrance against an act of folly which endangers our peace, jeopardises important trade interests, and makes an irreparable breach in our influence and prestige.

Lord Randolph Churchill stigmatised Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill as "The Great Betrayal." May we not appropriately call Lord Salisbury's acknowledgment of Monroeism "The Greater Betrayal"?

George T. Blackstock.



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A PRIESTESS OF LIBERTY AND HER MESSAGE.

(A Picture of Mrs. Browning.)

"Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it 'Italy,'
Such lovers old are I and she;
So it always was, so shall ever be."

SUCH was the love which Robert Browning and his poet-wife bore to the oppressed land beneath whose smiling skies they had made their home. Theirs was the fervent devotion of patriots, not the heated partizanship which manifests itself in the championing of Venezuelan claims, nor even that sincere, but erratic, sympathy which actuated Cuban filibustering. To them the freedom of Italy meant much more than did the liberation of Greece to Byron. In the latter, we cannot but see the Corsair-spirit's detestation of oppression predominating over his love for the oppressed. It was rather against "the unspeakable Turk" than for the Hellene that he strove—he loved the slave because he first hated the cruel task-master. With the Brownings, however, affection for Italy was a controling feeling. Not even Mazzini, nor Garibaldi, could suffer more deeply in his nation's degradation than did these English singers. While from the pen of Mazzini came those burning calls for action upon the part of slumbering Italy, no less earnest was the appeal sent to the outer world by the gentle poetess sitting behind her window at Casa Guida. And who will say that the golden stylus of the woman proved less mighty than the statesman's firmer pen? Each played well its part in making possible final victory through the sword of Garibaldi.

In the poem entitled, "From Casa Guida Windows," there were embodied the impressions and emotions of Elizabeth Browning, as she witnessed the struggle which took place in Tuscany during her residence in Florence. And that song went forth as a message to the nations. Could dying Armenia be blessed with such a priestess, how much more of hope in its future! She made no pretensions to presenting a treatise upon the principles of liberty, nor to formulating any definite plan for immediate action. This was to be the part of others. For her, it was enough that she felt the wrong and hated it—hated with all the intensity of a god-like passion; that her whole being became vocal with love and pity for the bruised and trodden form of lovely Italia.

By the Congress of Vienna, Italy had been placed under petty princes, who owned allegiance to Austria and the Pope. Continued oppression awakened irreconcilable hostility between these rulers and their subjects. An almost universal revolt of the Italian States, in 1848, bade fair to overthrow foreign domination. A republic was declared under the presidency of the

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intrepid Mazzini, and upon the same day the tyrannical Duke of Tuscany fled from Florence. Italy's first shout of exultation at her new-found liberty had scarcely died away when the allied forces were disastrously defeated at the battle of Novara. The treacherous French expedition of 1850 was the concluding event of this great revolution. The reaction was merciless. Austrian troops exercised a crushing tyranny, and from time to time Europe shuddered at the recital of dark cruelties, scarcely less atrocious than the outrages of the Kurds in Armenia. Such events were the melancholy inspiration of a poetic outburst that compelled the attention of Christendom In spite of all—for no Cassandra was this prophetess—her faith foretold a time of final triumph.

The poem consists of two parts, written at an interval of about three years, before and after the revolution of 1848. The first is marked by its glowing hope for the liberty of Italy's re-awakened future; the second by its disappointment at the fickleness of the people and its detestation of their rulers' perfidy, still relieved, however, by the light of faith. The opening lines contain pathetic reference to the song of an Italian child passing beneath the window of the poetess, "*O, Bella Liberata!* Oh! Beauteous Liberty!" is the sweet refrain which calls forth that lyrical plaint, so exquisitely tender, declaring the sad inadequateness of mere music to awaken the deadened heart of Italy. Too much there has been, says this singer, of mere poetic sympathy; too much of weak glorying in past greatness by an unfortunate nation,

> "Of her own past, impassioned nympholept."

Adopting a more vigorous strain, this Priestess of Liberty and Right sounds forth with sudden passion:

> "We do not serve the dead—the past is past,
> God lives,—
> Draw new furrows with the healthy morn
> And plant the great hereafter in this now."

Feeling that nothing definite will result from the impulses of sudden enthusiasm, with another "clarion breath" she exclaims:

> "*Will* therefore to be strong, O Italy!
> *Will* to be noble!——"

Tyranny must be resisted by force of arms, since the day has not yet come when mankind will

> "——announce
> Law by freedom; exalt chivalry by peace."

But Italy's greatest need she feels to be a teacher who will convince its sons that they must, in their souls, be free,

> "For if we lift a people like mere clay
> It falls the same——"

Again, she counsels firmness of purpose, and beseeches her adopted countrymen to

> "Bring swords; but first bring souls."

With a strong appeal to the nations of Europe, and a sanguine prophecy of the final triumph of Right, the first part of the poem closes.

The opening stanza of the second and shorter portion reverts in thought to the childish song heard three years or so before, and sadly refers to the prophetic feelings which had been disproved by bitter reality. It seems to her as though only a few "thinkers" have any real care for Italy, so weak in purpose have the Tuscans lately proved themselves, and so false their rulers. Fearing that her reproving may be mistaken for lack of sympathy, there well up from her heart strains of tenderest love and pity, like tears, relieving by their expression the strain of an unbearable grief:

> "My soul is bitter for your sakes,
> O, freedom! O, my Florence!"

Such lines, indeed, are tears in words. More strongly than ever does the poetess realize the need of some mighty educative force which will truly prepare the multitude for a state of freedom. Lack of soul-conviction had been the cause of previous

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failure. Again, she laments the lack of aid from other countries.

"Alas! great nations have great shames,
No pity, O world—
For poor Italia, battered by mischance!"

Sadly and earnestly, she beseeches England for,

"——Alms—God's justice to be done."

To the lonely champion, it seems as though only the martyred patriots of other days have been true to native land. Still her faith asserts that their unfinished work will yet be taken up by strong hands. She sings:

"Poets are soothsayers yet like those of old,"

and has faith in her own prophecies. And now, the sight of her bright-haired child awakens a new ardour in her soul. To her he seems God's witness that

"—— the elemental
New springs of life are gushing everywhere,
To cleanse the watercourses."

She takes a lesson from the innocent trustfulness of childhood. With her husband she realizes that:

"God's in His Heaven—all's right with the world."

With immediate clearness of vision she now sees that

"The blank interstices
Men take for ruins, He will build into
With pillared marbles rare, or knit across
With generous arches, till the fane's complete."

With words illumined by the beauty of a holy hope and the faith of a child, the poem closes:

"Such cheer I gather from thy smiling Sweet!
The self-same cherub faces which emboss
The Vail, lean inward to the Mercy-seat."

Mrs. Browning by this poem shows herself the poet of humanity. Inanimate nature for her, though she feels its beauties, does not contain the all-satisfying. She conceives of it only in its relation to mankind and its Creator. Her conception of the Divine does not have its limit in an æsthetic communion with the soul of Nature; nor do we find, in her, so much a seeing 'through Nature to Nature's God,' as a knowledge through mankind of the Universal Father. The essence of the spiritual feeling which pervades her work is love—love for Humanity and Humanity's God. Imbued she was with a sense of the sacredness of poetry, and its relation to the inner life of man. Who can listen to the rhythmic throbbings of her love-burdened heart without experiencing emotions far transcending those aroused by the grandest measures of sound-borne music? Compare it if you will to some masterpiece of organ harmony—though such simile inadequately represents the spell-binding power of its composite beauties—its sadly melodious *prelude* and *finale* sweet with golden hope; its *crescendos* of passion and outbursts of glorious imagery; its plaintive minor strains of reproving tenderness or sweet bewailing; the 'hidden harmonies' of righteous anger or scathing sarcasm; its *allegro* themes of hope and its *andantes* of consequent disappointments. Beneath the spell of its completed harmony the listener is filled with strangely conflicting emotions—love for liberty, justice, and all that is noble and true; sympathy with suffering and sorrow; hatred for despotism, religious or temporal; loathing for all that is cowardly or false.

Slowly, very slowly, came the world's response to this musician's message. Almost ten years passed ere her faith's prophecy had its fulfilment. And then the land of song was free, but its sweetest singer lay dying in the City of Flowers.

Stambury R. Tarr.

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MRS. WARD'S NEW NOVEL.*

A Review.

MRS. WARD'S "Robert Elsmere" was a novel with a purpose, and hence had an importance more on that account than because of its interest as a story. "The History of David Grieve" had less purpose and more of the pure story character. The same may be said of "Marcella." Her new work, "Sir George Tressady," is still more of a story, the "purpose" being present, but less prominent.



MRS. WARD.

It will be remembered that Marcella was a young lady who went to London to study art and life, and imbibed certain ideas concerning the injustice of private property, the destructiveness of unrestrained competition, and the sacredness of the rights of labour. Returning to her rural home she was led to take a strong interest in the agricultural poor, and was carried away with schemes for the elevation of their material and intellectual condition. She came to recognize that the labouring man must be educated and refined before he can be placed on that elevated plane where all men are free and equal, and that reforms must come gradually, not precipitately.

In "Sir George Tressady," Marcella, now Lady Maxwell, is again the leading figure, and the *fin-de-siécle* socialistic phenomena are again considered. Sir George Tressady enters the British Parliament with "the common philosophy of the educated and fastidious observer; and it rested on ideas of the greatness of England and the infinity of England's mission, on the rights of ability to govern as contrasted with the squalid possibilities of democracy, on the natural kingship of the higher races, and on a profound personal admiration for the virtues of the administrator and the soldier." He believes in "government to the competent, and not to the many." While in Parliament, he is brought into opposition to Lord and Lady Maxwell, who are endeavouring to have passed a Bill doing away with "sweating" within the precincts of London. These two persons are still following up the plans of Hallin, who, it will be remembered, "was a lecturer and an economist, a man who lived in the perception of the great paradox, that in our modern world political power has gone to the workman, while yet socially and intellectually he remains

* "Sir George Tressady," by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, author of "Marcella," "Robert Elsmere," etc. New York: The Macmillan Co. 2 vols.; cloth, $2.00.

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little less weak, or starved, or subject, than before."

At first, Sir George fought them bitterly and assiduously. By degrees, however, he was brought under the influence of Lady Maxwell, who, "now, as ever, remained on the moral side, a creature of strain and effort, tormented by ideals not to be realized, and eager to drive herself in a breathless pursuit of them." The waste of life and health involved in the great clothing industries in East London had been investigated, and Marcella (Lady Maxwell) was determined that, by means of her husband's Bill, a reform should be effected. Neither she nor her husband had the smallest belief that any of the great civilised communities would ever see the State the sole landlord and the sole-capitalist. To both, possession—private and personal—was one of the first and chiefest elements of human training, but they believed "in protecting the weak from his weakness, the poor from his poverty, in defending the woman and child from the fierce claims of capital, in forcing upon trade after trade the axiom that no man may lawfully build his wealth upon the exhaustion and degradation of his fellow.... Bring the force of the social conscience to bear as keenly and as ardently as you may upon the separate activities of factory and household, farm, and office, and from the results you will only get a richer individual freedom, one more illustration of the divinest law man serves—that he must 'die to live,' must surrender to obtain."

But in spite of Marcella's "passionate sympathy with the multitude who live in disagreeable homes on about a pound a week, she herself was very sensitive to the neighbourhood of beautiful things, to the charm of old homes, cool woods, green lawns, and the rise and fall of Brookshire hills;" she revelled in politics, in social gatherings, in country-house parties, in all that was artistic in English social life; she was, in short, "the adored, detested, famous woman, typical in so many ways of changing custom and of an expanding world."

The story turns on the courtship of Sir George Tressady and a pretty, scheming young woman who becomes his wife, and quarrels with him as soon as he is safely bound in the bonds of matrimony. Her heartlessness makes the first volume of the book somewhat like a description of a nightmare. Her pettiness, her shallowness, her worldliness are painted in such strong colours that the reader is anxious to turn away; but the inexorable author holds him to his gaze until she is satisfied. Through a strike among the coal-miners upon Sir George's estates, and through jealousy of the friendship which sprang up between Sir George and Marcella, the young wife is partially brought to her senses, but not until Mrs. Ward has told, or rather shown us a great deal about the modern marriage which is often caricatured but very seldom scientifically examined.

The book may be accepted as an admirable pen-picture of the social life of the England of to-day. The hardships of the poor, the bickerings of the poverty-stricken nobility, the struggles of the various social classes are drawn with masterly strokes, and the picture is toned here and there—not enough, perhaps—with the beautiful lives of men and women possessed of the nobility of lineage, of education and of association. The leading figures stand out boldly upon the canvas, and not a necessary detail is omitted. There is not a square inch of the work which the artist has not carefully considered and artistically treated. It is realistic in the extreme, never vuglar, and always according to the highest forms of literary art. As one critic says, "We are struck by the actuality of the characters; they live and breathe, for their creator has lived with them, and has, so to speak, been able to draw from life."

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The most charming parts of the book are the conversations between Sir George and Lady Maxwell. She tries to influence him in favour of the Bill, paints the miseries of the East-End poor, plays upon his sympathies, touches his heart-strings, throws her whole beautiful personality into the scale on the side she so anxiously desires. He, on his part, replies at first, because he hates her power in and around Parliament, continues the struggle because he likes to hear her voice, to see her flashing, sympathetic eyes, to feel the tremendous power of a beautiful, intellectual and enthusiastic woman. Finally, he changes his attitude and saves the Bill because—she desires it. Then comes the denouement—the jealous wife, the sorrowful awakening of Marcella to the havoc she has wrought, the sudden realization by Sir George of his own delicate position. All this is worked out with a dramatic power which few of our authors possess.

The critics are divided as to the merit of the work. The *Athenæum* thinks that Lady Maxwell is a degenerate Marcella; the *Spectator*, that the book is less mature and less fascinating; and the *Saturday Review*, that Marcella is made to do some shameless, posturing impossibilities. The *Independent*, (N.Y.) says that everything in the book is alive and real; while the *Bookman* says that "Mrs. Ward lacks the final supreme gift of making her characters step down from their pedestal and live with us." Other critics lavish great praise on the novel as a whole, while nearly all admire the author's finished technique. Perhaps the difference of opinion among the critics may be taken as good evidence of the book's real excellence. That no two of them strike at the same point would seem to prove that there is no really vulnerable spot in the work as Mrs. Ward has given it to the world.

John A. Cooper.

THE DAYS OF THE CANADA COMPANY.*

A Review.

FROM every point of view, this is one of the pleasantest books that has come in our way for a long time. In the first place, the literary quality of the volume is excellent—we might say, first-rate. The two lady writers have so fused the work of each, or have had sympathies so perfectly in harmony, that there is no appearance, from beginning to end, of any discord, or even of any combination. We put this quality of the book first, because it might otherwise seem that we made the best of the workmanship on account of the subject and the intrinsic interest of the contents. This is not the case. We entirely agree with the judgment of Principal Grant, expressed in his "Introduction," when he says: "To me it has been an unmixed delight to read the proof. Their racy descriptions give vivid glimpses of the good old times, and many Canadians will join with me in thanking them for allowing us to sit beside one of the cradles of our national life, and hear some of the first attempts at speech of the sturdy infant." That we may not seem to be uncritical in our laudation, we will add that, here and there, the writers are slightly elliptical; so that now and then we have to turn

*In the Days of the Canada Company: The Story of the Settlement of the Huron Tract, and a View of the Social Life of the Period, 1825-1850. By Robina and Kathleen Macfarlane Lizars. Price, $2.00. Toronto: W. Briggs. 1896.

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back a little, and make sure of the connection. Moreover, the topographical indications might have been a little more precise. But the reader may help himself in this respect by reference to a sketch-map of the Huron district, "in which the Canada Company have about 1,000,000 acres of land," at p. 379.

Here, however, we have done with criticism, which, we trust, has not sounded carping or ungracious. As regards the actual contents of the volume, whether we are Canadians born or have become so by adoption, it is with nothing less than a feeling of pride that we peruse these records of our early history. It is hardly possible to believe that the conditions of life have altered so greatly during the few years that have intervened between the period covered by this volume and the present time. We suppose that the children and grandchildren of those hardy and heroic pioneers might be capable of enduring and accomplishing what they endured and accomplished; but most of them would be very reluctant to submit themselves to such an ordeal.

We have no intention of entering here into the merits of the Canada Company, not only because of the difficulty of forming what we may call a general estimate of its value; but because the very phrase must, of necessity, have a very uncertain meaning. The praise and the blame, if they are ever to be distributed, cannot be assigned to the representatives of the Company in Canada alone, nor to the authorities at home alone. Sometimes the very necessities of the circumstances are responsible for what is done or left undone, if we can speak of responsibility in such a case. Sometimes plans which have been formed with the very best intentions and from the purest motives have most seriously miscarried. There is little attempt, in the book before us, to settle questions of this kind. The writers are content to place living men before us in action, and help u to understand them and what they did.

One figure, of course, leads the way, John Galt, the "father of the Company," of whom we shall have something more to say; but other notable persons and families appear in these pages. Canada, as the Company found it, is placed before us, and we see "these roads before they were made," and the work which was cut out for the pioneers. Then we have an historical sketch from Champlain to Gooding, the Kings of the Canada Company, and the Colborne clique. Canadian names are a little trying to persons unacquainted with the special localities. The Colborne here is a township next to Goderich, and the Perth is the county east of Huron County, and has obviously no connection with the Perth on the C.P.R. A denizen of Huron would probably smile with disdain on these explanations; but we don't all hail from Huron.

Some of the most interesting chapters are those which are devoted to the description of the homes of the leading families, as of Gairbraid, the home of the Dunlops, of whom more anon; Lunderston, the home of the Hyndmans, a very remarkable family, the head of it being "a tall man, straight as a tree; the best and truest man that ever set foot in Huron;" and Meadowlands, the home of the Lizars, from whom, we presume, the authors of our history proceeded. Another very prominent family in these pages is the well-known family of the Stricklands. There is also much of interest in the chapters on the Canada Company *v.* the People and the People *v.* the Canada Company. The Company, we may remark, were at their worst when they were meddling with politics; and, although there is a good deal of amusing narrative in the stories of the elections, there was always, especially in those days, something that we could dispense with, were it

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not that history must be truly written.

Talking of the writing of history, we ought perhaps to remark that our authors give us no references to any authorities for the verification of their statements. We suppose, therefore, that the substantial contents of the volume rest on local tradition, or are derived from letters and other private documents, and perhaps, to some extent, from pamphlets and newspapers. This is an additional reason for thankfulness that the work has been done whilst it still could be done. In books like these we have the material for future history; and it not only bears evidence of truth and reality, but it can be tested and sifted for the use of the historians that are to come.

As we have said, there is one man who comes first; but there is another who stands close beside him, and who appears on the scene long after Galt had quitted it, Dr. William Dunlop, who may not improperly be called the hero of this epic.

John Galt was a very remarkable man as a writer and as an administrator. His "Annals of the Parish," and other books of the same class, hold a first place among the books that deal with the human life of Scotland. Galt was essentially a good man, upright, high-minded, public-spirited. If he had been a smaller man, or a meaner man, he might, from a worldly point of view, have done better for himself. Perhaps it was the very simplicity and nobility of the man which laid him open to misconception. "Mr. Galt had been accused of extravagance; but if extravagance there was, it was an authorized extravagance. His actions have been blamed as high-handed and short-sighted; for the first, he was under direction from a Board not in touch with the circumstances; and, for the second, he was far-sighted enough for his sons, in their maturity, to have been able to see in Canada many things which he had hoped for during their youth." Mr. Galt, the writer says, was never other than the "plain gentleman." He says of himself: "I was, doubtless, not born in the hemisphere of fashion, but I have lived in it as much as a plebeian should do who had any respect for himself." This is excellent. Truly do our authers add, "There is no snob clot on the Galt brain."

We must not dwell longer on this grand figure. Canada owes much to him, and would gladly number many such men among her sons in every period. It is to be hoped that the memory of the author and that of the administrator may go down to posterity together.

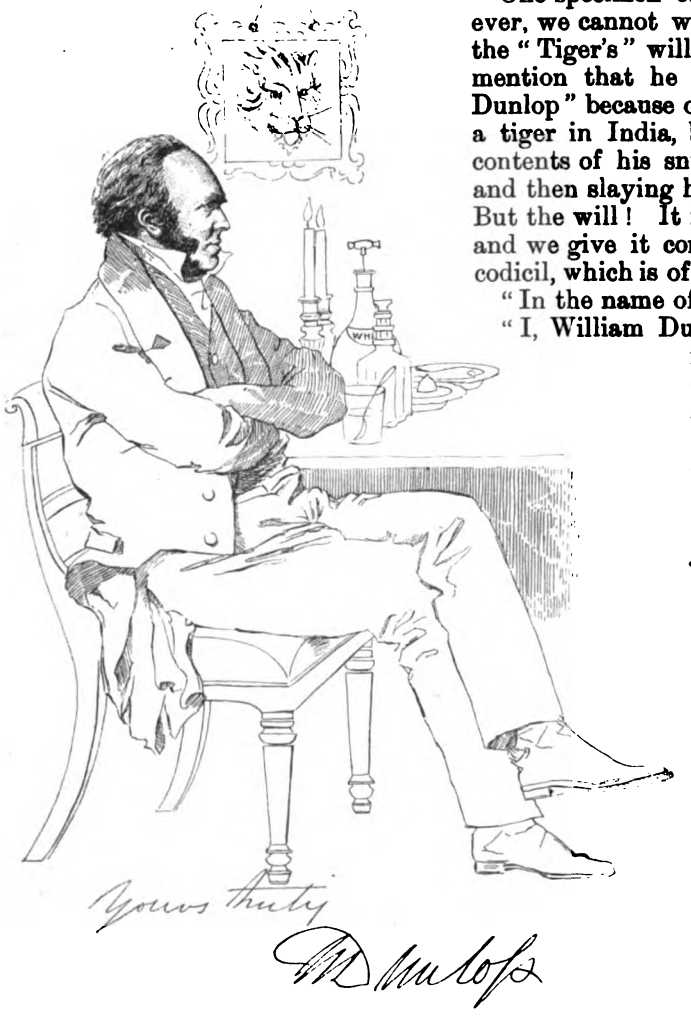
There are many topics touched upon in this part of the book, in regard to the manners and customs and practices of the times of Galt and his fellow-workers, which we would gladly dwell upon. But we shall have done our work indifferently, indeed, if our readers are not induced to turn to the volume itself. For our own part, we shall not be contented with merely having read it from beginning to end. We shall keep it by our side and dip into its pages, and learn from it to understand better and to appreciate more deeply the men who have gone before us and the work which they have done. One thing we may here note—that we get to understand better the feeling of the men who have grown up with, or immediately after, these pioneers, in their devotion to their own Canada, and in their aversion to the idea of annexation to another country.

As, however, we have said, the most interesting and picturesque character in this volume is Dr. William Dunlop, a Scotchman by birth, who was an army surgeon in India for a time, the heat of which he became unable to endure, after which (in 1813) he came out to Canada. In 1841 he succeeded his brother, Captain Robert Graham Dunlop, at his death, as member in the Provincial Parliament; and himself died in 1848, aged 56.

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This Dr. William Dunlop was "a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy," in all ways. It is not quite easy to forbear following him—in his kindly intercourse with his neighbours, in his dry humour, in his delight at getting up a duel. To his credit be it spoken that these duels seldom (perhaps never) came off. We must, however, content ourselves with the verdict of the writers, thoroughly borne out by the testimony of the book and with one peculiar specimen of his humour.

"In spite," they say, "of the faults of his day, and his own surpassing excellence in them, this son of the land of the tartan, the bonnet and the kilt, was a true man. There was not an untrue or a selfish thread in his cord of life. He made no boast of religion; he simply lived it; the chief tenet in it was charity. The half-obliterated letters on that grey slab are not his epitaph (see p. 460, 461). He is best remembered by what he did, and when even that shall have faded, a whole country-side of happy and prosperous times shall remain to keep his memory green." So let him rest!



AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES OF UPPER CANADA"

One specimen of his humour, however, we cannot withhold, and that is the "Tiger's" will. We neglected to mention that he was called "Tiger Dunlop" because of his having killed a tiger in India, by first giving the contents of his snuff-box in his eyes, and then slaying him with his sword. But the will! It is certainly unique; and we give it complete, without the codicil, which is of no special interest:

"In the name of God, amen:

"I, William Dunlop, of Gairbraid, in the township of Colborne, County and District of Huron, Western Canada, Esquire, being in sound health of body, and my mind just as usual, (which my friends who flatter me say is no great shakes at the best of times,) do make this my last will and testament as follows, revoking, of course, all former wills.

"I leave the property of Gairbraid, and all other landed property I may die possessed of, to my sisters, Helen Boyle Story and Elizabeth Boyle Dunlop; the

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former, because she is married to a minister whom (God help him) she henpecks. The latter, because she is married to nobody, nor is she like to be, for she is an old maid, and not market ripe. And, also, I leave to them and their heirs my share of the stock and implements on the farm; provided, always, that the enclosure round my brother's grave be reserved, and if either should die without issue, then the other to inherit the whole.

"I leave to my sister-in-law, Louisa Dunlop, all my share of the household furniture and such traps, with the exceptions hereinafter mentioned.

"I leave my silver tankard to the eldest son of old John, as the representative of the family. I would have left it to old John himself, but he would melt it down to make temperance medals, and that would be sacrilege. However, I leave my big horn snuff-box to him; he can only make temperance horn spoons of that.

"I leave my sister Jenny my Bible, the property formerly of my great-great-grandmother, Bethia Hamilton, of Woodhall; and when she knows as much of the spirit of it as she does of the letter, she will be another guise of Christian than she is.

"I also leave my late brother's watch to my brother Sandy, exhorting him at the same time to give up Whiggery, Radicalism, and all other sins that do most easily beset him.

"I leave my brother Alan my big silver snuff-box, as I am informed he is rather a decent Christian, with a swag belly and a jolly face.

"I leave Parson Chevasse (Magg's husband) the snuff-box I got from the Sarnia militia, as a small token of my gratitude for the service he has done the family in taking a sister that no man of taste would have taken.

"I leave John Coddle a silver teapot, to the end that he may drink tea therefrom to comfort him under the affliction of a slatternly wife.

"I leave my books to my brother Andrew, because he has been so long a Jungley Wallah, that he may learn to read with them.

"I give my silver cup, with a sovereign in it, to my sister, Janet Graham Dunlop, because she is an old maid and pious, and therefore will necessarily take to horning. And also my grandma's snuff-mull, as it looks decent to see an old woman taking snuff."

Imagine such a will being read at a funeral! Some doubts were expressed as to the legality of such a document; but its validity was found to be unquestionable.

William Clark.

A GAME OF CHESS.

A Sketch.

"DO you want to take that move back?" he asks abruptly. We are playing chess, apparently; in reality we are playing a deeper game.

"If I don't, the game is yours."

"Would that be anything new?" sardonically.

I could box his ears—or kiss him—when he speaks to me like that.

Which do I do? Well, really——

* * * * * * *

He meanders on, in his professor-like style, on the inability of women in general—and me in particular—to play chess well. "It is too long a game, and too serious a game," he is saying. "Women like to talk and laugh and come to some result. You

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know yourself, Pauline, that you lose all interest"—he pauses to look at me.

I am studying the board meditatatively, my chin resting on my clasped hand. The tall lamp, with its red shade, stands beside us.

"By Jove, you are looking well to-night," he remarks. "I believe you are actually growing pretty." It is one of his fads to constantly inform me that the popular verdict as to my good looks is a mistaken one. *N'importe*—he loves me all the same.

"Your hair is a trifle flat," he continues, "it suits you better up a little."

I meekly give it a few deft pokes.

"Does that please your royal highness?"

"It's better. What have you done to your hand?"

"You are horribly observant," I sharply remark, for it is an ugly little bruise. "I had a nasty tumble off my wheel to-day, coasting down our hill."

"If you *will* coast without a brake, you deserve it."

Sympathetically, "Shall I kiss it and make it well?"

A thought strikes me that Pond's Extract would be more efficacious, but I say nothing.

When my hand is so near, I cannot resist stroking the smooth brow and thick, wavy masses of fair hair, of which he is inordinately vain.

I prophesy baldness at thirty as a condign punishment. Until that evil day comes, however, I am to stroke his hair. He says he likes me to do it. I wonder if the privilege extends to other girls, and I try to find out.

* * * * * * *

In some strange manner the chessmen get disarranged. I re-arrange them, abstracting a knight and castle from my opponent's forces.

He sees me, of course—there is very little he does *not* see—and says, smilingly:

"Just like a woman; if she cannot win by fair means, she will by foul."

"How untrue," I retort, snappishly. "I won't play any more," and I tumble the men, pell-mell, into the box.

"Well, who won this time?" I ask. Unfortunate question!

He is standing now—six long, narrow feet of manhood, nervous, wiry' alert, his blue-grey eyes glowing beneath the long, black-lashed and heavy brows, and his thick, gold-brown hair waving up from his shapely-cut forehead. He reaches across the table, and, taking my hand in his, gazes steadfastly at me.

"Who won?" he repeats, gravely. "I think we both have lost. Do you not want to take back that move of two months ago?"

He does not say "Will you not?" this proud opponent of mine. He never stoops to entreaty. He takes things as his right, or as a free-will offering. One cannot help admiring his proud, independent spirit, but a woman loves to be entreated, you know; it satisfies her love of power.

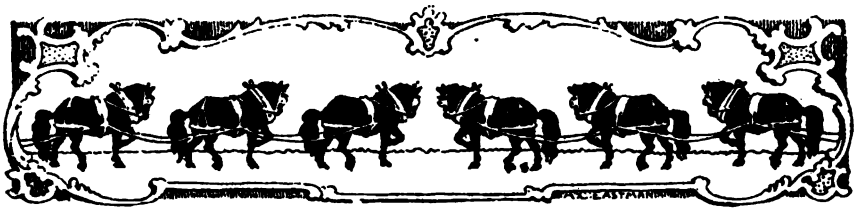
"Dearest"—by this time the table is not between us—"I see my answer in your eyes—look at me—is it not so?"

With the best intentions in the world, I am unable to make any audible reply.

Florence Trenholme.



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CURRENT THOUGHTS.

THE EDITOR.

THE VENEZUELAN DISPUTE.

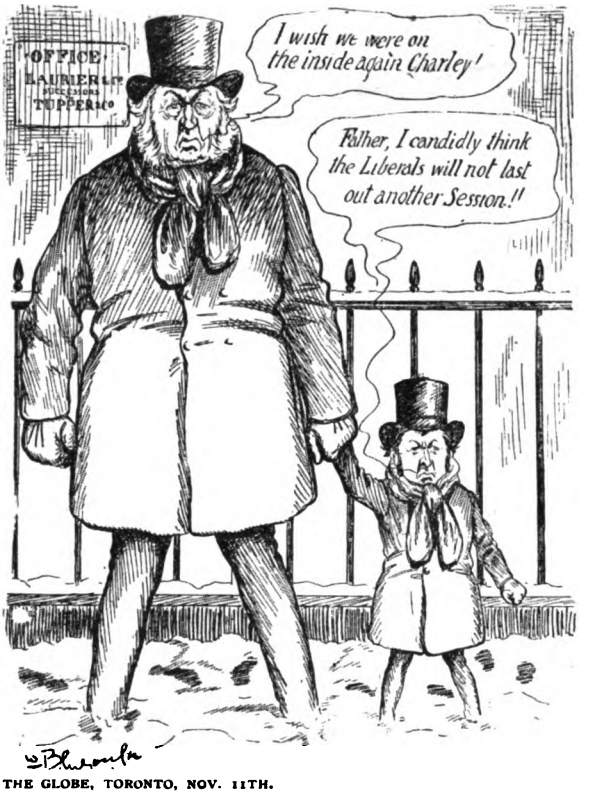
CANADA has been intensely interested in the Venezuelan dispute, and all our citizens will be pleased that there is a prospect of a speedy and peaceful settlement. The Anglo-Saxon race holds in its hand, at present, the destiny of the world, for no other race at all equals it in intellectual power and progressive civilization. Though that race may be divided into two parts politically, there is no reason why it should not be united for material and intellectual progress. Recognizing a broad basis of national liberty in its government, as each country does, there was no reason to expect that such opposite views of any question, outside of the absolute sovereignty of either, would be advanced, that either nation would feel justified in resorting to an appeal to arms to decide which was right and which was wrong. Rather was there every reason to hope that an enlightened public opinion would enable the government of each state to view the claims of the other in a sufficient degree of liberality as to arrive at a common basis of settlement. This hope and this expectation have been fulfilled by the recent unofficial announcements of Lord Salisbury and Secretary Olney. The commission appointed by the Congress of the United States to collect material and evidence concerning the true boundary between Venezuela and British Guiana in South America has decided that while continuing its deliberations in the preparation and orderly arrangement of the maps, reports and documents which have been procured, it does not propose, for the present, to formulate any decision of the matters subject to its examination. Lord Salisbury has announced that there will be a partial arbitration as to such territory as has not been continuously occupied by the subjects of either Venezuela or Great Britain for fifty years. A basis of settlement has thus been reached, and it is to be hoped that the settlement itself will be as satisfactory.

The Toronto *Globe* says:

"Lord Salisbury, by carrying on the negotiations regarding the Venezuelan boundary with the United States, puts that country in a position where it must do police duty in all the republics to which the Monroe doctrine applies. It is manifest, for example, that if the arbitration between Great Britain and the United States regarding the boundary dispute results in an award of the territory beyond the present line of settlement to Great Britain, the United States will have to force Venezuela to give up the territory, and so carry out the decision. The responsibility of guardianship will scarcely be as popular at Washington as the assertion of protectorate powers, but it will teach the rulers of the republic that one cannot assume the right to prevent one's neighbour from being punished without also assuming the obligation to prevent that neighbour from doing things that deserve punishment. If the United States find the task of keeping 'their friends in Venezuela' in order difficult at times, they will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that so long as they do police duty there will be no attempt by any European power to extend its territories in Central or South America."

It is to be hoped that the British authorities at Westminster will be more successful in their presentation of evidence than they were in the boundary disputes concerning their territory in North America. It is a matter of history that the State of Maine, a whole belt of country lying between Lake Michigan and the Pacific, and a portion of Alaska were lost to Great Britain, and to Canada, simply

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THE GLOBE, TORONTO, NOV. 11TH.

THE TWO TUPPERS.

because the then British statesmen made the insane error of believing that these pieces of territory—among the most valuable on this continent—were not of sufficient importance to justify them in taking the greatest possible care that the very best evidence of the British title was forthcoming at the time of settlement. British guardianship of British rights on this continent has been a genuine comedy of errors, and it is to be hoped that the comedy will not be extended by Lord Salisbury and his assistants. Judging, however, from the events of history, Great Britain might have been expected to give up "No man's Land" in South America at the first demand. That they have not done so proves that prognostications concerning the future, in the light of history, are not always reliable, even when logical.

THE PACIFIC CABLE.

Considering the smallness of our trade with Australia, it seems difficult to realize the necessity of Canada's exerting herself to any great extent to help play a Pacific cable. Australian merchants doing business with London are subject to interruptions sometimes extending over three or four days. A cable from Vancouver to the Sandwich Islands and Australia would be of enormous benefit to the citizens of the latter country. The Canadian Pacific line across Canadian territory and the Atlantic cables would give an all-British route, thus combining political and commercial values. This connection would also be of great importance to Great Britain in the case of a war, which would cut off communication *via* Aden. The extension of the cable from Australia to the Cape of Good Hope would still further bind the Empire together in case of a great war, as the African land lines are easily destroyed and run partially through hostile territory. But where the benefit to Canada would come in is not so easily perceived. True, cable communication with Australia would enable us to extend our trade with our sister colonies, but the extension must, from the nature of what Australia buys and sells, be somewhat limited. It would seem wise, at least, to consider whether an investment of equal amount in an improved Atlantic steamship service would not be more remunerative.

Canada is certainly interested in all British projects, and this one especially. But having burdened ourselves greatly in assisting the Canadian Pacific Railway Company to give an all-British railway and telegraph route across this continent, it would be wise to consider carefully whether it would be to our national interest to heavily subsidize an undertaking the greatest profit of which, so far as Canadians would profit at all, would fall into the hands of this same corporation. It is certainly proper for us to encourage and assist this enterprise, but this assistance should not go farther than the prospect of adequate

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return will justify. When Sir Donald Smith, Hon. A. G. Jones, and Sandford Fleming, who were the Canadian representatives at the Conference which has just been held in London, make their report, it will be the duty of the Canadian Government to carefully consider the matter before committing themselves to the giving of financial aid.



THE WORLD, TORONTO, NOV. 9TH.

CANADA'S SHIP COMING IN AT LAST.

THE BUILDING OF RAILWAYS.

Railways are an important factor in the development and progress of a country, but it may be questioned whether Canada has not gone too far in giving aid to railroad building. On the 30th of June, 1895, there were 16,091 miles of track laid in this country, and the Dominion Government has contributed to this building at the rate of $9,369 per mile constructed, the Provincial Government at the rate of $1,847, and the municipalities at the rate of $881 per mile. That is, for the net result of 16,091 miles, Canada has contributed in round numbers the very liberal sum of $195,000,000. Isn't it about time to call a halt?

In Cape Colony the proportion of net revenue to capital cost of railways is 5.75 per cent.; in India, 4.96; in South Australia, 3.13; in New South Wales, 3.46; in New Zealand, 2.73; in Queensland, 2.13; and in Canada, 1.57. In only one British Colony is the proportion lower than in Canada, and that is Tasmania. Does this not seem to indicate that we are building railways too fast, that they are being constructed and operated before they are actually necessary?

Mr. George Johnson, the Dominion Statistician, says in the Statistical Year-Book of 1895, page 633: "The cost of a railway, it has been said, should not be more than ten times its annual traffic—that is, that the annual traffic should be 10 per cent. of its capital cost. If this standard is applied to Canadian railways their cost will be found to very far exceed the limit." In 1895 the gross receipts amounted to only $46,785,487, while the paid-up capital was $894,660,559, the percentage of traffic to cost being about 5¼ per cent. instead of 10 per cent. Would it not be well to call a halt in railroad building and wait for the country to develop?

Canada has so markedly approved the policy of subsidizing railways that unless the Government will plainly and unequivocally state that no further state-aid shall be given to these enterprises, private companies will not undertake the work without a slice of the public funds Promoters of railroads have seen money lavished so freely that they would not build a railroad, even if it promised to be profitable, until after they had lobbied through a Bill granting them some state-aid. In brief, a continuous policy of governmental subsidizing prevents the undertaking of such work by unaided private enterprise. And this is the pass to which affairs in Canada have come!

Another fault in past practice lies in

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the leaving of state-aided railways without any measure of state control. No business man would take one-fourth of the stock in any incorporated or unincorporated company without being assured that he would have some voice in its control and guidance. And yet Canada has done this in the case of her railways.

Speaking of the subject of the new railway into British Columbia, the Toronto *Globe* remarks wisely:

"Should it be decided to grant public aid to a line running through the Crow's Nest Pass, the question of public control in regard to the regulation of freight rates and other matters will be one for very careful consideration. Enthusiasm for the development of our resources must not be allowed to hurry us into the making of an improvident bargain or one which will leave a private corporation to do as it pleases with the traffic. Unless some company is willing to take up the project as a private enterprise, which does not seem likely at present, there are two alternatives—either the operation of the road by the Government directly, as in the case of the Intercolonial, or its operation by the C. P. R., under real and effective public control. We do not think that that control should be exercised in any narrow or illiberal spirit, but means should be taken to ensure to the country the advantages which are now held out as inducements for public aid. It must be a Canadian line in the true sense, run for the purpose of encouraging Canadian industry and enterprise, of building up Canadian towns and cities, and of providing transportation for Canadian products at reasonable rates. If public money is to be voted on patriotic grounds to a railway, the railway must be operated in the same spirit."

RULE BY CRIMINALS.

Canadians have to fight Annexation and combat it not by sentiment or fiction, but by facts. Apparently the Annexationists have an organ which is published in Toronto. In its issue of October 21st the following appears:

"Is it not a fact, when you come to think of it, that a union stronger than mere political ties exists among the whole English-speaking people of America? And, moreover, is not this union the best pledge we can possibly have for peace upon the continent? Where would war begin? A mere political division that has been covered beneath a tangled mass of family vines, which have their root in one country and branches all over the other, could hardly serve for the purpose."

The idea of the journal mentioned seems to be to persuade Canadians that, after all, a political union with the United States would not be a radical change. But it would. We would find it necessary to give up many benefits which we now enjoy, and one would be our democracy.

Politics in the United States have become so debased that in many places the ruling power rests not in the hands of decent people, but in the hands of criminals and villains. In the *Chicago Eagle* of September 19th appears an analysis, made by two detectives, of the 723 delegates who nominated the Silver-Democratic ticket for Cook County, Illinois. Here it is:

Of the delegates, those who have been on trial for murder	17
Sentenced to the penitentiary for murder and manslaughter, and have served sentence	7
Served terms in the penitentiary for burglary	36
Served terms in the penitentiary for picking pockets	2
Served term in the penitentiary for arson	1
Ex-Bridewell and jail-birds, identified by detectives	84
Keepers of gambling-houses	7
Keepers of houses of ill-fame	2
Convicted of mayhem	3
Ex-prize fighters	11
Pool-room proprietors	265
Lawyers	14
Physicians	3
Grain dealers	2
Political employees	148
Hatters	1
Stationers	1
Contractors	4
Grocers	1
Sign-painters	1
Plumbers	4
Butchers	1
Druggists	1
Furniture supplies	1
Commission merchants	2
Ex-policemen	15
Dentists	1
Speculators	2
Justices of the Peace	3
Ex-constables	1
Farmers	6
Undertakers	3
No occupations	71
Total delegates	723

There is little morality in business in the United States, but still less in politics. The Republic may be the land of freedom, but freedom at the price of political liberty is less valuable than the freedom of the slaves of the South before the Abolition. To ask Canadians to exchange United States freedom for British freedom is to ask them to enter into a bad bargain—a bargain which only a lunatic could be expected to make.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

CANADIAN.

There are twelve large coloured illustrations in the bound volume of the *Boy's Own Annual* for 1896. Besides these there are several hundred smaller illustrations, and as these are mostly by the leading artists, the fact is the more noteworthy. Among the contributors are: J. Macdonald Oxley, G. A. Henty, Clive Holland, George Manville Fenn, Principal John Adams, Arthur Lee Knight, Dr. Gordon Stables, Edward Roper, and a score of others whose writings are well-known to Canadian readers. The stories and articles are selected, of course, with a view to having them specially attractive to boys, and at the same time instructive. No better volume could be put into the hands of a Canadian youth, and that Canadians appreciate it is shown by the fact that those sold here are bound by Warwick Bros. & Rutter, Toronto, who are sole agents for the publishers.

The Girl's Own Annual, *The Leisure Hour* and *The Sunday at Home*, are also issued by this firm in a special Canadian edition. *The Girl's Own Annual* is just as praiseworthy as *The Boy's Own*, the illustrations being fully as artistic, and decidedly more delicate. The reading matter is well up to the standard of attractiveness and wholesomeness which has been exhibited in the previous sixteen issues, and it is especially important in this free-and-easy age that parents should be careful of the literature which their children peruse.

The reading matter in *The Leisure Hour* is much heavier, and of a more intellectual calibre, than in the two previous volumes. Yet it is decidedly interesting, whether one is seeking for information or pleasure. Some of the contributions are very valuable.

While *The Sunday at Home* is more religious in tone, a great many of its articles are secular; *e. g.*, Gipsy Encampments in London, Fiji and its People, Life among the Boers, Police of Japan, Worms and its Jewish Legends, Russian Nomads, Doctor Adrian, a story of Old Holland, etc. What religious topics are discussed are of universal interest.

Canada should produce its own literature of the kinds represented by these four annuals, but until it does, these English books are the best substitutes.

**

An important book by a Canadian author is almost ready. It will bear the title, "Studies in Acts." The first part will consist of a series of essays, in which special attention is given to the organization and growth of the first church; to its historic environment, social, political, and religious; to the Jewish-Gentile controversy and its influence upon the church; to the majestic life and work of the Apostle Paul; and to the history of the Holy Spirit in the church. By adopting the form of the essay, the writer, the Rev. W. J. Lhamon is freed on the one hand from the routine of the commentator, and on the other from the conventionalisms of the sermonizer. The second part of the work will consist of select comments from the most scholarly sources upon the most critical and interesting portions of the book of Acts. The author considers this book the key-book to the New Testament, as having been written in the first century, as being the work of a great and very accurate historian, and as being an impregnable defence of the Christian faith.

The book will appear in December, from the house of The Christian Publishing Co., in St. Louis, Mo.

**

Under the title "Vikings of To-Day,"* Mr. Wilfred T. Grenfell gives us an interesting account of Labrador and its people, and also of the efforts made by the

* "Vikings of To-Day," by Wilfred T. Grenfell, M.R.C.S.E., L.R.C.P. Cloth, $1.25. New York, Chicago and Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.

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council of the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, during the past three years, to brighten the lives of those sturdy toilers of the sea on that desolate coast. The book is dedicated to her Royal Highness the Duchess of York, who has graciously taken an interest in the work. The preface is written by Frederick Treves, F.R.C.S., Surgeon to the London Hospital, and chairman of the hospital committee of the Mission.

There are a great number of beautiful illustrations from original photographs, and these add much to the reader's enjoyment of the book. Mr. Grenfell is thoroughly familiar with this subject, having been sent out by the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen in charge of the Labrador expedition, and for the past three years he has been labouring nobly there.

**

Canadians must always regard with reverence the halo of romantic glory thrown by Longfellow over the Land of Evangeline. To Nova Scotians, especially, the word "Evangeline" has a sacredness which demands respect, and Roberts, Carman, Rand and a number of other writers have founded much of their description and romance on the historical associations which cling about the district where lived this national heroine. In Wolfville, N.S., lives an author who has endeavoured to write a story into which some of this historical romance might be woven; but "A Modern Evangeline"* is a lamentable failure. Mrs. Harris lacks the artist's power of painting a rich scene or depicting a striking figure, and the philosopher's power of analyzing human character and human emotions. Her story is filled with personages, places and movement, but because she lacks the technique of the true *litterateur*, her novel is barren, insipid and colourless.

**

The question of Canada's future is always a live one, and one which is always, for various reasons, presenting itself for fresh consideration. Some two years ago, there was published in New York† a book entitled "Canadian Independence," by James Douglas, a native-born Canuck, but a resident of the United States. This book should not be lost sight of, as it presents a series of very plausible arguments in opposition to annexation to the United States. The argument cannot be said to be exhaustive, but it is certainly suggestive and worthy of attention. The book should have a place in the library of every Canadian citizen.

**

"Leaves from Juliana Horatia Ewing's 'Canada Home'" is the rather formidable title of a book* by Elizabeth S. Tucker, of Fredericton, N.B. This is a collection of recollections and reminiscences of a two years' stay of Major and Mrs. Ewing in Fredericton. Major Ewing was in the 22nd, stationed at the capital of New Brunswick in 1867 and 1868, but was perhaps more famous as a musical composer than as a soldier, being author of many compositions, among them the beautiful hymn entitled "Jerusalem, the Golden," which has sometimes been wrongly credited to his uncle, Bishop Ewing. Mrs. Ewing was a noted English story-writer, and a most amiable and lovely person. These two were close friends of the late Bishop of Fredericton, John Medley, and at the end of Miss Tucker's beautiful book is inserted a letter written in 1885 by the venerable Bishop to Major Ewing, sympathizing with him after the passing away of his wife.

This volume is illustrated from many photographs and from drawings by the author, together with eight facsimiles of Mrs. Ewing's Canadian water-colour drawings. All are printed on heavy quarto leaves, and add much to the grace and beauty of a very valuable book. It should find a ready sale in Canada during the holiday season.

**

Victor Coffin, assistant Professor of European History in the University of Wisconsin, has written a volume on "The Province of Quebec and the Early American Revolution," which is really a treatise on the Quebec Act of 1774. Prof. Coffin throws some new light on that Act, its *raison d'être* and its immediate and remote consequences. It is too important

*A Modern Evangeline, by Carrie J. Harris, author of "Mr. Perkins of Nova Scotia," etc. Windsor, N.S.: J. J. Anslow. Paper, 120 pp.

† Canadian Independence, Annexation and British Imperial Federation, by James Douglas. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Questions of the Day Series.

* Boston: Roberts Bros. 4to, cloth, 145 pp.; 44 illustrations.

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to be briefly noticed in this department, and will receive separate treatment later.

**

A number of Canadian book-lovers in Quebec, with M. Raoul Renault at their head, are publishing in that city *Le Courrier du Livre*, a small monthly magazine devoted to current literature. In the October issue (No. 6) there are articles entitled, Edwin Tross; Les publications relatives a l' Amerique; Le Marquis de Levis; Petite Bibliologie Instructive (Paper III); Echos et Nouvelles; and Bibliographie. M. Renault is a son of the late M. Eugene Renault, who for years edited *Le Courrier du Canada*.

**

The success of W. H. Withrow's "Valeria, the Martyr of the Catacombs; a Tale of Early Christian Life in Rome," is indicated by the fact that a fifth Canadian edition of three thousand copies has just been printed. It has also been republished in London and New York. It is neatly bound and well illustrated, and throws much light on the early Roman Church to which St. Paul ministered, abounding in elements of heroism, pathos and tragedy.

**

It is announced that a new edition of Mrs. Macleod's "Carols of Canada" will soon appear. This Prince Edward Island poetess is too little known in Western Canada. Her work is marked by an intense patriotism, a strong loyalty, a broad conception of the importance of true living, and a musical style. Measured by modern standards, she is lacking in technique; yet the modern fads in poetry are hardly safe guides, and their hollowness cannot but bring them into contempt. The longest poem in Mrs. Macleod's volume is "The Siege of Quebec," and it is worthy of a permanent place in our literature.

**

A CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Saturday Night's Christmas number contains good features, although perhaps the chief interest will attach to the coloured premium plate, the Battle of Queenston Heights. The Marquis of Lorne contributes a story "The Amber Drop." Angus Evan Abbot's story, "The Cry of the Loon," opens in the Canadian north and ends in London. Miss Kathleen Sullivan writes, perhaps, the most charming story in the book, "Made of Ether." William Bleasdell Cameron, Annie McQueen, Edmund E. Sheppard and others, contribute stories, and Lieut.-Col. George T. Denison writes on the Battle of Queenston Heights and the death of Brock. The illustrations are by G. A. Reid, Arthur H. H. Heming, J. E. Laughlin, C. H. Kahrs and others.

**

FOREIGN.

We do not seem to be weary yet of stories of Scottish life and character, for "Heather from the Brae,"* a series of Scottish character sketches by David Lyall, has met with a warm reception. Perhaps we relish these fresh, pure sketches of the life and character of a simple people because we have been so over-burdened with books which picture the sins and wickednesses of modern society. This return to what is pure and elevating in the prose fiction of the time is surely a most hopeful sign.

David Lyall has a style of his own, and shows himself capable of depicting in a charmingly realistic and sympathetic manner, the life and habits of these simple Scottish folk. "The Land o' the Leal," by the same author, will appear shortly, and there is even a hint of another—"Scots Folk in London."

**

Two juvenile books, "Teddy's Button"† and "Probable Sons,"‡ both by the author of "Eric's Good News," have been issued by the Fleming H. Revell Co. They are attractively bound and just the thing for Christmas presents.

**

Dean Farrar, in compliance with a request from the editor of *The Young Man*, has written a series of papers, now published in book form under the title of "The Young Man Master of Himself."§ His object in writing these is to help young men who are starting out in life, by giving them the benefit of his own experience, and, as he says in the introduction, he has

* Heather from the Brae, by David Lyall. Cloth, 75 cents. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.

† "Teddy's Button," by the author of Eric's Good News.

‡ "Probable Sons," by the author of Eric's Good News. Cloth, 50 cents each. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.

§ The Young Man Master of Himself, by the Rev. F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S.; cloth, 50 cents. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.

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stated "in the simplest, and most straightforward manner, the advice which seemed to him most likely to be truly helpful to them." Under the various headings—"The Young Man in the Home," "The Young Man in Business," "The Young Man in the Church," and "Young Men and Marriage"—the subject is very thoroughly treated and the book ought to prove truly helpful.

**

Mrs. Wiggin's story "Marm Lisa,"* which was concluded in the November *Atlantic*, has been published in book form. It is the pathetic history of a poor half-witted girl who, a child herself, has entrusted to her care an incorrigible pair of twins. By her faithful care of these she wins for herself the name of "Marm Lisa." As the author describes her—"Her mother thought she would be an imbecile, the Grubbs treated her as one, and nobody cared to find out what she really was or could be." But, fortunately for Lisa, she comes under the notice of kind friends, and the story follows the development, under their care, of Lisa's clouded brain and overworked body, until, at last, she proves herself a heroine. The story illustrates what wonders may be accomplished by loving kindness, and also the author's remarkable insight into child life.

**

Students of poetry are always interested in such sketches of their favourite authors. as will enable them to understand the view-points from which those authors looked out upon the world, the kind of lives they lived, and the persons and times with which they were associated. An appeal to this interest is made by Annie Fields, in her "Authors and Friends," just published.† The book is divided into eight parts of unequal length, and the headings of these parts are as follow: Longfellow; Glimpses of Emerson; Oliver Wendell Holmes, Personal Recollections and Unpublished Letters; Days with Mrs. Stowe; Celia Thaxter; Whittier: Notes of his Life and his Friendships; Tennyson; Lady Tennyson. The author has had special opportunities of knowing how these persons lived and worked, and has the faculty of giving this acquired knowledge in charming form and sequence. There is no attempt at giving a chronological or detailed biography of each of these great authors, but a simple endeavour to present a brief view of the inner life of each, as illustrated by episodes, letters and private doings. The volume is an exceedingly important addition to the literary history of the century.

**

A collection of short stories by such well known writers as S. R. Crockett, Harold Frederick, Gilbert Parker, "Q," and W. Clark Russell, comes to us under the title of "Tales of our Coast."* They are all tales of the sea and full of adventure, but varied in style, as might be expected from the names of the authors, each having succeeded in giving his own peculiar touch to the story bearing his name. It would be difficult to state which is the best story, as each author has, of course, his own admirers, but Mr. Crockett's "Smugglers of the Clone." a tale of the Galloway seaboard, and "Roll Call of the Reef," by "Q," will, perhaps, be most generally admired.

**

The United States Bureau of Education has just issued a valuable pamphlet entitled "Education and Patho-social Studies." The first chapter deals with the nature, means and progress of criminological studies, and the results of a special case. The second gives an account of some recent psychological, criminological and demographical congresses in Europe. The third is entitled "Social Pathology and Education." Doctors, economists, lawyers, and those interested in the study of civilized man and his present social conditions, will find much in this work to interest and instruct. The information is told in a clear, lucid manner, and all the facts are carefully arranged.

**

The subject of man's origin, mission and destiny has occupied the attention of scholars in all ages, and in all countries, and among Christian nations. Especially during the last two centuries, great at-

*Marm Lisa, by Kate Douglas Wiggin. Cloth, $1.00. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

†Authors and Friends, by Annie Fields. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 355 pp.

* Tales of Our Coast, by S. R. Crockett, Gilbert Parker, Harold Frederick, "Q," and W. Clark Russell. Illustrated by Frank Brangwyn. Cloth, $1.25. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

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tempts have been made either to justify, explain, or destroy the Mosaic account of creation. During the whole of the century, up to the present time, naturalistic, and materialistic, scientific scepticism has gained ground. In the eighteenth century its chief exponents were Hume, in England; Voltaire, in France; and Paine, in America; in the present century, Hæckel, Romanes, and Spencer have been working towards the same end. On the other hand, the late Sir Daniel Wilson, Sir William Dawson, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Gladstone, Professor Dana, and Brunetière have endeavoured to preserve the faith in the ancient doctrines. Prof. Luther Tracy Townsend has just published "Evolution or Creation,"* which the learned writer hopes will be found to be an "exposition and illustration of the sublime truths of the Christian religion." The book is a calm and masterly treatment of the whole subject, and is certainly a trenchant, if not successful, attack on rationalism. He believes implicitly in supernaturalism and in a literal explanation of the Mosaic teachings. Perhaps his most formidable chapter is that on "The Ice Age and the Mosaic Week," in which he shows that the pre-glacial species of animal life are extinct with a few exceptions, that vegetable life of that period has also mainly disappeared, and that during that age the world was a vast and silent burial-ground. He then proceeds to argue that the seven or ten thousand years that have elapsed since that period are not sufficient to have produced, by an evolutionary growth, our present flora and fauna. Hence, these must have been created; and, if so, then it is just as possible that they were created in one day as in a thousand years, and the Mosaic account may be taken in its literal significance.

The book is logical and the whole argument well-arranged. Whatever one's opinions may be, it must be conceded that the author has founded his own beliefs in good reasoning.

**

"A Garrison Tangle," by Captain Charles King, author of "Fort Frayne," "An Army Wife," "Trumpeter Fred," etc., is the "one book too many," which this author has given us.* He has exhausted his theme of western military life, and has not the brilliancy either of description or plot to make up for this sameness of character and incident in his books. The chief characteristics of this volume would seem to be its bright cloth cover and its wonderful list of errata.

**

One of the most readable novels of the year is "A Puritan's Wife," by Max Pemberton,† author of "The Little Huguenot." It is a love-story of a man who was one of Cromwell's Ironsides, and for this was a fugitive during nearly the whole of the reign of Charles II. Hugh Peters and the beautiful Marjory are two characters whom one may take to one's heart and love. Their constancy and self-sacrificing affection in the face of much that would blanche the bravest are impressive and touching. The author writes simply and gracefully in an old-fashioned style. He never strains after effect, and the easy progress of the story is delightful. It must add much to his reputation.

**

Autobiographies, as a rule, are tame and wearisome, but Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' "Chapters from a Life"‡ are bright and entertaining. The chaste binding and the beautiful illustrations make the book such as the friends of this widely-read author will appreciate. And she is widely-read, "The Gates Ajar" being now in its seventy-eighth thousand, and "Beyond the Gates" in its thirtieth thousand; and she has published twenty-three books besides. She opens her book with a description of her Andover home and something about her scholarly ancestors, goes on to describe the environment of people and things in which she has lived, her early successes, and the origin of her best ideas. Then she tells of some of the great persons who have made little Andover famous, and of the famous men of letters with whom she has been personally acquainted—Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Phillips Brooks, Mrs. Stowe, etc. It is somewhat noteworthy that this book should appear about the same time as

*Evolution or Creation, by Prof. Townsend. New York, Chicago and Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Cloth, 318 pp., $1.25.

* A Garrison Tangle, by Charles King. New York: F. Tennyson Neely. Toronto: The Toronto News Co.

† New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Cloth, $1 25.

‡ Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth; illustrated; 278 pp., $1.50.

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Annie Field's book, "Authors and Friends," noticed elsewhere, and both from the same publishers.

**

"Master Ardick, Buckaneer" is the title of a novel of adventure by F. H. Costello.* "A Boyar of The Terrible" is a romance of the Court of Ivan the Cruel, First Tsar of Russia, by Fred Whishaw.†

CALENDARS.

The most artistically illustrated books published in Canada during the past few years are the annual calendars of the Toronto Art Students' League. The "Ninety Seven" is the best of the series, and is a whole art education in itself. The subjects of the various sketches are the "Canadian Water-ways," and the book is thus a Canadian souvenir, as well as a good example of an artistic taste amongst our people. C. W. Jeffrey's pen-and-ink sketch of Wolfe's Cove is a fine piece of work, and so is F. H. Brigden's type of a Canadian river valley. Several of the artists who contribute are now resident in New York.

The Brundage Calendar ‡ for 1897 is a series of twelve water-colour sketches by the well known American artist, Francis Brundage. Each sketch has for its subject a child's face, and each study is thoughtfully and carefully worked out.

NOTES.

Mr. James Lane Allen's "Summer in Arcady," which has proved such a success, will be published this month in England by the Messrs. Dent.

"Mrs. Cliff's Yacht," by Frank R. Stockton, which has been running serially in the *Cosmopolitan*, has now appeared in book form. Mr. Stockton's reputation was made with "Rudder Grange," and no doubt his new book will be well received.

**

A short sketch, entitled "Christmas at Drumtochty," by Ian Maclaren, will appear in the Christmas number of "The Woman at Home." Dr. Watson is also preparing a volume entitled "The Theology of Race," which is intended as a complement to his "The Mind of the Master," and, like it, these sketches will first appear in the *Expositor*.

**

Three more volumes of the works of Eugene Field have been issued by the Scribners. They are "The Holy Cross and Other Tales," "The Second Book of Tales," and "Songs and Other Verse." As these volumes contain many poems and stories hitherto unpublished, they will be very welcome indeed to the admirers of this gifted writer.

**

Marion Crawford's new novel, "A Rose of Yesterday," has begun in the November number of the *Century Magazine*, and will run for six months.

**

Miss Mary E. Wilkins is again at her home in Randolph, after a summer in the White Mountains, where she has been at work upon her new novel, "Jerome, a poor man."

**

Rudyard Kipling was recently offered a handsome price for his Vermont residence, but refused to sell, intimating that he might occupy it permanently after next year.

* Toronto: The Copp Clark Co.; paper 50 cents.

† Longman's Colonial Library.

‡ New York: Frederick A. Stokes; Toronto: The Bain Book and Stationery Co.



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"MY CONTEMPORARIES IN FICTION," by David Christie Murray, commences in this Issue.

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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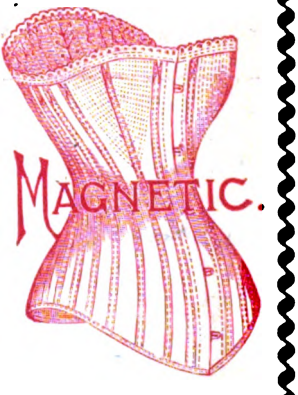
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CHRISTMAS MORNING AT BETHLEHEM.

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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII. JANUARY, 1897. No. 3.

CAMP SKETCHES.

A Day's Ramble in the Selkirk Mountains.

SUNDAY in camp is generally looked upon as the holiday of the week, when letters are written, and a hundred and one tasks difficult of accomplishment on other days are disposed of, with a smoke and a yarn between whiles. When not otherwise engaged, we sometimes ramble away for the day on a prospecting tramp, a hunt, or a climb up one of the mountains. For the latter we entertain no particular relish, as there is little pleasure to counterbalance the great hardships of such an excursion. Nevertheless, once or twice a year, like the deer's thirst for the salt-lick, comes the desire to scramble up the great heights. Several times, however, can I recollect having to return without gaining the desired goal, owing to the inaccessible precipices forming an effectual barrier to our further progress.



A DIFFICULT ASCENT.

The following little excursion Scotty and I had planned out weeks before, and on Saturday night over our last smoke we decided that an early start was necessary; so having given cook word to that effect, we rolled in our Hudson's Bay "four pointers," and slept the sleep of the just.

In the morning we were aroused by strains of melody issuing from that indispensible article of camp outfit, the frying-pan, which cook was manipulating *a la tambourine*. It was our daily reveille, and in raw, cold weather it was enough to put one in a homicidal humour to be thus awakened from a refreshing sleep. This, however, was a day of days, when mere existence is a pleasure, and deep draughts of the pure morning air seem to invigorate one's whole being, causing every muscle to swell with the pride of conscious health and strength. After breakfast we prepare some lunches of ham sandwiches, and, shouldering our rifles, we start off for our tramp up Mount H———. Following the pack trail for half a mile down the river, we arrive at a tree which we had dropped across the stream some time previously, and on this walk to the other bank.

To the novice, walking a small log across an angry stream is sometimes a

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ticklish experience, and attended, probably, with a ducking, if nothing worse. With us, however, it was an every day occurrence, and it is really only a matter of self-confidence and taking care that the eyes do not wander away from the log.

The water is now as clear as crystal, but by three in the afternoon it will be a turgid muddy torrent, subsiding again to its normal condition before the next morning. This is due to the melting of the snow in the great heights above us, all mountain streams during the summer months being so influenced.

We now follow the course of a small torrent, which winds its way up the mountain-side through a tangled growth of alder bushes from five to eight feet in height, and it seems difficult of belief that this is the path of an avalanche. But it is so, the alder bushes assuming a recumbent position after the first few feet of snow have fallen, again to spring up when the "beautiful" disappears; and, if we examine closely, we see that the bushes are even now leaning down hill at an angle of forty-five degrees. The ground we are walking upon is all debris, brought down by the slides, probably the accumulation of thousands of years, and it must be of great depth, to judge from the convexity of the surface with regard to the general contour of the mountain-side.

About three-quarters of a mile from the valley we reach a point where the slide narrows and divides into two ravines, or clefts, in the solid rock; here and there patches of snow remain still unmelted. These ravines have bare walls of rock fully fifty feet in height, the bottom and sides being worn as smooth as polished marble by the action of the snow and ice, and in places the glossy surface is roughly scarred as if by large rocks in their rapid transit valleyward.

Further travel up the course of the slide being impracticable, we start climbing up the tongue between the two ravines, where the ground is one mass of "deadfalls," and thickly covered with small standing timber. Our progress is necessarily slow. Still we struggle along, with frequent and brief periods of rest, but the unusual exercise tells upon one fearfully, for the muscles brought into play are entirely different to those used in walking or ordinary travel.

Here the mountain-side becomes more broken, the timber sparser and more stunted, and there are frequently small precipices around which we have to make detours.

The ascent now becomes both difficult and perilous. Our rifles are also a great hindrance, and were it not that we may see a goat at any time now, I should feel very much tempted to leave mine until my return. After an hour's tough struggling in some really dangerous places, that make one feel uncomfortable when thinking of returning, we arrive at a pleasant grassy slope, where, disposing our racked and weary limbs in the most comfortable attitudes, we enjoy a well-earned rest. This slope, which seems almost level in comparison with what we have just traversed, is covered with a short, bunchy grass and low bushes, interspersed with patches of heather, of the latter there being three varieties, red, white, and purple. Upon examination I find this is not the same as the Scotch heather and that found in other parts of Great Britain, the blossoms being much larger and coarser, but still very pretty. All kinds of flowers sprinkle the ground in profusion; in fact, upon all the open patches of ground on our way up we discovered flowers of all descriptions, the varieties changing as we ascended. There was also a moss with a very pretty pink blossom, the name of which I am unable to give, not having much botanical knowledge, but imagine it is rare. The timber-line is quite a distance below us, the highest shrubs here being only about eighteen inches above the ground.

Looking down into the valley we are unable to see that part of the mountain we have just traversed, so steep is it compared with the slope upon which we are resting, and as we are fully a hundred feet back from the brink, it

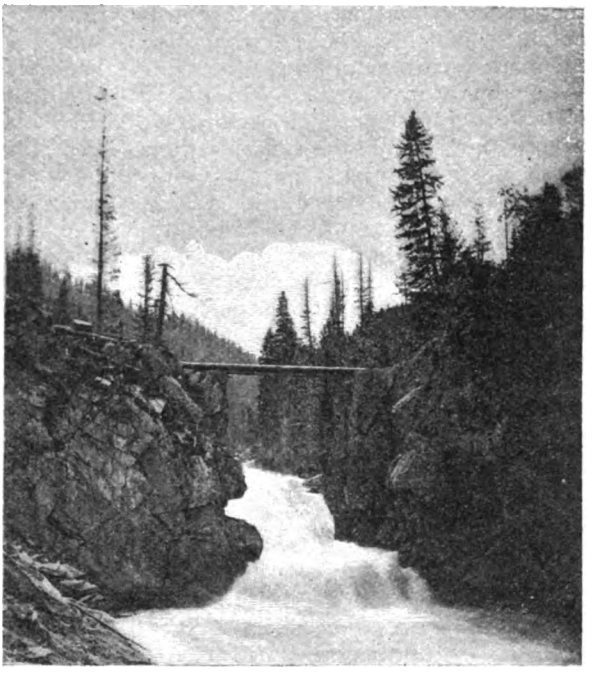
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seems as if we were looking over the edge of a precipice. The awful depth down into the valley is truly horrifying to contemplate, and a feeling of giddiness overcomes me as I gaze, with a sensation of falling headlong into the abyss. Closing my eyes and turning upon my side, this disagreeable sensation soon passes away.

Upon opening my eyes blinkingly in the glaring sun, what do they rest upon but a goat ! ! ! !

Yes, a goat, which to my eyes looks as large as a house at that moment. Scotty's eyes bulge out like saucers when I whisper, "Look at that goat!"

Picking up my rifle, I fire, whereupon the goat gives a bound in the air, and comes down upon all four feet at once, giving himself a good shake after the operation, as if not sure whether he is awake.



"Walking a small log across an angry stream is sometimes a ticklish experience."

Bang ! ! ! Again I miss him, and like a flash he is out of sight, to reappear again, however, in a few moments, about fifty feet higher up, standing out on a pinnacle like some statue. Bang ! ! ! And that's the last of him, unhurt, too, as any one can easily see.

At that moment, probably, I made use of language which can be most fittingly described as "Things one would rather have left unsaid," and small blame to me, too, considering the circumstances. Truly we were two great hunters, lolling at our ease and the game standing around inspecting us.

During this time Scotty had neither fired a shot nor said a word, and turning in his direction I discovered him with rather a red face, picking up some cartridges from the ground, and slipping them into the magazine of his rifle. This, coupled with the fact that the "click, click" of the lever backwards and forwards had been quite audible several times, made me jump at the conclusion that he had been suffering from an attack of "buck fever," and such being the case, as he afterwards confessed. *He had just pumped every cartridge out of his rifle without firing a shot.*

Being conscious that a smile was stealing over my face, and not wishing to hurt his feelings, I turned my head away. Indeed, as far as that was concerned, I had not much to brag about myself, firing three shots at short range without making a hit. My glance, however, chancing to rest upon the backsight of my rifle, the whole mystery was explained. The sight was up to the 500 yards notch, so there was not much to be wondered at. The rifle was provided with a sporting backsight, which, as every one familiar with Marlin and Winchester rifles knows, is a spring, which is forced up by a wedge indented with notches for ranges from 100 to 500 yards. It was therefore evident that on the journey up something had struck the sight, forcing

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the wedge in as far as the 500 yards notch, so that I had been overshooting the mark each time of firing.

Looking at my watch, I find it is 12 o'clock, and, feeling quite peckish, we devour our ham sandwiches with a relish, notwithstanding our disappointment, quenching our thirst at a little stream of snow water which trickles down almost at our feet. Then, seeing we are so near the summit, we decide to proceed, as it will evidently only take us another forty minutes to arrive there.

Before us is an inaccessible cliff, but by skirting around its base to our right, for a hundred yards or so, we shall be able to continue our journey up. This



"A vast field of snow and ice."

we accordingly do, and come to a rockslide a little over a hundred feet in width, which we shall evidently have to cross. Downhill a short distance the slope breaks off, and it makes one shudder to think of what our fate would be if we were to go over the edge. Now, on a rockslide of any description I am always particularly shaky, with the fear that by dislodging one rock the entire mass may start in motion. In fear and trembling, therefore, we pick our way across, and breathe a sigh of relief when we reach the other side in safety.

Then we work our way around a jutting point on a rocky ledge seven feet in width, and with what nervous prudence, for one false step will be the last! We arrive at the source of one of these mountain torrents, which pours forth from a small cave at the foot of a glacier. This cave, or hollow, is in the snow and ice, and, peering in, we can almost fancy ourselves to be in Fairyland, the sun shining through the ice as through a prism, and flooding the whole place with the most beautiful and delicate colours.

With not a little difficulty do we clamber up on the surface of this glacier, some 400 feet higher, but when there we feel amply repaid for all our hard climbing. The view is simply indescribable. Looking back, we see the valley from which we have ascended, with the river threading its tortuous way like a minute silver wire; beyond that, mountain after mountain, with snow-clad peaks innumerable. We are surrounded by a sea of mountains, with here and there some beautiful valley, or a lake sparkling like a diamond in the sunlight.

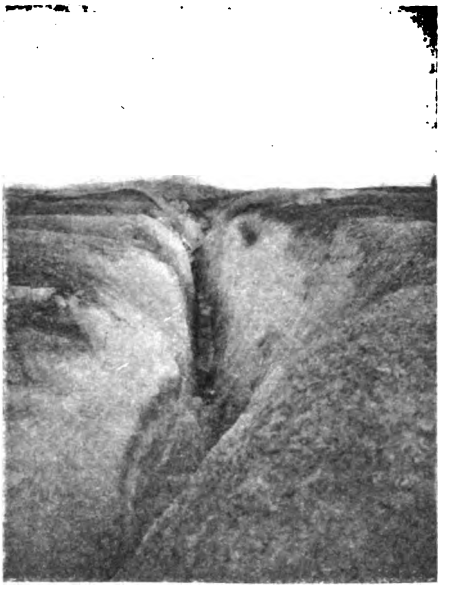
In contemplating such scenes as this one is impressed with the awfulness and inconceivable magnitude of the creation, and the head is bowed with a spirit of reverence to Him, the Almighty Creator.

Turning, we seem encompassed by a vast field of snow and ice, fringed by jagged peaks, rearing their gaunt pinnacles against the clear blue sky. The whole scene represents an absolute and awful solitude, and not a sound breaks the oppressive stillness. The glacier extends three miles in front of us, but so difficult is it to estimate distance that it may be more or less, and on the left a mile would seem to be the extent. But on our right the ridge which we are standing upon winds around almost in a semi-circle, being as abrupt and sharp in some places as the roof of a house.

The torrent by which we have ascended is evidently not the only outlet, as

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we can see where, about half a mile distant, the slope of the glacier descends abruptly, most probably towards the other valley of which we can discern the opposite side. Scarring and seaming the surface of this icefield are fissures or crevasses, some only a foot in width, others yawning chasms, and into one of these we peer. Near the top the colour of the ice is a light green, then blue, graduating to a deep purple in the depths. The sides not being perpendicular, we are unable to estimate the depth, and it is impossible to count the duration of the fall of a stone dropped from the top, for the rattling against the sides gradually dies away. There is no distinct and sudden cessation as there would be if it struck the bottom. This would lead one to believe that the depth is even greater than we first suspected; and the outlet to our right must be very much lower than the one at this side.



A FISSURE OR CREVASSE.

Here and there are small pools of water, and at the bottom is invariably to be found a stone. This is accounted for by the fact that these stones are carried on the surface of the glacier by small slides; then, of course, as soon as the sun's rays become powerful enough, and the stone absorbs sufficient heat, the surrounding ice and snow melts, and in this manner forms a pool of water.

There were other instances of what it appeared to me should have resulted in the same thing. Several large stones were resting upon columns or pillars of ice, and one was fully eighteen inches in height, the surrounding ice evidently having melted away, leaving this column that supported the stone intact. The reason for this has since been explained to me. The stone being, of course, of a certain thickness, the upper surface would alone be affected by the sun's rays, the under part being still cold, and acting as a shade and preventing the melting of the ice beneath.

"Three o'clock, by thunder!" I hear Scotty exclaim. "And time we were off for camp."

And so it was, for although it would only occupy about half the time on the downward journey, there were several ticklish places to pass, and they would be even more trying going down than



MR. BRUIN.

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on the upward journey. In ascending the danger is behind, but in descending we are forced to face all difficulties, and a glance at a bad drop is apt to have an unsettling effect upon one's nerves. Then, again, a rifle is a fearful nuisance. It is impossible to carry it in the hand, because both hands are required to grasp projections and shrubs, and with a sling the butt is continually tripping one up, or causing one to overbalance. However, off we go, and, arriving at the narrow ledge, I take the lead, and am creeping carefully around the point when, just on the other side of the rockslide before mentioned, I see three goats. The first is an old "billy," the other two females, and one of the latter I mentally mark as mine. There is no room for both of us to stand abreast, so signing to Scotty to keep still, I bring my rifle into position. They are, as yet, unconscious of my presence, but the "click" produced by my rifle in throwing a cartridge into the barrel speedily brings them to "attention." I never move a muscle, but wait breathlessly with my finger on the trigger.

For a period of two minutes, which seems almost an eternity to me, we remain as if carved out of the rock that surrounds us, intently eyeing each other; then their eyes seemed to dilate, then their bodies and limbs extend and stiffen, and with one stamp of their feet and a toss of their heads they are off like a flash of lightning up the very face of the cliff. As they turn and expose their flanks I pull trigger on the second goat, aiming just behind the shoulders, and, instantly pumping up another cartridge, fire again. Whereupon, with one convulsive bound, she dropped, rolling over and over down the hill to where they were when I first shot. I sent three or four shots after the others, but without any success; and it was just as well, for we should never have packed any of them down with us.

As a general rule, goats, and, indeed, nearly all wild animals, move about very little during the heat of the day, so that we might consider ourselves lucky in coming across them; and, as Scotty remarked, we should have something to show for our day's outing.

Hurrying around the point and over the slide as quickly as the dangerous nature of the ground would allow us, we arrived at the side of the goat just as she was departing from this vale of sorrow, and it seemed to me that I never felt more like a butcher than at that moment.

Scotty proposed packing the carcass, as fresh meat would be a great treat, and in bad places rolling and throwing it down. But as it would have been hashed goat in real earnest before reaching camp, if treated in that way, we concluded to make a pack of just the hind quarters rolled up in the skin. The skinning operation did not occupy much time, and we were again jogging off down the hill.

After passing the dangerous places it was all plain sailing, and we covered the ground at a famous rate; indeed sometimes a little too fast, as a certain portion of our nether garments bore witness. Several times it made me wish I had been provided with similar means of locomotion to a goat, at least for this occasion, and one does not wonder how surefooted these animals are after examining the feet. The point or toe part is as hard as that of a deer, but the under surface, or pad, is of a soft, clinging nature, more nearly resembling india-rubber than anything else; so that one can easily understand how a goat would never slip when jumping on a smooth surface of rock, even if it were wet.

We arrive at that point where the two slides merge into one, and oh! what a great relief it is to step out on the even surface of the snow. Tired is no name for my condition at this time; my thighs are aching, and at every step it seems that my knees will no longer uphold me. However, the prospect of something to eat before very long brightens me up, and I am just meditating on what fearful inroads we shall make upon cook's good things, when Scotty exclaims, "There's a bear!" and, sure enough, there is a full grown

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"silver tip," not more than two hundred yards away, walking among some small huckleberry bushes at the edge of the slide.

Now, we had been foolishly wasteful of our cartridges, amusing ourselves on the downward journey upon nearly every occasion, when resting, by firing them off, and the consequence was that Scotty had only three and I one left, not many cartridges to meet a bear with ; still, we decided it was too good a chance to miss, and prepared to give him a lively reception, Scotty giving me another cartridge, so that we had two apiece.

The bear had not yet seen us, or if he had, he took not the slightest notice of us; but there was no use in approaching any nearer, as with a couple of bounds he could be out of sight among the bushes, so we concluded to fire from where we were.

I fired first, the bear giving one great leap up hill, then standing still for a few moments, and turning sharply in our direction, he gave a loud snort and started for us at that curious shambling gait peculiar to a bear. Then we fired together, but it had no other effect than to make him stagger for a moment. At seventy-five yards I fired my last shot, but he still came straight for us, rolling his head continually from side to side, and from time to time emitting low growls, whether of pain or rage it was difficult to guess.

Now if Scotty had been excited when we saw our first goat up the mountain, he was cool as the proverbial cucumber now, and lucky for us both that he was. For it is not a little trying to wait for a wounded bear to come up to you, and know that your sole available weapon is a knife. Because it would be simply suicide to attempt to use a rifle as a club, a bear being able to use his paws as effectively as any boxer, and a blow would be very quickly warded off. My heart was thumping like a trip-hammer, and had I yielded to my inclinations Scotty would have been left to face the music alone.

The bear is only a hundred feet away from us, and not being able to stand the strain any longer, I yell, "Let him have it" ! ! !

At the sound of my voice the bear stops, and rises to an erect position. Just a moment after, Scotty fired, and without waiting to see the result of his shot, started running down the hill for dear life, with your humble servant a close second.

After running as far as the snow extended, at such a rate that a game of seven-up might have been played upon our coat tails, we stopped from sheer want of breath, not having, at that altitude, the same amount of "puff" as at sea level.

Seeing that no bear was following in our wake, we decided to go back again in the timber along the edge of the slide and reconnoitre. Climbing up carefully, we at last came in sight of the scene of our late sanguinary encounter, and there, sure enough, was Mr. Bear, lying in the place where he had been shot. Whether he had departed for the happy hunting-grounds or was merely stunned we would have given much to know, for to approach a bear that *may* revive at any moment, without weapons, requires quite an amount of cool nerve. We were able, however, after a time, to advance within a hundred and fifty feet on a high bank that overhung the slide at that place, and from this point of safety we saluted the mighty departed with a volley of stones.

After about fifteen minutes of this programme, including frequent consultations, and our attentions being treated with silent contempt by Mr. Bruin, we decided to advance cautiously. There was many a heartquake, though, before we reached the bear, and if even a *hair* had moved, a stampede would have resulted.

As it was, in a few moments we were able to stand beside the great carcass with composure, and examine the results of our victory at leisure. He was a magnificent animal, and a terrible foe to meet even when armed.

Surely it was a most reckless and foolish proceeding to have gone back at all, for had that bear been merely

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badly wounded we should have probably had an ugly experience.

Of the four shots we had fired three only had taken effect, two in the breast and one, the first shot, through the throat. The two in the breast were regular raking shots, and were a proof of the efficacy of heavy bullets.

We both carried 45-70 cal. rifles, and it seems to me that is the smallest calibre that should be used, for bears at least. In hunting big game, what one requires is a heavy bullet of fairly large calibre, great penetration being a secondary matter. Take, for instance, the latest long-range military rifles of small calibres, with which steel-tipped bullets are used; they have enormous penetrative power, and answer their purpose well, one bullet probably placing three men *hors de combat* as effectually as if three larger and heavier bullets were used, and still allowing the wounded a chance of recovery. For, in their course through the body, these bullets make a clean puncture even through bone, and cause no bad fractures. When, however, a man is facing an animal as tenacious of life as a bear he is not in favour of any humane method of procedure, but requires something that will effectually put a stop to Mr. Bruin's further progress, and the most powerful agent, in my opinion, is a large, heavy bullet. The shock resulting from the impact of such a bullet will cause an animal to drop, even if the wound is not mortal; whereas there are instances when men, even after being mortally wounded with a 22 cal., have then had sufficient strength to kill their aggressor. Then, again, the bullets should be soft (1 in every 16 parts tin) so that the lead may spread and scatter when it comes in contact with bone. Express rifles and explosive or hollow-pointed bullets are the most killing weapons, but for general purposes a 45-70 (405 or 500 grains of lead) is more serviceable, and it is ammunition that can be procured anywhere, which is a great recommendation in its favour.

Although we knew that the bear would be far more easily skinned that night than if left until the morning, we decided to adopt the latter course as it was becoming late. Before leaving, however, Scotty cut off a claw to show as proof of our prowess when we reached camp.

Shouldering the remains of the goat, and our rifles, so hastily discarded a short time before, we soon arrived in camp where we were besieged with questions concerning the day's adventures. Upon relating our encounter with the bear, Ramsay, as usual, was incredulous. Ramsay was the greatest pessimist. He disbelieved everything he heard, and was always imputing bad motives; indeed, I believe if he heard that a man had committed suicide in mid-ocean, he would say immediately he was doing so in order to save funeral expenses on shore. This time, however, I fancy the disgusted way in which Scotty threw the bear's claw at him, saying, "That didn't grow on a tree," was convincing enough.

In spite of our fatigue we made a fearful attack upon the eatables, and it is truly wonderful with what relish one can enjoy plain, wholesome food after vigourous exercise in the open air. The answer which the Spartan made to the tyrant, Dionysius, when accounting for the zest with which they enjoyed plain black soup, would have been quite applicable on this occasion: "It is by hardship in the chase, a journey to Sparta, hunger and thirst, that the feasts of the Spartans are seasoned."

David Owen Lewis.



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LAVAL UNIVERSITY, QUEBEC.

LAVAL UNIVERSITY.

BY THE GENERAL LIBRARIAN, OTTAWA.

MONSEIGNEUR DE LAVAL, of the noble house of Montmorency-Laval, was one of the foremost men of the heroic age of New France. The history of his life is told by his works, lasting monuments, which stand to this day in the Province of Quebec. He ranks with Samuel de Champlain who laid the foundation of the political society, as the organizer of religious life in the new dominions of the King of France. The influence of the first bishop of Quebec went beyond his natural atmosphere, for, as member of the *Conseil Souverain*, he took an active part in shaping the political destinies of the country. It may be well surmised that in this Council his views did not always coincide with those of his associates. This embryo Government was composed of the Governor, the Bishop, the Intendant (who was a sort of Minister of Justice), and of several other members.

Long and desperate was his struggle with the Governors de Mesy, d'Avaugour, and d'Argenson. This antagonism reached its highest point when Laval came in contact with the haughty and tyrannical de Frontenac. These two opponents were well matched. If the master-mind of the Bishop, speaking in the interests of a superior order, could not be bent, neither would Frontenac, who, like Louis XIV., seemed to say: "L'Etat, c'est moi," make the least concession on the liquor question of the day. The Governor held that, in order to secure the fur trade with the Indians, it was necessary to let the colonist barter *eau-de-vie* for peltries, otherwise the savages would take their

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stock over to New York and New England. Such an argument very naturally aroused the indignation of Laval, who considered the success of French trade, bought at the sacrifice of the poor Indian's soul, as immoral in the highest degree.

Four times did he cross the ocean to plead his case before the king,– the case of a client who would have rejoiced at an adverse decision. His success was only partial; the liquor traffic was restricted to the French settlements, and the *Coureurs de bois* forbidden to take any "fire water" with them in the forests for trade purposes. The honour of having been the first Canadian prohibitionist can safely, we think, be claimed for Monseigneur de Laval.

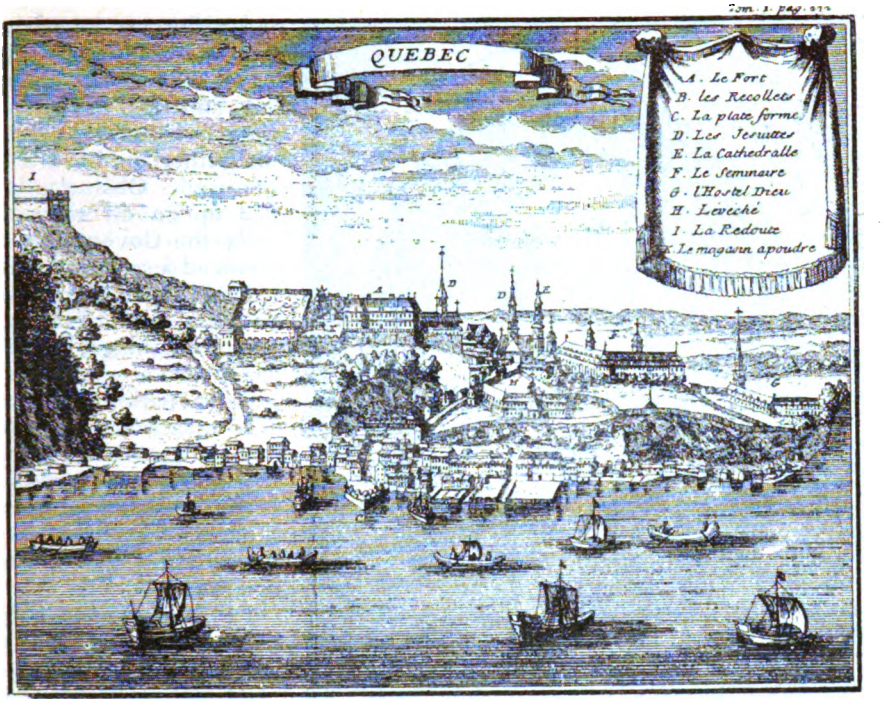
It is not our purpose to set forth all the good works achieved by this great man. This study must be confined to the educator, to the founder of the institution which developed into the Laval University. The field opened to his zeal was immense. The diocese of Quebec stretched over a country larger than Europe: from the Atlantic shores to the boundless West, with undefined frontiers northwards. Numerous auxiliaries were required to conquer a new kingdom to Christianity. Education up to Laval's time had been in the hands of the Recollet fathers, Ursulines nuns, and the Sisters of *La Congregation de Montreal.* With these the requirements of the increasing colony could not be supplied, and the year 1663 saw the foundation of the classical institution of *Le petit Seminaire de Quebec*, to which was added a few years later the *Grand Seminaire*, where theology was taught, and which became later one of the faculties of the first Catholic University in America. Within the walls of this great institution a host of distinguished men have received their education: bishops, statesmen, men of letters, and members of parliament. Laval's activity and zeal knew no bounds, and his far-seeing intelligence went forward to meet the wants of the country. In 1685 a model farm and a training school for arts and trades, at St. Joachin, some thirty miles below Quebec, opened their doors, under his care and at his expense, to the youth of the colony. His affections were chiefly centered in the Quebec seminary, which he endowed in a princely manner. Among the lands willed over to his creation were the Seigniory of Beaupre, extending from the Montmorency River to la Riviere du Gouffre at Baie St. Paul, the Seigniory of the Isle Jesus, now the larger part of the County of Laval.

For thirty years after the laying of the corner-stone of the seminary fortune had smiled on Laval undertakings; the young institution was in a flourishing state when the wind of misfortune began to batter its walls. Just at the beginning of the eighteenth century a disastrous fire left nothing but the ruins of the work of the great bishop. It had hardly been rebuilt when it again (1705) became a prey to the devouring element. This double calamity saddened the declining years of Laval, who passed away in 1708.

There is still in existence a part of the Quebec seminary built during Mgr. de Laval's days. The walls are six feet thick, and strong enough to stand a siege– not against modern war engines though. The first two stories are arch-roofed, and the Seminary's archives are kept in that safe place. The late F. Parkman had access to them, and considered them most valuable. The author of *l'Histoire de l'Amerique Septentrionde*, Bacqueville de la Potherie, who wrote in 1722, has left us a description of this noble edifice, which was very large and very fine for a colonial institution. The old plan of Quebec, which we reproduce here, is taken from La Potherie.

We have now come to the darkest days in the history of the Quebec Seminary; the institution was most seriously involved; no help could be had from France; and what could be expected from the colony which, during the first half of the eighteenth century, was engaged in three wars with the neighbouring colonies! The last,

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FROM AN OLD MAP.

VIEW OF QUEBEC, IN 1722.

The Seven Years' War, with its six bloody campaigns, left the country in a desperate state; and after the capitulation of Montreal, when French power came to an end in Canada, when the civil government, and all those who could afford it, followed the Fleur de Lis flag to the Motherland, the destitution of Canada was beyond description. For many years after, the directors of the Quebec Seminary had to cope with such difficulties that posterity will wonder how they were successfully overcome. More than once famine stared the courageous priests in the face, and they had to reduce their scanty fare in order that the pupils' table might be supplied with food.

In the midst of their labours at home, the directors of the Seminary were untiring in their efforts to spread, far and wide, faith and education as well as French influence. Their zeal knew no bounds. In 1698 the unknown region of the West opened a vast field to their activity. On one fine July morning the lower town of Quebec was all astir. The whole population had gathered on the river shore to witness the departure for the Illinois country of Messrs. de Montigny, Davion and Saint-Come, who were under orders to go and establish missions among the savages of that far-away land. Other apostles followed later on, and the cross was planted for the first time in the Illinois region, on the shores of the Ohio and of Mississippi. Forts Natchez and St. Louis, further south, were subsequently established by Messrs. Thaumur de la Source and Lemercier. Of these priests the celebrated historian Charlevoix wrote in 1772, "Formerly my disciples, they could to-day be my masters."

Towards the beginning of the last century it became Louisiana's turn to receive religious pioneers, hailing from New France. The parishes of Sainte-Famille and Sainte-Anne are indebted to Laval's foundation for their earliest pastors. These migrations from north

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FRANCOIS DE LAVAL-MONTMORENCY, 1623-1708.

to south continued until the year 1754, or almost up to the Seven Years' War. Louisiana was a dependency of the apostolic see of Quebec, and the bond which connected the city of Champlain with New Orleans was broken only after the Declaration of Independence. The Quebec Seminary had extensive properties in the South, but their rights to it were contested; to settle this difficulty, in 1857 the Seminary ceded all their claim to these lands to the bishop of Alton.

In Acadia, which was nearer home, Laval's disciples sent some of their members to different stations, such as Miramichi, Chedebouctou, Isle Royale.

Trouble and work increased with time. The Jesuits' College having been suppressed after the conquest of Canada, and the Sulpician's Seminary not being yet in existence (it was only opened in 1773), the task of supplying superior education to the whole country devolved altogether on Laval's successors. Obstacles cropped up on all sides. In 1783 the Government propounded a scheme to establish a Protestant university, with the object of denationalizing the king's new subjects. To attempt to suppress a nation's language is to attack its very soul; and it became the duty of the patriotic followers of Laval to defeat this cruel project. The triumph was theirs, but how dearly bought!

Difficulties of many other kinds they had to encounter. Intercourse with France had been completely broken off after the conquest, and this want of communication with the parent country, coupled with the poverty-stricken state of Canada, brought on a scarcity of French books. Only the most important ones could be had. As to many classics, the pupils would bring them into the college copied by their own hand. The writer of this article remembers having perused, whilst a student of Laval in 1866, a manuscript translation of Homer's Iliad, the work of Joseph Papineau, father of the celebrated tribune. It was written in old French style, with round letters, but very legible. A sort of rough leather binding, evidently home-made, kept the leaves together.

It was also the custom in those days among the people to pay for board and tuition in nature. During the first September week it was no uncommon sight to see a *habitant* winding his way up Mountain Hill, accompanied by his son, both urging ahead of them a pair of steers towards the seminary, where

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they were intended to represent the price of instruction of a future professional man or priest.

Better days, however, were in store for the oldest educational establishment in Canada. With the general development of the country, the resources of the Quebec Seminary increased, and its directors then carried out a long cherished scheme, the creation of a great Catholic University. This matter had long been discussed by the bishops and superiors of various institutions. As though foreseeing obstacles that were to loom up at no distant date, the Quebec priests expressed the opinion that Montreal, by far the richest and most populous city of Lower Canada, should be the seat of the university in preference to Quebec. But Montreal would not listen to this argument. The honour of dispensing the highest education, it was said, belonged to Quebec, the first harbour of Catholicity in North America, the mother of all churches in this hemisphere north of Mexico. Half persuaded, the directors of the seminary went to work with a will; all their resources, their wealth were thrown into the enterprise. Their simple life made this sacrifice very light, as every one will understand when they hear that, no matter what amount of money may stand to the credit of the institution, the directors and professors of Laval are entitled to an indemnity of only one hundred dollars a year, out of which they are expected to keep up their wardrobe.

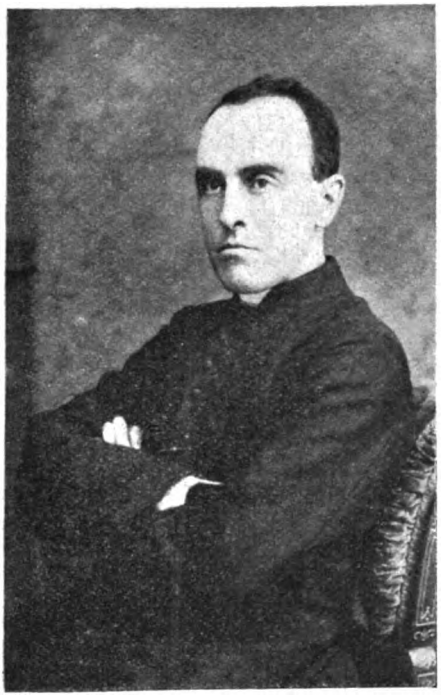
In 1852 there arrived in Quebec a royal charter, giving life to the Laval University such as it exists to-day. In very little time four faculties were inworking order under the direction of the late Louis-Jacques Casault, its first rector, and the man who had been instrumental, with Lord Elgin's assistance, in obtaining Her Majesty's consent to the foundation of the new institution. Professors learned in law were sent to France to study. Doctors in medicine went from Quebec to London, Edinburgh and Paris to better qualify themselves in their new role. Following this general impetus given to science, regents in the classes of belles-lettres crossed the ocean to attend lectures and conferences at la Sorbonne and other centres of learning. Within five years over a million dollars had been expended in buildings, fitting up museums, completing libraries, and making other improvements.

In a large main building commanding a most magnificent view of the St. Lawrence and St. Charles Rivers, with



LOUIS-JACQUES CASAULT, FIRST RECTOR OF LAVAL.

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MGR. LAFLAMME, F.R.S.C., PRESENT RECTOR OF LAVAL.

the Laurentides for background, are to be found large lecture-rooms, museums, collections of all sorts of scientific instruments and a very large library. Mention must also be made of Laval's noted paintings. They are the best to be seen in America, most of them from the hands of masters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Many of those paintings were brought to Canada at the time of the French Revolution, by priests who had escaped the guillotine. Several other Quebec institutions have had their share of these valuable tableaux. It is worth while for any one visiting Quebec to spend an hour or two at the Ursulines Chapel, the Roman Catholic Cathedral, and at Laval, to admire these masterpieces of old French art.

It is the boast and pride of Laval that they uphold the banner of religious teaching in all the branches of knowledge, whilst materialism is permeating teaching in almost all European universities, destroying faith to such an extent that Renan once said, after looking at the ravages of the incredulity, "Nous ne sommes plus que l'ombre d'une ombre et nous respirons le parfum d'un vase vide." (We have come to be mere shadows of a shadow, and we only breathe the perfume of an empty vase.)

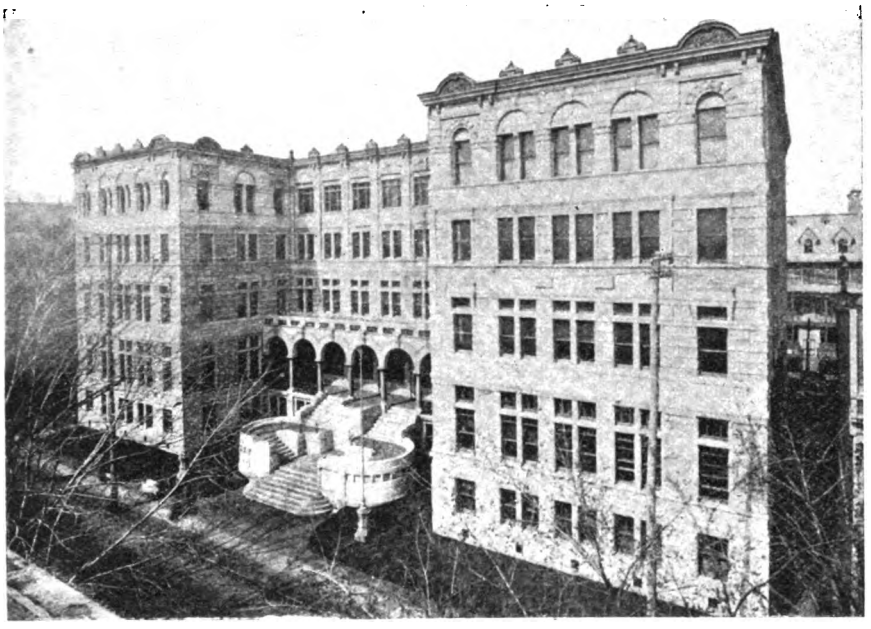
Though a Catholic institution, Laval has always avoided exclusiveness. Distinguished physicians and lawyers of Protestant faith have been professors of law and medicine within its walls, and mention may be made in this connection of Drs. Jackson and Sewell, and Mr. Colston. The late celebrated American scientist, Dr. Sterry Hunt, lectured for many years on chemistry at Laval.

To complete the organization of superior education in Quebec, all the classical colleges were requested to affiliate themselves to Laval University, on certain conditions, which included a sort of competitive examination for the B. A. degrees between the students of these institutions after their humanities and course of philosophy. This competition, which gave a great stimulus to study, did not prove satisfactory to some of the colleges which held back from the University. About six years ago a new rule was agreed upon, the leading feature of which allows every college the privilege of conferring on their pupils the matriculation to the University either at Quebec or Montreal. It seems to an unprejudiced observer that this change, which was reluctantly conceded by the Laval directors, was not a move in the right direction.

The benefit of university education has been extended to Montreal. It was found that the young men, instead of going down to Quebec for their studies, would attend the lectures at McGill and Victoria, thus defeating the object of the founders of Laval.

The extension or *Succursale* will, of course, greatly hamper the parent institution in Quebec. Loud complaints are heard every day in the sister province about the large and ever-increasing number of lawyers, doctors, and

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THE LAVAL SUCCURSALE, MONTREAL.

ST. DENIS STREET.

notaries. Does it not seem strange that, with this fact in view, strong efforts have been made to spread the evil far and wide by this double tuition? It strikes us that one university at Quebec would have been sufficient to meet the requirements of the country, and that it should have been the ambition of all concerned in educational matters to build only one strong institution, to become the rival of European and American universities.

Laval, in the past, has been the nursery of very many men of high repute in Lower Canada. Bishop Plessis, who was a statesman as well as a priest, with twelve other high dignitaries of the Catholic Church, including Cardinal Taschereau and Mgr. Begin, his coadjutor, all hailed from Laval. The public men of the past, noted for their zeal in the cause of self-government, have been pupils of Laval, such as Bedard, Papineau, Judges Caron and Morin (of the Hincks and Morin Administration), received their education at the Seminary, as well as Cauchon, an old parliamentarian, several times a Minister, Cremazie the poet and Mr. Chauveau, the first Premier of Quebec under the new regime inaugurated in 1867, than whom no one used a more elegant pen in Quebec.

The direction of Laval is now in the hands of Monseigneur Laflamme, Fellow of the Royal Society, a young priest of profound learning, of great devotion to the cause of education, and bent on walking in the footsteps of his great spiritual ancestor.

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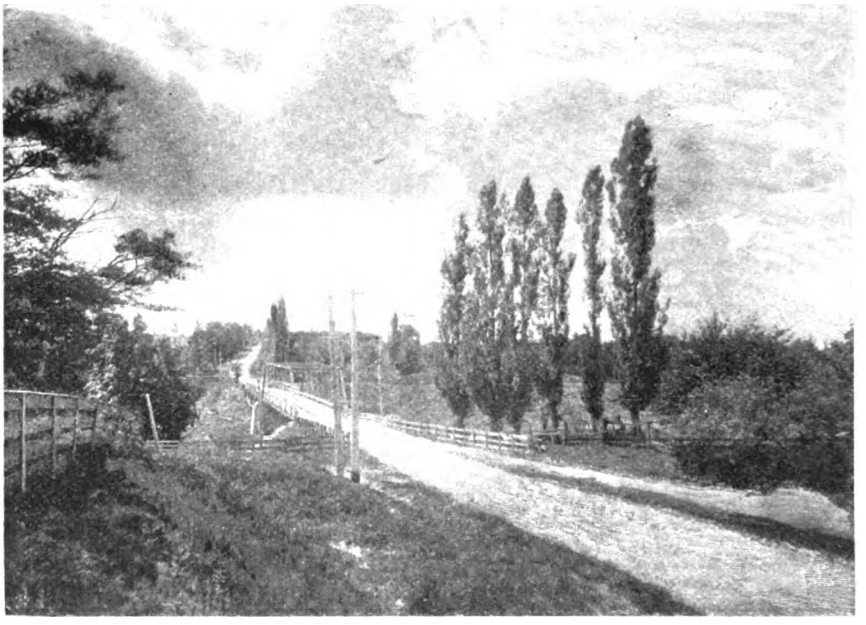


PHOTO. BY F. E. KARN, CLINTON.

A FINE STRETCH OF ROAD IN HURON COUNTY.

ARTISTIC COUNTRY ROADS.

BY A. W. CAMPBELL, C. E., PROVINCIAL ROAD COMMISSIONER, TORONTO.

THE artistic treatment of roads is a matter in which we have been entirely deficient; more than this, the beautiful has been neglected and sacrificed even when it might have been retained without additional labour and with no loss of the useful. Whatever beauty the country highways of Ontario possess has been bestowed upon them by nature in such a manner, seemingly, as to defy the ever militant hand of the despoiler. For an explanation it is only necessary to remember that the construction of roads in the Province has scarcely yet passed out of the hands of those who hewed the first waggon tracks through the wilderness, and who were constantly engaged in a stern struggle for the bare necessities of life. It is no cause for surprise that, choosing between the useful and the beautiful, the former has invariably gained the ascendancy.

During the past summer I was one day driving through a country district, and turning a corner, came unexpectedly upon a pathmaster with his men doing their statute labour. They were engaged, but not very busily, in throwing the earth from the ditch into the middle of the road. The grade was already so high and steep that, in turning out to pass a scraper, I had to lean over as far as possible to preserve the equilibrium of my buggy. They stopped their work as I drove by.

"Why don't you use some of the dirt to level the sides of the road?" I asked.

My ignorance of roadmaking appalled them. With one accord they looked east, west, north, south. Then a look of determination entered the face of one, a sturdy Scot.

"Losh, mon!" he exclaimed. "Dy'e think yer in th' ceety?"

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There is a very prevalent idea that anything that savours in the least degree of the ornamental in roadmaking belongs only to the "ceety."

To what extent the treatment of a roadside should be conventional must depend on circumstances. With what pleasure the most of us can recall some roadway leading through a thinly settled, swampy lowland, and closely bordered with woods! There are very few who would wish to so vandalize the works of nature as to go with a scythe among the golden rod and asters, the flags and the grasses that fill the angles of the moss-grown rail fence. Nor would we hew away the ivy-grown stumps, nor replace the picturesque snake-fence with one that is "neater." Passing, however, from the region of log-houses, with their little forest-encircled clearings, to the location where handsome stone and brick country villas predominate, where the woods have been almost obliterated and the fields have been brought to a condition of perfect cultivation, we must give the Queen's highway a corresponding degree of attention to bring it into harmony with its surroundings.

A century ago the first highways of any importance were laid out in the Province. The forest was then the enemy alike to agriculture and roads, and the pioneer settler quickly learned, too, that it was the foe to his own means of sustenance. Pat's motto at Donnybrook Fair, "When you see a head, hit it," was transposed and applied to the trees. To-day we may, in many localities, pass farm after farm without seeing any of the original trees remaining or any new ones planted for ornamental purposes.

Trees are a necessary adjunct to a beautiful highway. To make this unqualified statement causes a civil engineer to feel some tremors of conscience, accustomed as he is in this utilitarian age to study only the economic side of construction. Trees are, as a rule, anything but a benefit to a roadway. Masses of foliage and shade, so grateful to the traveller, keep the driveway constantly damp—the bane of good roads. If, however, beauty is desired at the expense of utility, highways can scarcely be too much shaded by over-arching boughs. The happy medium will suffice in the majority of cases, and the evil effect of an avenue of trees will be more than made up by the additional pleasure obtained. Trees, however, need not be planted very close to the carriage-way, but may be within the private property, or, if on the road allowance, as close

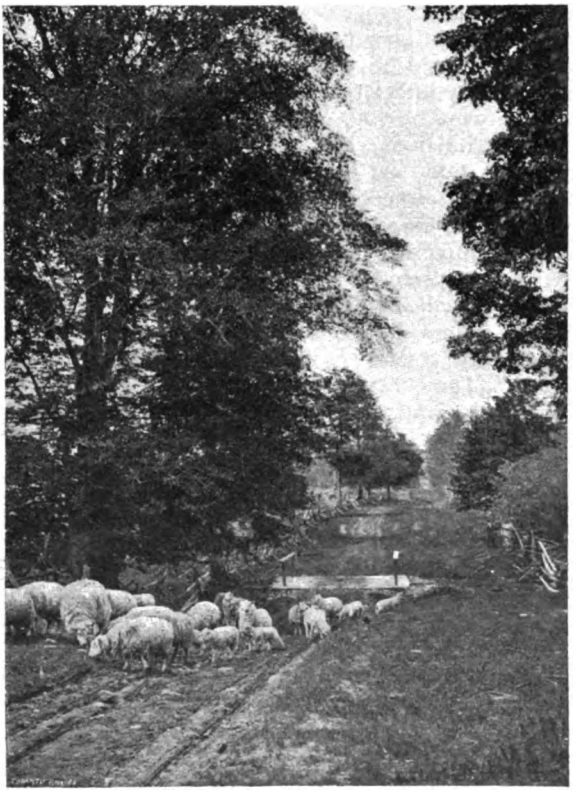


PHOTO. BY W. H. MOSS.

A TYPICAL ROUGH SIDE-ROAD AND WOODEN CULVERT.

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AMATEUR PHOTO. BY W. O. LOTT, TRENTON, ONT.

A PRETTY ROAD IN HASTINGS COUNTY.

to the fence as practicable. The branches should be trimmed so as not to materially interfere with the paved carriage-way.

The varieties of trees suitable for the ornamentation of highways in this climate are almost infinite. Maples are most commonly used in Canada, and so universal have they become that many trees having equal or greater claims for beauty are overlooked. The elm, with its gracefully arching branches and delicate, lace-like foliage, is unsurpassed. The oak, renowned in England, is rarely used here. And so we might enumerate walnut, butternut, hickory, beech, chestnut, poplar, pine, ranging from the most delicate to the most sombre and rugged, each more or less adapted to particular requirements and circumstances.

The matter of fences is a very puzzling one. We have not yet found a shrub that will enable us to copy the hedgerows of England; and to stretch a few strands of wire is easier than to construct a stone wall. Masonry is very common in England and in the New England States. Only occasionally may it be seen here; and when overgrown with Virginia creeper or other vines the effect is all that can be desired. The seductive wire fence appears to suit the present stage of road improvement; and in sections of the Province where snow is apt to drift during a small part of the year there is seemingly no alternative. Where wire is used, however, a very trim appearance may be maintained, and if the fences are made so as to be as inconspicuous as possible, and a generous use is made of trees and shrubs, the result will not be at all disastrous.

Our system of surveys, which lays



PHOTO. BY W. H. MOSS, TORONTO.

A DRIVE IN HIGH PARK, NEAR TORONTO.

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off concessions in parallel blocks, with the roadway a rigid line of demarcation, and places cross roads at regular intervals, is responsible for the many cuts and embankments which mar the appearance of the highways. Could roads be laid out as are railways, in a manner that would permit the most convenient route to be taken, much more frequently would we follow pleasant winding lines and graceful curves. Not only would roads laid out in this manner be more artistic in every way, but they would in many instances be shorter. The curve which we make in going down into a hollow and up again, or up a hill and down, is sometimes greater than the horizontal curve that would enable us to avoid the hill altogether.

Very common is the belief that in order to have a beautiful highway an expensive form of paving material must be used. The ideal roadway is of crushed stone or gravel, such as is found in the parks of large cities. A popular feeling is that asphalt has a better appearance than these materials, but this is largely due to the fact that the possibilities of gravel and crushed stone are seldom understood. Horsemen and wheelmen are unanimously in favour of macadam roads, and but very little study of the question is needed to convince one that only when traffic becomes so great as to render the maintenance of gravel or crushed stone roadways impossible, or excessively expensive, asphalt need be used. So that its domain is the busiest thoroughfares of cities.

It is imperative, however, that the driveway shall be as perfect as possible. We are forced to form our ideas of the beautiful largely from the associations with which we clothe an object. It is difficult to harmonize with our conception of beauty a swampy roadway, into which the wheels of our carriage may have, on some dismal autumn day, settled immovably, or over which at the end of a wearisome journey we were compelled to carry a bicycle, as with each step we sank to our shoetops in mud. Poets, it is true, find their inspirations in such country lanes; and a driveway which is largely a pool of water doubtless gathers and reflects the shadows which the painter uses so effectually in his pictures. Roads, however, are not for the exclusive benefit of poets and artists; so that the work of increasing their utility will continue.

The roadside, further, must be shaped and, above all, covered with rich sod. No simple or definite rules can be laid down for this portion of the treatment of highways, and the best law-giver in this respect is nature. Nature does nothing stiffly, with rigid and abrupt lines, but has an infinity of gradations and shadings. An attempt to obtain a perfect level will be futile, and we would only secure awkward grades and stiff transitions. Long, easy, swelling lines should be sought.

The science of roads is principally a matter of drainage. Not that the shaping of the roadway, the gravel covering, and the details are unimportant, but that these are a part of the system of drainage. The deep, dangerous and unsightly open ditches that are so frequently to be seen on either side of the roadway, however, are a great impediment to beauty, and must, in the artistic treatment of our highway, be replaced by under-drains of common field tile, which expedient affords an inexpensive remedy. Shallow gutters must, of course, be provided to carry away the surface water, but they need not disfigure the highway.

A great mistake is made in grading into a carriage-way too wide a portion of the road allowance. For the great majority of the country highways in the Province, twenty-four feet between gutters is ample, the central eight feet only being macadamized. We admire, of course, broad and smoothly-rounded driveways, but wide stretches of sod are equally handsome. The driveway must not be confounded with the road allowance, the statutory width of which is one chain; and this for artistic effects, as well as on sanitary grounds, should never be less – preferably greater.

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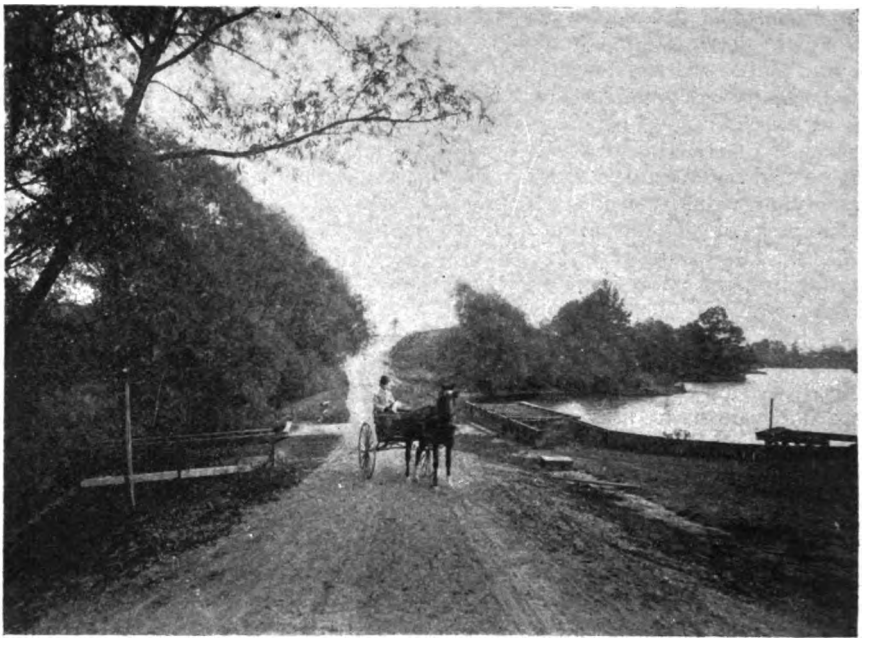


PHOTO. BY F. E. KARN, CLINTON.

THE HARMONIZED WORK OF MAN AND NATURE.

In no particular are there better opportunities for the artistic treatment of highways than in the class of bridges and culverts employed. The introduction of steel for this purpose permits us to do away with the clumsy and awkward wooden structures which so seldom in their youth are pleasing, and which in old age become grotesque rather than picturesque, replacing them with bridges that are graceful and slender, but strong. Substantial arches of stone are, beyond question, the handsomest that can be employed, their great strength and durability appealing forcefully to one's æsthetic feelings.

To render our highways beautiful at a stroke is a herculean task not to be attempted. To impress upon a certain section of the community the value of beautiful highways is the first step in the much-needed reform. Having thus gained the point at which this class of improvements will be systematically brought about, the beauty of the highways will in their turn teach the people their desirability. Men are instinctively better citizens for being surrounded with that which is pure and beautiful. The artistic treatment of highways would be a constant reproach to the shiftless; neglected lawns would become fewer; ramshakle houses and barns would be less common; the eye refreshed and educated at every point, a drive or spin along our country roads would mean to us a journey into a vast park.

A. W. Campbell.

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A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

A Muskoka Story.

IT is just two years now since Tom Thorold invited me to spend vacation at his father's cottage in Muskoka.

"Better come with me, old boy," said Tom, in that hearty way of his, "lots of fishing and shooting, with something softer between—lake by moonlight, white dresses, down-cast eyes and all that sort of thing you know You would be sure to enjoy yourself, and we would like to have you."

"I didn't know there were any young ladies in your family," said I, with an unexpressed wish to draw him out, for Tom never said much about his relations. "Pretty nice girls, I suppose?"

"Only one," said Tom laconically, "Millie's her name; oh, yes, she is a very fine girl, no nonsense about her; but it's Bobbet you'll be taken with, he is the cutest little chap you ever saw, only five years old and as wise as Solomon at fifty. In fact, all our family are rather extraordinary."

"Yes," I remarked, "now that I think of it, your conceit *is* rather above the average, and, as I don't know what might become of you without a kind friend to tell you of your faults now and then, I think I had better go to Muskoka."

My dreams that night were of a very stirring character, being composed chiefly of bear hunts in which I displayed indomitable courage and had many hair-breadth escapes, with an occasional canoe accident, when my prodigies of valour in rescuing Tom's sister won the undying gratitude of all.

For two or three days I was busily engaged in packing, not that I was going to take much, but it was so hard to know just what was necessary. Tom said, "Your very oldest suit, a soft felt hat for wet weather, a wide straw one for dry, one pair of thick shoes, fifty big handkerchiefs, and half-a-dozen flannel shirts, besides sundries." This advice I followed to the letter; but the sundries were composed, among other things, of a natty, all-round suit of grey tweed, tan shoes, a pair of dancing slippers, some carefully selected ties, and plenty of fine linen; these, you perceive, with an eye to the ladies. A few books completed the modest outfit. It seems the regular thing, somehow, to take books with you when you go away for your holidays, though for what reason I cannot see, for they generally, as in this instance, get terribly in the way and remain unopened until your return. After we had packed and unpacked several times, and squeezed the very last thing (which happened to be a valuable China fruit-dish for Tom's mother) in on top of our boating shoes, all was ready and waiting except the train. Even that came at length, however, and in due time (half-an-hour late) we arrived at the "Villa Thorold," as my friend's summer residence was called.

I had learned from Tom, coming up on the train, that Mrs. Thorold's second cousin on her mother's side was staying with them. Tom blushed as he told me and, as Tom seldom blushes, I drew my own inferences. But both cousin and sister were invisible when we arrived, as in fact were all the rest of the family, it being somewhere around twelve o'clock p.m. and our letter having miscarried. However, we woke them up in right good style, and received a welcome from Mr. Thorold senior, which was wonderfully hearty under the circumstances.

My first impression next morning was that I had never been so tired since my first football game; my next, that it was a fine day and someone was singing in the garden. Peeping from the window, I found that the whole place was one vast garden—wild and uncultivated, it is true, but beautiful beyond

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"She was bending over the water."

my powers of description. A little to the left lay the clear blue waters of the lake, calm as a burnished mirror under the beams of the morning sun; and there, on the brink of it, stood a vision of a maiden in white. She was bending over the water, clinging to an overhanging branch of a tree, looking at herself or stay, it might have been the wonderful reflection of light and shade which she admired; but in this "Vanity Fair" one is so apt to get a wrong impression from that sort of thing. She was singing, too, a light, gay air, something about "a pretty village maiden who loved a knight so true"; and so anxious was I to hear the end of the ditty (though the voice was not that of a nightingale, but, if anything, a little shrill), that I would have quite forgotten the time had not the bell reminded both the young lady and myself that we were rather hungry.

It was Tom's cousin, of course – how silly of Tom to be in love with a vain little thing like that; with such a voice, too; but then, she did have pretty hair.

Everybody, except Tom, was seated in the wide, cool hall, at breakfast when at last I hurried downstairs; for that function at "Villa Thorold" waits for no man. My humble apologies were received with laughing good-nature by my motherly hostess, and the ceremony of introduction commenced.

I remember few ceremonies which surprised me more. My vision of the morning was Millie! That tall, fair girl was Tom's sweetheart; but who was the strange gentleman with the great, black mustache, whom Mrs. Thorold introduced as Mr. Ainsley? And why was he sitting by Millie? Tom came down presently and called him "old boy" in a way which spoke of intimate acquaintance; but as he looked at my rather disappointed face I fancied that he smiled.

Naturally, it took some time to reduce my turbulent thoughts to order, and arrange the various impressions I had received. When this was accomplished, I found that they were rather favourable than otherwise. The stately Miss Stanley, I thought, was a very handsome girl and almost good enough for Tom; while Miss Thorold had certainly the most taking face I had ever seen. As for the gentleman with the black mustache, he was a nice fellow, though dreadfully in the way – for his way seemed always to be Millie's. It

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would be hard to describe the charm of Millie Thorold's face, for she was not strictly beautiful, as beauty goes, but the chestnut hair had wavy lights and soft brown shadows which would drive an artist mad, and the brown eyes made up in depth what they wanted in shape, while the small, red mouth had a smile and a dimple unparalleled. It was a face whose very defects seemed to lend a witchery to the sweet, changing capricious whole and—why deny it—before the first week ended, my heart was gone; yes, my heart, which seemed so securely attached to myself, was gone, but so was my hope, for Millie was engaged to Mr. Ainsley with the full consent of both her parents, and Tom had known this and never told me. Tom is so blind.

However, I soon determined to make the best of my present happiness in being with her, and let the future look out for itself, for who can be downhearted when the air is fresh and the sky clear, and the water sparkles from your dripping oar and the girl you love sits steering your boat and looks with smiling brown eyes from beneath her wide straw hat?

It was to Bobbet that I owed my enlightenment on the subject of Millie's engagement, and that quite accidently. It chanced that one evening as I strolled by the water, dreaming sweet dreams of sunlight on chestnut hair, that I met him quite unexpectedly, about half a mile from the house, looking the picture of despair and misery.

"What's up, old fellow?" I cried, catching him up on my shoulder in the best humour possible. "Some of the polliwogs got away, or is Sambo dead?"

"No," said Bobbet, in a subdued whisper, "it's awfuller than that—I went into the parlour after tea, and there was sister Millie and Mr. Ainsley sitting on the sofa, and I wanted Mr. Ainsley to come fishing, but mother said, quite cross, 'run away, Bobbet, your sister Millie and Mr. Ainsley are engaged,' and," continued he, bursting into tears, "Cousin Sally—got—engaged—and went away and—never—came back!"

No doubt it was my duty to condole with the disconsolate child over the prospective loss of his sister; but human nature at the best is selfish. So, placing him, still sobbing, on a log, I strolled away to consider the news in solitude.

All next day I was perfectly miserable, and could enjoy nothing; but, little by little, that hope which "springs eternal" reasserted itself, and I decided to be happy in her company for the little time left me before the full weight of my loss would make itself felt in absence from her. With sharpened powers of observation I soon noticed that for an engaged couple Millie and Mr. Ainsley were anything but attentive to each other; especially did I contrast his carelessness of her with Tom's devotion to his cousin, and my blood boiled that he should so little appreciate the jewel he had won. When a young man is in love it doesn't take much to make his blood boil. In this existing state of things we were much thrown together, and often found ourselves alone, and scarcely an evening passed that I did not tremble to think of how nearly I had betrayed myself during the day. But Millie seemed to suspect nothing. She would look at me so frankly out of her beautiful eyes, with a little smile curving her lips, and the sweetest, tiniest blush on her rounded cheek—so happy, so girlish, so innocent, that I always saved myself in time.

My stay was drawing to a close, and on the next day but one I must leave her. Tom and Mr. Ainsley were out hunting; we had paddled across the lake to a beautiful spot called "Elf Glen," and Master Bobbet had insisted on coming with us. I remember the dress Millie wore that day, a soft, blue muslin with pretty, fanciful dashes of snowy lace; her hair was coiled low on her neck, and waved back from her forehead, where one bright, little curl rested lovingly. But there was something else, a slight sadness about the smiling mouth, an unusual absence of the sunbeams in the hazel eyes. Could it be for me? I was miserable and speechless, and Millie was a little silent

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"Think it," thundered Tom, "I know it."

too, but Bobbet did talking enough for both of us. I can scarcely think of any subject which this inveterate searcher after knowledge did not discuss; he was particularly curious, I remember, to find out what was at the centre of the earth and the way to get there. He wondered how they ever found a tree long enough to make the North Pole, and how it was that we didn't stand on our heads when the world turned round; also, what we would stand upon if we did, and similar useful subjects. At last, even he grew silent, and the conversation became very tame indeed.

"Let me see, Miss Thorold," said I, with a dismal attempt to appear unconcerned, "I believe it is the day after to-morrow that I leave—how quickly the days fly. My stay here seems more like a week than a month."

"I am glad you have enjoyed yourself," replied Millie, with a slight effort, and again fell into silence.

"Millie," said Bobbet, who had turned sleepy, sliding up to her, "Millie, you look just like I feel when I want a kiss."

This little speech was the last straw, and broke my vow and my silence together. I don't know just what I said nor how far I got in my base confession when the whiteness of my love's face brought me to myself and showed me the wrong of the step I had taken.

"Miss Millie," I faltered, "I have sinned against all honour, for I am not free to speak; forgive me, and forget this if you can—my only excuse is in my love—I will not offend again, goodbye."

"Good-bye," whispered Millie, bending her white face over the sleeping child, so that I could not read its message, and in another moment I had left her.

If ever a man arose with a sad heart it was I next morning. I must never see her again, after my miserable confession, that was certain. It was also certain that the day of happiness was over, and the night was darker than even I had fancied. By my foolish want of self-control, I had added the serpent sting of remorse to the pain of unrequited love and lost my honour and my self-respect together. These and many other reflections of the same character occupied my mind as I drew the strap of my one trunk next morning and sat down on the lid to make it catch. As I was engaged in this rather discomposing effort the door opened and Tom came in. Not laughing, gay, rolicsome Tom; but Tom with a very grave face. This was comforting; perhaps the cousin had refused him and we could condole with each other!

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But no, there was a sternness in Tom's aspect not at all compatible with this explanation of the case.

"Tom, old boy," said I, in eager explanation, "got a telegram from our folks last night, and must go back to the city one day earlier. Come and sit on this trunk, like a good fellow; it won't go down."

"I won't sit on your trunk," replied Tom, angrily and without the faintest trace of humour; "and I don't wonder you have a sudden summons home; any man would after the way in which you have acted. To think," he declared warmly, "that I should have chosen as my friend one who is so lost to any sense of honour as to accept my hospitality for the purpose of making love to my sister, while all the time his hand and his honour are engaged elsewhere."

"What," I gasped, "why Tom, you don't mean to say that you think I am engaged, do you?"

"Think it, "thundered Tom, "I know it! I heard what you said to Millie yesterday. 'I have sinned against all honour, for I am not free to speak'; those were your very words, sir—deny them if you can!"

"I don't deny them," I answered, jumping off the trunk in my excitement, while a light broke suddenly on my bewildered brain, "and I don't want to; but Tom, dear old friend, can it be that I was mistaken, I thought that Millie was engaged to Mr. Ainsley?"

I never saw Tom look so bewildered as at that moment—never. "This is a regular Comedy of Errors," said he, "of course Millie is not engaged to Ainsley, or to anyone else; but whatever gave you that idea. I can't see light at all."

"It was Bobbet," I confessed, rather shame-facedly, as I saw how jealously prejudiced I had been. I then explained to him how Bobbet had told me that his mother had said that he must run away, for Millie and Mr. Ainsley were engaged.

"Engaged in discussing their respective duties as bridesmaid and groomsman at my wedding," said Tom.

And then Tom laughed, and shook me by the hand and laughed again, and sat down on the refractory trunk and laughed some more, and I laughed, too, and never felt so happy in my life; for I felt that Millie loved me and that I was free to speak at last.

Isabelle E. Mackay.

HALIFAX.

FACING the ocean, guardian of our land,
Thy frowning forts and ramparts front the foam
Whose waves still ceaseless chafe the rocky strand,
While salt winds waft sea-odours o'er our home.

All the round year the tramp of armed men,
Crisp bugle calls, the guns at noon and night,
And martial music tell to us again
That Britain guards us with a jealous might.

Where the loft citadel stands stern and steep,
Long may her banner grandly o'er us wave,
And loyal hearts beneath it proudly leap,
Because no Briton ever was a slave!

All blessings on our dear old city rest!
Safe homes and happy make our souls rejoice,
And unto God, who giveth all things best,
Let thanks be raised by grateful heart and voice!

Constance Fairbanks

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RECONCILED.

A Christmas Story.

I.

IT was Christmas Eve.

In his cosy sitting-room sat Harry Lingard, and on the cheerful hearth-rug lay his sole companion, a fox-terrier named Jack. Jack, whose day had been spent in the frantic but fruitless chasing of sparrows in the snowy streets, looked tired but comfortable; the handsome face of his master, whose chief employment that day had been the choosing and despatching of a beautiful gold bracelet to a certain lady at Linden-Lea, wore a decidedly sad expression.

"It is good to be a dog," thought Harry, "bad to be a married man and have no wife. Such a wretch is an anomaly in polite society." He snapped his fingers. Jack, sacrificing comfort to sympathy, rose and rested his white muzzle between his master's hands.

"Jack," said Harry, "it's hard lines, old fellow! It is not good for man to live alone. 'Not alone,' you say. You rascal! Well, not quite, perhaps. But what do you know about scripture? We used to be great company, you and I, Jack. But that was before Bessie——."

At the word, Jack sprang round and stood with his eyes fixed on the curtained doorway, his stump of a tail wagging expectantly.

"She won't come, Jack."

Jack resumed his position for conversation.

"No, she won't," went on his master, and a dry, husky sob struggled from his breast, and a tear—yes, actually a tear—fell into Jack's right eye and made him blink.

"Women have no hearts, Jack, now-a-days—at least, nothing to count on—or, she would have come back long ago to her—to a faithful, old dog that loves her."

There was a ring at the door-bell, and Jack, with a bark, rushed through the curtains into the hall, followed by his master, who opened the street door; and the light from the vestibule lamp fell upon as dirty a little impish face as could be found in a city noted for its cleanliness and sanitary economics.

"You Mr. Lingard?" asked the imp, unhesitatingly.

"I am, young man," replied Harry. "Step in out of the cold. Never mind your tuque! You won't be able to get into it again. Now?"

"You're to come straight with me. A gentleman wants to see you," answered the imp. "The lady gave me ten cents to fetch you."

"Indeed! Where may this imperative gentleman live, my young Mercury?"

"That's not my name. I'm Joe—I am; and I wasn't to tell you anythin'—only to bring you."

Harry, wondering a little at the imp's assurance, laughed, returned to the hall for his hat and coat, and, in a few minutes, was walking down the street with his strange guide. They entered a house in a row of shabby tenements in the east end, and the boy led Harry upstairs and knocked at the door of a room on the first flat. The door was opened by a fair-haired, sweet-faced young lady, who bade him enter.

"Harry, old fellow, I thought you would come. I am glad to see you," came from a pale, sick-looking, though handsome, young man reclining in an easy chair.

"Herbert!" exclaimed Harry, clasping the thin, worn hand. "Is it, indeed, you?"

"Annie," said the young man, without rising, "this is Harry Lingard, my sister's husband. My wife—Harry."

"Your wife?" gasped Harry, taking

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Annie's hand and gazing in surprise at the softly-flushing countenance.

"My dear wife," asseverated Herbert, with moist eyes. "And the sweetest little woman that God ever made."

The excitement brought on a violent fit of coughing, and Annie was by his side in a moment.

"Herbert," she pleaded, in her low, tender voice, "you must be quiet!"

"Yes, dear, I will be more careful," said the husband, drawing his wife to him. "Sit here, Harry; I want to talk to you.

"When I left home two years ago I was forbidden my father's house. What I was before that, Harry, you know. What I have been since, Annie knows—don't you, dear?" he asked, kissing her hand.

"You have been the best and dearest of husbands," was the fond reply.

"Then, I am what my wife has made me," said Herbert, simply.

"I vowed I would never enter my father's house again. Then I went to Montreal, where I met Annie and married her; and I have found that there is no truer protection under heaven for a man against himself than a fond and faithful wife. Everything went well with us at first, Harry; but my constitution does not seem to be the best. Three months ago I caught a severe cold, which, being neglected, promises to"—he winced a little—"to lay me up. Annie here is the cleverest little woman!" Annie blushed and raised a warning finger.

"She can speak French like a native. She is a capital stenographer and typewriter, and she has worked herself to death to make all ends meet."

"Herbert!" exclaimed Annie, "do not say such things, please."

"I wouldn't care, Harry," went on Herbert, "if it were merely for my own sake—but something must be done for her, now—and I have come here to play the prodigal—to humble myself before my father; and I want you to help me."

Harry took out his watch, but it was remarkable what a time he was in making out the hour.

"It is nine o'clock. In ten minutes I shall have a hack here, and you and Mrs. Travick are going to my house. There is plenty of room there, God knows!" said Harry, with a bitterness his hearers could not understand.

"Now, not a word, Mrs. Travick. The drive will not hurt Herbert; so please be ready."

Without waiting for further speech, Harry was gone; and an hour later, to Jack's astonishment, no fewer than three persons were cosily grouped around the sitting-room fire, one of whom was young and fair, and, to his intense delight and comfort, wore petticoats.

Presently, Herbert inquired:

"But, where is Bessie, Harry?"

Harry's face flushed even in the ruddy glow of the fire, as he answered:

"She is at home."

"At home? Do you mean at Linden-Lea?"

Harry nodded; whilst Herbert and his wife watched the sad, averted face.

"I may as well tell you," said Harry, looking up. "It will save misapprehension.

"Our marriage, Herbert, was a mistake. Bessie should have married a wealthy man, and I a woman like your wife." And he smiled sadly.

"Business was bad—wretched; and I could not afford to go the pace necessary to meet Bessie's requirements. This led to misunderstandings, and, I regret to say, bitter words, and she returned to her parents' home. That is all there is to it."

"And, does your—your wife never, never come to see you, Mr. Lingard?" asked Annie, with amazement in her tender eyes.

"She has not been inside of this house for two months," Harry replied huskily.

"I am afraid we are a sad lot, we Travicks," said Herbert. "We don't seem to be able to run straight. You won't care to accompany me to Linden-Lea to-morrow, then, Harry?"

"Oh, yes," laughed Harry. "Your parents and I are the best of friends;

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so are Bessie and I,—friends, you know." And he wondered how she would receive that gold bracelet he had sent her.

Herbert and his wife retired for the night and left their host alone with his thoughts—and Jack.

For some time Harry Lingard sat gazing at the two vacant chairs in such loving conjunction on the opposite side of the fire-place, and his thoughts were bitter as death. Alas! how many of these little tragical ironies of life are being enacted every day! To Harry, Herbert Travick, a home outcast, penniless, ill, almost starving, with that fair young life twining round his existence, was an object of envy. He, with his tasteful home and a competence sufficient to make a woman like Herbert's wife richly contented, could not keep the woman he had married within his home.

The clock struck twelve. It was Christmas Day—the day in all the year sacred to tender feeling and the reunion of hearts estranged. With a groan, Harry buried his head in his arms on the table.

Yes; it was a mistake, he said to himself, to marry Bessie Travick. Nurtured in luxury, the belle of fashionable society, with a home and life that satisfied every requirement of her nature, how could he, a mere business man—rising, it was true—hope to make her happy? And yet, he thought, he had honestly striven to do so. How often, when brain-sick with planning and heart-sick with the fear of ruin, he had danced a nightly attendance on his beautiful wife in her ceaseless round of gaiety, and, weary and leaden-souled, had stolen from her side the next morning to renew the stern grapple with the hard necessities of business life! Then, when banks were closing their doors, and old reliable houses failing, when every dollar he had in the world was needed to keep his own little ship afloat, she had proposed and insisted on giving a series of entertainments that would have stripped the roof from their heads. What had he done then?

In his desperation he had inveighed against the useless extravagance, and when his wife, hurt by his stern words, had answered hotly, he had bade her mind her own affairs and cultivate a better temper. Then, with the additional burthen of this sharp estrangement round his heart, he had taken his way down to his office, and, by dint of clever management and pure pluck, succeeded in floating his storm-tossed little bark into smoother and safer waters. He had come home that evening, not unnaturally, elated with his triumph, and ready to make any possible amends for his harshness and necessary restrictions, to find by his dinner plate a perfumed note from his wife, informing him that, as she felt she had no place in his home or his affections, she had resolved to seek the shelter of her parents' roof. Whereupon he had sprung from the table and despatched two notes, one to his wife and another to her father; the former stating that her own home was open to her whenever she should think fit to enter it, but that he would never ask her to do so; the latter requesting Mr. Travick not to interfere, but to allow things to run their own course.

In the light and warmth of the touching scenes of conjugal trust and affection which he had witnessed that night, he taxed himself with his fair share of the blame; but his heart was torn with tender regrets and sore with hopeless longing. Would Herbert Travick's wife, under similar conditions, have acted as Bessie had acted? He could not think it possible. Wherein lay the difference? Annie loved her husband; Bessie did not. There was the whole trouble in a nutshell. Bessie had never loved him, and that was his misfortune; he worshipped the very image of his absent wife, and that was his misery. Things must take their course; that was his conclusion for the twentieth time.

"Jack, old fellow, shall we go to bed?" said Harry, rising. Jack yawned, stretched himself and walked sedately to the curtains. Up the softly-carpeted stairs they stole, Jack leading the way. This was the nightly performance. Ah!

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DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

"A perfumed note from his wife."

Bessie Lingard! could you have witnessed the sad procession, could you have seen the fondly-foolish caress bestowed upon an old dressing-gown, mercifully overlooked in your hurried flight, you had never, as wife, passed a peaceful night in the luxurious home of your maiden days. But, of course, only Jack, out of the corner of his sleepy eye, saw the pitiful action, and he never could tell you, though he tried his best to do so many a time.

II.

On Christmas morning, after exchanging greetings, Harry and his guests sat down to what he, accustomed to breakfast alone, could not but consider a cheerful meal. How could it be otherwise, under the fresh and genial presidency of Herbert's dainty wife?

Herbert resolved, as he expressed it, to introduce himself to his parents "by instalments," and to leave his "better half," for the time being, at Lingard's.

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Accordingly, he and Harry drove down to Linden-Lea in a covered sleigh. The latter, having made his Christmas greeting to Mr. and Mrs. Travick, said:

"I have brought an old friend with me, who would also like to wish you a happy Christmas. It is Herbert, your son."

Mr. Travick grew pale and stern, and his wife agitated.

"You will not refuse to receive him, Mr. Travick? The poor fellow is ill—a mere wreck of his former self, physically; but in mind and soul a renewed man."

"Oh, Mr. Lingard!" cried Mrs. Travick; "where is he—my son?"

"He is waiting outside in the sleigh. I'll bring him in."

In a few moments, leaning on Harry's arm, Herbert Travick re-entered the doors, which had once been sternly, but not altogether unjustly, closed against him.

"A merry Christmas, mother," said Herbert, cheerily.

"Oh, Herbert! my poor boy!" sobbed Mrs. Travick, with her arms around him. "You are sick—dying, perhaps,—and you did not tell us."

"Not at all, mother; only a nasty cold. I shall soon be all right again, now. This is good of you, father," said Herbert, wringing the outstretched hand of Mr. Travick, who just managed to say, "You are welcome home, my son," and then walked hurriedly to his own room, where he shut himself up alone with his joy and grief; for, he feared that he had read death upon his son's pallid face.

Then a stately woman, with a pale, beautiful face and trailing robe, came gliding down the stairs and flung her arms about Herbert's neck.

"Ah, Bessie, you naughty girl, I expected to meet you in your own house, last night," said Herbert, playfully.

"Herbert—my brother! but what a wreck! Your poor thin cheeks!" which she kissed lovingly. "Your eyes, alone, are the same."

"I'm all right, Bessie, I tell you," Herbert replied hastily, his eyes fixed upon his mother's anguished countenance. Then poor Herbert went off into a fit of coughing that shook the healthy frames of his mother and sister more than his own.

Recovering, his eyes fell upon Harry Lingard standing in the doorway, a look of unutterable sadness on his face. Turning to his sister, he said almost crossly, "Bessie, don't you see Harry there?"

His sister flushed vividly and, with downcast eyes, she gave her husband her hand for a moment. "Accept my thanks for this—it is very beautiful," she said, turning the bracelet on her arm. And that was all that passed between them. Harry left the Travick family to their joy over Herbert's return, and drove sadly to his own home.

During the afternoon brother and sister saw much of each other. Of himself, Herbert said little, of his wife not a word, but of Bessie's husband he never wearied. He spoke of Harry's nobleness and generosity of character, and of other excellent qualities which Harry did not possess. Certainly, he liked to have his own way. What man, worthy of the name, did not; but he had a heart as tender as a woman's—more tender than that of one woman he knew. At all of which Bessie blushed, read and re-read the pattern of the carpet, and covertly pressed and kissed the charming bracelet she had worn from early morning.

In the evening Bessie withdrew to her own room, and, after a short but satisfactory consultation with her mirror, arrayed herself in the most beautiful gown in her wardrobe. Never, even in her maiden days of conquest, had she taken such pains with her toilet. Then, enveloped in a rich fur-lined cloak, she glided down the stairs. In the hall she paused. Yes; she would just look in upon them in the drawing-room. Opening the door, she stood, for a few moments, a vision of warm, glowing beauty; her lips just murmured "Good-bye;" and she was gone, with her brother's hearty "Good luck, Bess!" ringing in her tingling ears.

Alighting at her husband's handsome

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little villa, she was hurrying through the garden gate, when the driver called after her:

"Shall I wait, ma'am?"

"No—yes,—you had better wait, Jerry," she answered, and swept up the snowy path.

The window of her husband's sitting-room, with the red curtains partially drawn, looked warm and inviting. Yes, she would peep inside. It would give her time to steady herself, and she would then know how best to act. With a happy little fluttering of heart and throat she stepped aside, looked in, and the shy expression of gladness gave place to painful surprise, passion and despair.

Sitting side by side were Harry Lingard and a lovely woman, his dark curls almost mingling with her light, wavy hair. They were looking at the photographs in a large album. With a painful tightening of her heart-strings, Bessie gazed and wondered. Harry had no sister—she knew. And, surely, no woman any further removed in kinship had a right to be sitting alone with him, and so close to him. Just then the two heads lifted, and Harry sat gazing at his companion with such an expression as Bessie never remembered having seen on his face; whilst the woman's beautiful eyes seemed brimming with tenderness and a gentle pity. As a matter of fact, Harry and Mrs. Herbert Travick were discussing Bessie's own beauty, as revealed in a group of excellent portraits; but Bessie did not know that. She only saw "eyes looking love into eyes that spake again," and the demon of jealousy entered into her and tore the veil from her soul; and, for the first time in her brief married life, she knew how much she loved her husband.

"And I made myself beautiful for this," she said to herself in anguish. "No wonder he never sought me! 'Lonely!' Herbert said. Very lonely, indeed! And I have been breaking my heart, and hungering for his love—love such as this. I will go home and never see or speak to him again. The hypocrite! with his shameless—oh, it is monstrous!" The last words burst upon the stillness of the night, startling her into consciousness of her situation. She was standing in the walk before the door. What was she to do?

"I am his wife," she said, in low, tense tones, "his lawful wife. I will not thus be thrust from my rightful place. I will brave him to his face. When I do leave him again," she sobbed, and struggled for calmness and breath. "he shall acknowledge that I have just cause."

She noiselessly opened the door, crossed the hall, and with pale face, her beautiful lips curved with scorn, and her eyes flashing defiance and unholy triumph—all unmindful of Jack's joyful welcome—she met the astonished gaze of her husband. Anger made her remorseless and dead to consequences.

"Harry Lingard," she hissed, "what does this mean? Who is this —this—?"

"Bessie!" exclaimed her husband, startled at her appearance and tones.

"Who is this woman?" thundered Bessie, pointing at poor Annie.

"For Heaven's sake!" pleaded Harry, "don't speak and look like that. This is Herbert's wife—Mrs. Travick—Mrs. Lingard. Hasn't Herbert told you? I imagined at first you had come to see her."

It would tax the powers of a kinetescope to record the changes of expression that played like gleams of lightning over Bessie's beautiful features.

"Herbert's wife?—my dear brother's wife?"

The cloak fell from Bessie's shoulders, and the two women were clasped in each other's arms—and Harry felt himself again left out in the cold—even Jack had no sympathy for him.

"Forgive me—oh, forgive me!" pleaded Bessie in tones of the keenest distress. "I didn't know. I thought —oh, God, what a relief! I was so—so miserable, and now, I am so happy?"

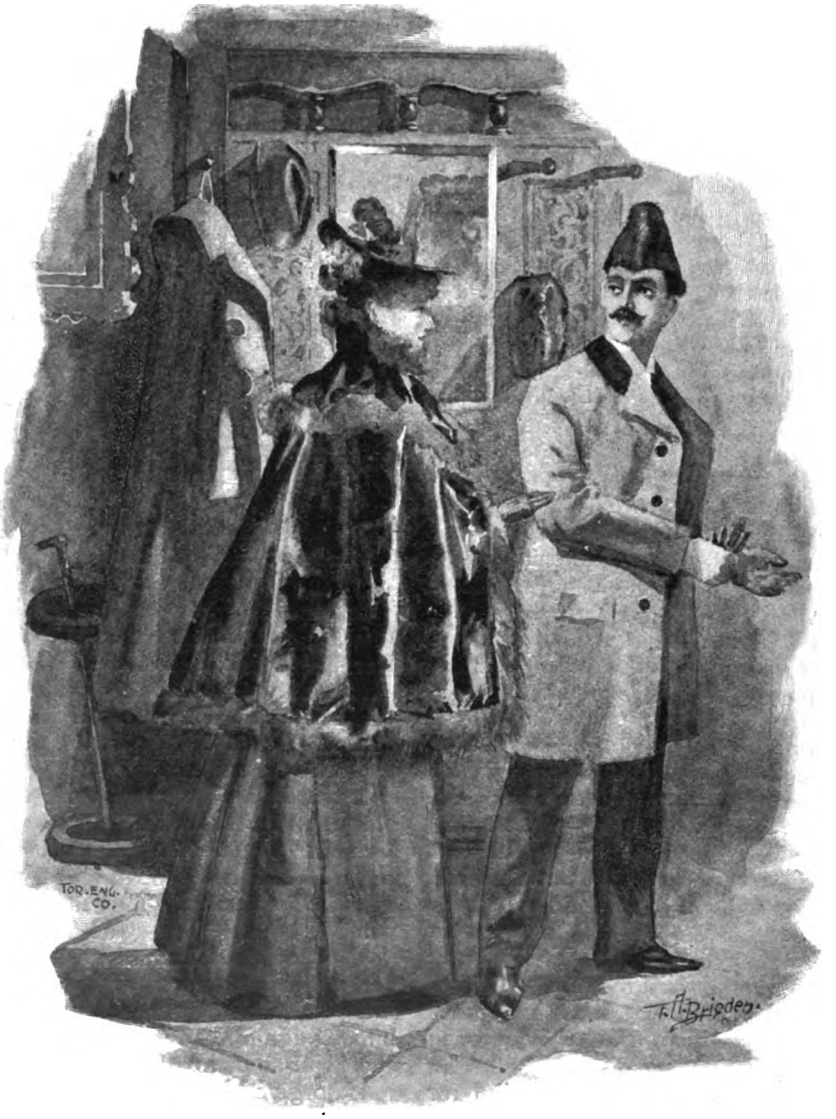
Then Bessie turned her warm, excited face to Harry, and said:

"We must take her home immediately, Harry. I understand it all—and

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they will be so glad to see her. I believe the sleigh is still waiting. Run away, dear, and get your things on."

Annie looked at Harry in perplexed inquiry.



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

"He turned to find his wife—by his side."

"I think it will be best," he said, in answer to her look.

Now, whilst Annie was away, Harry stood, man-fashion, with his back to the mantel-piece, gazing mournfully on the bent head of his wife, who, all at once, had become absorbed in the photograph album. Finally, he asked:

"Bessie, if you did not come for—for Annie, what did you come here for?"

"I came to—to wish you—a Happy Christmas," replied his wife, with heightened colour, but downcast face.

Harry sighed audibly, and Bessie comfortably. Then Harry went into rhapsodies about Herbert's wife, about

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her love, her self-sacrifice, her labour and cleverness, her undying devotion to her husband. He had the pulpit, and he read his wife a fine little homily, manlike, undoing nicely the work that Bessie's own heart had been doing for him, and ended magnificently thus :

"Some women lift their husbands into a heaven on earth, and others take a wilful pleasure in driving them to the devil."

Fortunately, perhaps, Mrs. Travick entered the room ready to start.

Annie was received with open arms by Mr. and Mrs. Travick, to whom Herbert had, in the interval, confided all ; and the united family enjoyed a very happy Christmas night.

It was late when Harry Lingard, feeling like a spirit ejected from Paradise, rose to leave for his lonely home. To add to the irony of it all, everybody followed him into the hall and stood, watching him, as he imagined, whilst he put on his overshoes and overcoat. At last he was ready. Raising his eyes to exchange a parting glance with Bessie, he was disappointed to find she had disappeared. Crestfallen, and hardly daring to lift his eyes again for fear his friends should read his anguish, with his heart lying in his breast like a lump of lead, he suddenly became conscious that a trembling hand was resting on his bent arm. He turned to find his wife standing, bonneted and cloaked, by his side, and he knew what it meant.

After that, Harry had but a dim recollection of four happy faces beaming warmly upon him, of a soft, clinging burthen on his arm, and a warm, fragrant presence coiling round his heart, setting it all aglow, until he awoke to full consciousness in the closed sleigh, and he found his wife sobbing in his arms. The novelty of the situation was so startling, that he had much ado to persuade himself that he was not carrying her away against her will, and felt intensely relieved when Bessie, with a final sob, said :

"Won't Jack be glad to have me home again?"

And Jack was glad. He went wild, and so monopolized his mistress' society that Harry had to restrain a mad impulse to kick him out of the room.

"But you were cruel to-night, Harry!" said Bessie, with her head on her husband's shoulder.

"How was that?" asked Harry, a little startled.

"You should not have pelted me, as you did, with the virtues of another man's wife. I can't be like Annie, because I have not the chance. Herbert seems to cling to his wife for help and support ; whilst you seem all-sufficient for yourself. There is such a difference in men!"

Harry wondered that he had never before discovered what a clever, philosophic woman he had married.

Thomas Swift.

WHY?

I love her for her winsome eyes,
And yet—ah no—if they were blind
And dulled with age or dimmed by care,
No queen to me were half so fair.

I love her for her smiling eyes,
Her dainty head so proudly set,
Yet could she lose them, I confess,
I would not love one whit the less.

I love her for her gentle grace,
For the pure heart that shines through all,
I love her first and last and best
Because of her soul's loveliness.

Isabelle E. Mackay.

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KATE CARNEGIE.*

BY IAN MACLAREN,

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" and "In the Days of Auld Lang Syne."

CHAPTER XXIII.

MARGET HOWE'S CONFESSIONAL.

WHEN the General and Kate were loitering over breakfast the morning after the ovation, they heard the sound of a horse's feet on the gravel, and Donald came in with more than his usual importance.

"It is a messenger from Muirtown Castle, and he iss waiting to know whether there will be any answer." And Donald put one letter before the father and another before the daughter, both showing the Hay crest. Kate's face whitened as she recognized the handwriting on her envelope, and she went over to the window seat of a turret in the corner of the room, while the General opened his letter, standing on a tiger-skin with his back to the fireplace in the great hall. This is what he read:

"MY DEAR CARNEGIE,—When men have fought together in the trenches before Sebastopol, as their ancestors have rode side by side with Prince Charlie, I hope you will agree with me they need not stand on ceremony. If I seem guilty of any indiscretion in what I am going to say, then you will pardon me for 'Auld Lang Syne.'

"You have one daughter and I have one son, and so I do not need to tell you that he is very dear to me, and that I have often thought of his marriage, on which not only his own happiness so much depends, but also the future of our house and name. Very likely you have had some such thoughts about Kate, with this difference, that you would rather keep so winsome a girl with you, while I want even so good a son as Hay to be married whenever he can meet with one whom he loves and who is worthy of him.

"Hay never gave me an hour's anxiety, and has no entanglements of any kind, but on the subject of marriage I could make no impression. 'Time enough,' he would say, or 'The other person has not turned up,' and I was getting uneasy, for you and I are not so young as once we were. You may fancy my satisfaction, therefore, when George came down from Drumtochty last August and told me he had found the other person, and that she was my old friend Jack Carnegie's daughter. Of course I urged him to make sure of himself, but now he has had ample opportunities during your two visits, and he is quite determined that his wife is to be Kate or nobody.

"It goes without saying that the Countess and I heartily approve Hay's choice and are charmed with Kate, who is as bonnie as she is high-spirited. She sustains the old traditions of her family, who were ever strong and true, and she has a clever tongue, which neither you nor I have, Jack, nor Hay either, good fellow though he be, and that is not a bad thing for a woman nowadays. They would make a handsome pair, as they ought, with such good-looking fathers, eh?

"Well, I am coming to my point, for in those circumstances I want your help. What Miss Carnegie thinks of Hay we don't know, and, unless I'm much mistaken, she will decide for herself; but is it too much to ask you—if you can—to say a word for Hay? You are quite right to think that no man is worthy of Kate, but she is bound to marry some day—I can't conceive how you have kept her so long—and I am

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certain Hay will make a good husband, and he is simply devoted to her. If she refuses him, I am afraid he will not marry, and then—well, grant I'm selfish, but it would be a calamity to us.

"Don't you think that it looks like an arrangement of Providence to unite two families that have shared common dangers and common faith in the past, and to establish a Carnegie once more as lady of Drumtochty? Now that is all, and it's a long screed, but the matter lies near my heart, and we shall wait the answers from you both with anxiety.

"Yours faithfully,"

"KILSPINDIE."

Kate's letter was much shorter, and was written in big schoolboy hand with great care.

"DEAR MISS CARNEGIE,—They say that a woman always knows when a man loves her, and if so you will not be astonished at this letter. From that day I saw you in Drumtochty Kirk I have loved you, and every week I love you more. My mother is the only other woman I have ever cared for, and that is different. Will you be my wife? I often wanted to ask you when you were with us in November and last month, but my heart failed me. Can you love me a little, enough to say yes? I am not clever, and I am afraid I shall never do anything to make you proud of me, but you will have all my heart, and I'll do my best to make you happy.

"I am, yours very sincerely,"

"HAY."

Carnegie could see Kate's face from his place, and she was looking out of the window with a kindly expression, and her father, who was of a simple mind, and knew little of women, was encouraged by such visible friendliness. He was about to go over when her face changed. She dropped the letter on the seat, and became very thoughtful, knitting her brows and resting her chin on her hand. In a little while something stung her—like a person recalling an injury—and she flushed with anger, drumming with her fingers on the sill of the window. Then anger gave place to sadness, as if she had resolved to do something that was inevitable, but less than the best. Kate glanced in her father's direction, and read Lord Hay's letter again; then she seemed to have made up her mind.

"Father," as she joined him on the skin beneath those loyal Carnegies on the wall, "there is Lord Hay's letter, and he is a . . . . worthy gentleman. Perhaps I did not give him so much encouragement as he took, but that does not matter. This is a . . serious decision, and ought not to be made on the spur of the moment. Will you let the messenger go with a note to say that an answer will be sent on Monday? You might write to Lord Kilspindie."

She was still standing in the place when he returned, and had been studying the proud, determined face of Black John's mother, who had not spared her only son for the good cause.

"Did you ever hear of any Carnegie, dad, who married beneath her, or . . . loved one on the other side?"

"Never," said her father. "Our women all married into loyal families of their own rank, which is best for comfort; but why do you ask? Hay is a . . ."

"Yes, I know; it was only . . curiosity made me ask, and I suppose some of our women must have made sacrifices for their . . . cause."

"Far more than the men ever did, for, you see, a man is just shot, and all is over, and before he falls he's had some good fighting, but his wife suffers all her days, when he is living and when he is dead. Yet our women were the first to send their men to the field. Heavens! what women do suffer—they ought to have their reward."

"They have," said Kate, with emphasis, "if they help those whom they love. . . . Father, would you be quite satisfied with Lord Hay for a son-in-law, and . . . would you let us live with you here as much as we could?"

"Kate, if you are to marry—and I knew it must come some day—I have not seen a more honest man; but you

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are forgetting that Tochty Lodge will soon be out of our hands; I'll have to get a den somewhere not too far away from Muirtown, I hope."

"If I marry Lord Hay, Tochty Lodge will not be sold, and you will never be disturbed, dad. We shall not be separate more than we can help," and Kate caressed the General.

"Do you mean, lassie," said the General, with a sudden suspicion, lifting her face till he saw her eyes, "that you are going to accept Hay in order to keep the old home? You must not do this, for it would not . . . don't you see that I . . . could not accept this at your hands?"

"You can not prevent your daughter marrying Lord Hay if your daughter so decides, but as yet she is in doubt, very great doubt, and so I am going for a long walk on the big moor, and you . . . well, why not take lunch with the Padre at the manse?"

"Hay is a straight young fellow, and Kate would supply what he wants—a dash of go, you know"—so the General was summing up the situation to his old friend; "but my girl is not to marry Hay or any other man for my sake, and that is what she thinks of doing."

"Did it ever occur to you, Carnegie, that Kate had a . . . well, a kindly feeling for any other man?"

"Plenty of fellows tried their luck; first subalterns, then aides-de-camp, and at last commissioners; it was no easy affair to be her father," and Carnegie gave Davidson a comic look. "I used to scold her, but upon my word I don't know she was to blame, and I am certain she did not care for one of them; in fact, she laughed at them all till—well, in fact, I had to interfere."

"And since you came to the Lodge"—the Doctor spoke with meaning—"besides Lord Hay?"

"Why, there is just yourself"—the Doctor nodded with much appreciation—"and that Free Kirkman. . . . . Davidson, do you mean that—oh, nonsense, man; she was quite angry one day when I suggested a parson. Kate has always said that was the last man she would marry."

"That is an evidence she will."

The General stared at the oracle, and went on:

"She has made his life miserable at the Lodge with her tongue; she delighted in teasing him. Your idea is quite absurd."

Carnegie, did you ever hear the classical couplet

> 'Scratching and biting
> Mak Scots fouk's 'ooing;'

and although I admit the description applies in the first instance to milkmaids, yet there is a fair share of national character in the Carnegies."

"Do you really think that Kate is in . . . has, well, a eh, tenderness to Carmichael? It would never have occurred to me."

"How would you look on Carmichael as a suitor?"

"Well, if Kate is to marry—and mind you I always prepared myself for that—I would, of course, prefer Hay, not because he is a lord, or rich, or any snobbery of that kind—you know me better than that, Sandie—but because he's . . . you know . . . belongs to our own set.

"Don't you think there is something in that?" and the General tried to explain his honest mind, in which lived no unworthy or uncharitable thought. "I have not one word to say against Carmichael; he's good-looking, and monstrous clever, and he's always made himself very agreeable, very, and the people swear by him in the Glen; but . . . you must understand what I mean, Davidson," and the General was in despair.

"You mean that though he's a first-rate young fellow for a clergyman, he does not belong to your world—has a different set of friends, has different habits of living, has a different way of thinking and speaking—is, in fact, an outsider."

"That's it—just what I was 'ettling' after—lucky fellows we Scots with such words," and the General was immense-

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ly delighted to be delivered of his idea in an inoffensive form.

"It is my own belief, Carnegie—and you can laugh at me afterward if I be wrong—that this will be the end of it, however. Yes, putting it plainly, that Kate is in love with Carmichael, as he is certainly with her; and you will have to make the best of the situation."

"You don't like the idea any more than I do, Davidson?"

"Speaking in perfect confidence and frankness, I do not. I look at the matter this way"—the Doctor stood on the hearth-rug in a judicial attitude, pulling down his waistcoat with his two hands, his legs apart, and his eyeglass on his nose—"Carmichael has been brought up among . . . plain, respectable people, and theological books, and church courts, and Free Kirk society, all of which is excellent, but . . . secluded," —the Doctor liked the word, which gave his mind without offence—"secluded. Kate is a Carnegie, was educated in France, has travelled in India, and has lived in the most exciting circumstances. She loves soldiers, war, gayety, sport, besides many other . . . eh, good things, and is a . . . lovely girl. Love laughs at rules, but if you ask me my candid opinion, the marriage would not be . . . in fact, congruous. If it is to be, it must be, and God bless them both, say I, and so will everybody say; but it will be an experiment, a distinct and . . . interesting experiment."

"Kate is not to marry any one for my sake, to save Tochty, but I do wish she had fancied Lord Hay," said the General, ruefully.

"The Free Kirk folk in the depths of their hearts consider me a worldly old clergyman, and perhaps I am, for, Jack, I would dearly like to see our Kate Viscountess Hay, and to think that one day, when we three old fellows are gone, she would be Countess of Kilspindie." That was the first conference of the day on Kate's love affairs, and this is how it ended.

Meanwhile the young woman herself had gone up the road to the high Glen and made her way over dykes and through fields to Whinnyknowe, which she had often visited since the August Sacrament. Whinnie came out from the kitchen door in corduroy trousers, much stained with soil, and gray shirt —wiping his mouth with the back of his hand after a hearty dinner—and went to the barn for his midday sleep before he went again to the sowing. Marget met her at the garden gate, dressed in her week-day clothes and fresh from a morning's churning, but ever refined and spiritual, as one whose soul is shining through the veil of common circumstances.

"It's a benison tae see ye on this bricht day, Miss Carnegie, an' ye 'ill come tae the garden-seat, for the spring flooers are bloomin' bonnie and sweet the noo, an' fillin' 's a' wi' hope.

"Gin there be ony sun shinin'," as she spread a plaid, "the heat fa's here, an' save when the snow is heavy on the glen, there's aye some blossoms here tae mind us o' oor Father's love an' the world that isna seen."

"Marget," began Kate, not with a blush, but rather a richening of colour, "you have been awfully good to me, and have helped me in lots of ways, far more than you could dream of. Do you know you've made me almost good at times, with just enough badness to keep me still myself, as when I flounced out from the Free Kirk."

Marget only smiled deprecation and affection, for her heart went out to this motherless, undisciplined girl, whom she respected, like a true Scot, because, although Kate had made her a friend, she was still a Carnegie; whom she loved, because, although Kate might be very provoking, she was honest to the core.

"To-day," Kate resumed, after a pause, and speaking with an unusual nervousness, "I want your advice on a serious matter, which I must decide, which . . . concerns other people as well as myself. In fact, I would like to ask you a question," and she paused to frame her case.

It was a just testimony to Marget Howe that Kate never thought of pledging her to secrecy, for there are people

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"Marget, you have been awfully good to me."

whom to suspect of dishonour is a sin.

"Suppose that a man . . . loved a woman, and that he was honourable, and brave, gentle, true, in fact . . . a gentleman, and made her a proposal of marriage."

Marget was looking before her with calm, attentive face, never once glancing at Kate to supplement what was told.

"If . . . the girl accepted him, she would have a high position, and be rich, so that she could . . . save her . . . family from ruin, and keep . . . them in the house they loved."

Marget listened with earnest intelligence.

"She respects this man, and is grateful to him. She is certain that he would be . . . kind to her, and give her everything she wanted. And she thinks that he . . . would be happy."

Marget waited for the end.

"But she does not love him—that is all."

As the tale was being told in brief, clear, slow sentences, Marget's eyes became luminous, and her lips opened as one ready to speak from an inner knowledge.

"Ye hev let me see a piece o' life, an' it is sacred, for naethin' on earth is sae near God as luve, an' a'll no deny that ma woman's heart is wi' that honest gentleman, an' a' the mair gin he dinna win his prize.

"But a man often comes tae his heicht through disappointment, and a woman, she hes tae learn that there is that which she hes the richt tae give for gratitude or friendship's sake, and that which can only be bestowed by the hand o' luve.

"It will maybe help ye gin a' tell ye anither tale, an' though it be o' humble life, yet oor hearts are the same in the castle and the cottar's hoose, wi' the same cup o' sorrow tae drink an' the same croon o' joy tae wear, an' the same dividin' o' roads for oor trial.

"There wes a man showed a wumman muckle kindness, and to her fouk also, an' he wes simple an' honest, an' for what he hed done, an' because there wes nae evil in him, she married him."

"And what has happened?" Kate,

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being half Highland, had less patience than Marget.

"He hes been a gude man tae her through the dark an' through the licht, an' she hes tried tae repay him, as a puir imperfect wumman can, an' her hert is warm tae him, but there hes aye been ae thing wantin'—an' it hes been that wife's cross a' her life—there wes nae ither man, but her husband wesna, isna, canna be her ain athegether an' forever—for the want o' luve—that luve o' luve that maks marriage."

Her voice was laden with feeling, and it was plain that she had given of her own and deepest for the guiding of another.

"Marget, I can never be grateful enough to you for what you have shown me this day." As she passed Whinnie with his bag of seed, he apologized for his wife.

"A'm dootin', Miss Carnegie, the gude wife hes keepit ye ower lang in the gairden haiverin' awa' aboot the flooers an' her ither trokes. But she's michty prood for a' that aboot yir comin' up tae veesit us." Such was the second conference on Kate's affairs on that day.

No place could be more thoroughly cleansed from vulgar curiosity than our Glen, or have a finer contempt for "clatters," but the atmosphere was electrical in the diffusion of information. What happened at Burnbrae was known at the foot of Glen Urtach by evening, and the visit of spiritual consolation which Milton, in the days of his Pharisaism, paid to Jamie Soutar on his deathbed was the joy of every fireside in Drumtochty within twenty-four hours. Perhaps it was not, therefore, remarkable that the arrival of Lord Kilspindie's groom at Tochty Lodge post haste with two letters on Saturday morning—one for the General from his Lordship, and one from his son for Miss Kate—should have been rightly interpreted, and the news spread with such rapidity that Hillocks—a man not distinguished above his fellows for tact—was able to inform Carmichael in the early afternoon that the marriage between the young lord and the "Miss" at Tochty was now practically arranged.

"It's been aff and on a' winter, an' the second veesit tae the Castle settled it, but a'm hearin' it wes the loss o' the Lodge brocht the fast offer this mornin'. She's an able wumman, an' carried her gear tae the best market. Ma certes," and Hillocks contemplated Kate's achievement with sympathetic admiration, "but she 'ill set her place weel, an' haud her ain wi' the Duchess o' Athole."

Carmichael ought to have taken his beating like a man, and said nothing to any one, but instead thereof he betook himself for consolation to Marget, a better counsellor in a crisis than Janet, with all her Celtic wiles, and Marget set him in the very seat where Kate had put her case.

"It has, I suppose, been all a dream, and now I have awaked, but it was . . . a pleasant dream, and one finds the morning light a little chill. One must just learn to forget, and be as if one had never . . . dreamed;" but Carmichael looked at Marget wistfully.

"Ye canna be the same again, for a' coont, gin ony man loves a wumman wi' a leal hert, whether she answer or no, or whether she even kens, he's been the gainer, an' the harvest will be his forever.

"It hes seemed tae me that nae luve is proved an' crooned for eternity onless the man hes forgotten himsel' an' is willin' tae live alane gin the wumman he luves sees prosperity. He only is the perfect lover, and for him God hes the best gifts.

"Yes, a've seen it wi' ma ain eyes"—for indeed this seemed to Carmichael an impossible height of self-abnegation—"a man who loved an' served a wumman wi' his best an' at a great cost, an' yet for whom there cud be no reward but his own luve." Marget's face grew so beautiful as she told of the constancy of this unknown, unrewarded lover that Carmichael left without further speech, but with a purer vision of love than had ever before visited his soul. Marget watched him go down the same path by which Kate went, and

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she said to herself, "Whether or no he win is in the will of God, but already luve hes given his blessin' tae man and maid."

Kate did not go to kirk on Sunday, but lived all day in the woods, and in the evening she kissed her father and laid this answer in his hands :—

"*Dear Lord Hay*,—You have done me the greatest honour any woman can receive at your hands, and for two days I have thought of nothing else. If it were enough that your wife should like and respect you, then I would at once accept you as my betrothed, but as it is plain to me that no woman ought to marry any one unless she also loves him, I am obliged to refuse one of the truest men I have ever met, for whom I have a very kindly place in my heart, and whose happiness I shall always desire.—Believe me, yours sincerely,

"*Kate Carnegie*."

"You could do nothing else, Kit, and you have done right to close the matter, . . but I'm sorry for Hay."

CHAPTER XXIV.

LOVE IS LORD.

IT could not be said with a steady face that the proceedings of the Free Kirk Presbytery of Muirtown increased the gayety of nations, and there might be persons—far left to themselves, of course—who would describe its members as wearisome ecclesiastics. Carmichael himself, in a mood of gay irresponsibility, had once sketched a meeting of this reverend court, in which the names were skilfully adapted, after the ancient fashion, to represent character, and the incidents, if not vero, were certainly ben trovato, and had the article ready for transmission to *Ferrier's Journal*. "A Sederunt" did not, however, add to the miseries of a most courteous editor, for Jenkins, having come up for an all-night conference, and having heard the article with unfeigned delight, pointed out that, if it were accepted, which Carmichael's experience did not certify, the writer would be run down within fourteen days, and that, so unreasonable a thing is human nature, some of the Presbytery might be less than pleased with their own likeness. "It's in the waste-paper basket," Carmichael said next morning, which, as the author was twenty-five years of age and not conspicuously modest, is a conclusive testimonial to the goodness of one Presbytery, and its hold on the affection of its members.

Scots take their pleasures sadly, and no one can imagine from what arid soil they may not draw their nutriment, but it was not for motions of ponderous ambiguity and pragmatical points of order a country minister rose before daybreak on a winter's morning and worked his way to the nearest station, with the stars still overhead and the snow below his feet, so that when the clerk made a sign to the Moderator punctually at one minute past eleven to "constitute the Presbytery," he might not be missing from his place. It was the longing of a lonely man, across whose front door no visitor had come for weeks, for friendly company, of a weary minister, discouraged by narrow circumstances, monotonous routine, unexpected disappointments among his people, for a word of good cheer. A cynical stranger might discover various stupidities, peculiarities, provincialisms in the Presbytery—he knew himself who had a temper and who was a trifle sensitive about his rights—but this middle-aged, hard-working, simple-living man saw twenty faithful brethren —the elders did not count in this connection, for they did not understand—who stood beside him on occasion at the Holy Table, and gave him advice in his perplexities, and would bury him with honest regret when he died, and fight like wild cats that his widow and children should have their due. His toilsome journey was forgotten when Doctor Dowbiggin, in an interstice of motions, came across the floor and sat down beside him and whispered confidentially, "Well, how are things going at Kincairney ? "—Dowbiggin really deserved his leadership—or when the clerk, suddenly wheeling round in his seat, would pass his snuff-box across

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to him without a word, for the clerk had a way of handing his box which being interpreted ran as follows: "You suppose that I am lifted above all ordinary affairs in my clerky isolation, and that I do not know what a solid work you are doing for God and man in the obscure parish of Kincairney, but you are wrong. You have a very warm corner in my memory, and in sign thereof accept my box." And the said minister, trudging home that evening, and being met at a certain turn of the road by his wife—sentimental at fifty, you see, after a quarter of a century's toiling and preaching—would enlarge on Doctor Dowbiggin's cordiality and the marked courtesy of the clerk, and when they were alone in the manse his wife would kiss him—incredible to our cynic—and say, "You see, Tom, more people than I know what a good work you are doing," and Tom would start his twenty-first lecture on the Ephesians next morning with new spirit. Such is the power of comradeship, such is the thirst for sympathy; and indeed there is no dog either so big or so little that it does not appreciate a pat, and go down the street afterward with better heart.

The Presbytery had always a tender regard for the Free Kirk of Drumtochty, and happened to treat Carmichael with much favour. When the "call" to him was signed at once by every member of the congregation, the clerk—who had been obliged to summon Donald Menzies from Gaelic by the intimation that Drumtochty was by the law of the Church "uno lingual, and that all proceedings must be conducted in the English language"—arose and declared that "such unanimous attention to their ecclesiastical duties was unexampled in his experience;" and when at Carmichael's ordination a certain certificate was wanting, the clerk, whose intervention was regarded with awe, proposed that the court should anticipate its arrival, dealing with the matter "proleptically," and the court saw in the very word another proof of the clerk's masterly official genius. It was he also—expressing the mind of the Presbytery—who proposed that the court should send Carmichael as a commissioner to the General Assembly in the first year of his ministry, and took occasion to remark that Mr. Carmichael, according to "reliable information at his disposal," was rendering important service to the Free Church in his sphere at Drumtochty. Carmichael was very happy in those days, and was so petted by his ecclesiastical superiors that he never missed a meeting of court, where he either sat in a demure silence, which commended him greatly to the old men, or conversed with his friends on a back bench about general affairs.

It gave him, therefore, a shock to sit with his brethren in the month of June—when the walk through the woods had been a joy, and Muirtown lay at her fairest, and the sunshine filled the court-room, and every man had a summer air, and Doctor Dowbiggin actually wore a rose in his coat—and to discover that he himself was sick of his old friends, of his work, of his people, of himself. The reasons were obvious. Was it not a sin that thirty Christian men should be cooped up in a room passing schedules when the summer was young and fresh upon the land? Could any one of the Rabbi's boys sit in that room and see his accustomed place—a corner next the wall on a back seat—empty and not be cast down? Besides, does not a minister's year begin in September and end in July, and before it closes is not the minister at his lowest, having given away himself for eleven months? "One begins to weary for a rest," he whispered to Kincairney, and that worthy man explained that he and his wife had been planning their triennial holiday, and hoped to have a fortnight at Carnoustie. Carmichael realized his hypocrisy in that instant, for he knew perfectly that he had lost touch with life because of a hopeless love, and a proud face he had not seen a year ago. He flung himself out of the court with such impatience that the clerk stayed his hand in the midst of the sacred words *pro re nata*, and Kincairney mentioned to his wife in the

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evening that Carmichael had never got over Doctor Saunderson's death.

Carmichael wandered up one of the meadows which are the glory of Muirtown, and sat down by the queen of Scottish rivers, which runs deep and swift, clean and bright, from Loch Tay to the sea, between wooded banks and overhanging trees, past cornfields and ancient castles; a river for him who swims, or rows, or fishes, or dreams, in which, if such were to be his fate, a man might ask to be drowned. Opposite him began the woods of Muirtown Castle, and he tried to be glad that Kate . . . Miss Carnegie would one day be their mistress: the formal announcement of her engagement, he had heard, was to be made next week, on Lord Kilspindie's birthday. A distant whistle came on the clear air from Muirtown Station, where . . . and all his turmoil of hope and fear, love and despair, had been packed into a few months. There is a bend in the river where he sits, and the salmon fishers have dropped their nets, and are now dragging them to the bank. With a thrill of sympathy Carmichael watched the fish struggling in the meshes, and his heart leaped when, through some mishandling, one escaped with a splash of silver and plunged into the river. He had also been caught quite suddenly in the joyous current of his life and held in bonds. Why should he not make a bold plunge for freedom, which he could never have with the Lodge at his doors, with the Castle only twelve miles away. He had been asked in his student days to go to the northwest of Canada and take charge of a parish fifty miles square. The idea had for a little fired his imagination, and then faded before other ambitions. It revived with power on the banks of that joyful, forceful river, and he saw himself beginning life again on the open prairie lands—riding, camping, shooting, preaching—a free man and an apostle to the Scottish Dispersion.

With this bracing resolution, that seemed a call of God to deliver him from bondage, came a longing to visit Kilbogie Manse, and the Rabbi's grave. It was a journey of expiation, for Carmichael followed the road the Rabbi walked with the hand of death upon him after that lamentable Presbytery, and he marked the hills where the old man must have stood and fought for breath. He could see Mains, where he had gone with the Rabbi to the exposition, and he passed the spot where the Rabbi had taken farewell of George Pitillo in a figure. What learning, and simplicity, and unselfishness, and honesty, and affection were mingled in the character of the Rabbi! What skill, and courage, and tenderness, and self-sacrifice, and humility there had been also in Weelum MacLure, who had just died! Carmichael dwelt on the likeness and unlikeness of the two men, who had each loved the highest he knew and served his generation according to the will of God, till he found himself again with the Drumtochty doctor on his heroic journeys, with the Rabbi in his long vigils. It was a singular means of grace to have known two such men in the flesh, when he was still young and impressionable. A spiritual emotion possessed Carmichael. He lifted his heart to the Eternal, and prayed that if on account of any hardship he shrank from duty he might remember MacLure, and if in any intellectual strait he was tempted to palter with truth he might see the Rabbi pursuing his solitary way. The district was full of the Rabbi, who could not have gone for ever, who might appear any moment—buried in a book and proceeding steadily in the wrong direction. The Rabbi surely was not dead, and Carmichael drifted into that dear world of romance where what we desire comes to pass, and facts count for nothing. This was how the Idyll went. From the moment of the reconciliation the Rabbi's disease began to abate in a quite unheard-of-fashion—love wrought a miracle,—and with Kate's nursing and his he speedily recovered. Things came right between Kate and himself as they shared their task of love, and so . . . of course—it took place last month—and now he was going to carry off the Rabbi, who somehow had not

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come to the Presbytery, to Drumtochty Manse, where his bride would meet them both beneath the laburnum arch at the gate. He would be cunning as he approached the door of Kilbogie Manse, and walk on the grass border lest the Rabbi, poring over some Father, should hear the crunch of the gravel —he did know his footstep—and so he would take the old man by surprise. Alas! he need not take such care, for the walk was now as the border with grass, and the gate was lying open, and the dead house stared at him with open, unthinking eyes, and knew him not. The key was in the door, and he crossed the threshold once more—no need to beware of parcels on the floor now—and turned to the familiar room. The shelves had been taken down, but he could trace their lines on the ancient discoloured paper that was now revealed for the first time; there, where a new shutter was resting against the wall, used to stand the "seat of the fathers," and exactly in the midst of that heap of straw the Rabbi had his chair . . .

"Ye've come tae see hoo we're gettin' on wi' the repairs"—it was the joiner of Kilbogie; "it's no a licht job, for there's nae doot the hoose hes been awfu' negleckit. The Doctor wes a terrible scholar, but he wudna a kent that the slates were aff the roof till the drap cam intae his bed.

"Ou, aye, the manse is tae be papered an' pented for the new minister; a' cud show ye the papers; juist as ye please; they're verra tasty an' showy. He's tae be married at once, a'm hearin', an' this is tae be the drawin'-room; he wes here ten days syne—the day aifter he was eleckit: they're aye in a hurry when they're engaged — an' seleckit a sma' room upstairs for his study; he didna think he wud need as lairge a room for bukes, an' he thocht the auld study wud dae fine for pairties.

"There's juist ae room feenished, an' ye micht like tae see the paper on't; it's a yellow rose on a licht blue grund; a'm jidgin' it wes the Doctor's ain room. Weel, it's a gude lang wy tae Drumtochty, an' ye 'ill no be wantin' tae pit aff time, a' daresay."

It was a terrible douche of prose, and Carmichael was still shivering when he reached the kindly shade of Tochty woods. He had seen the successful candidate at the Presbytery, arranging about his "trial discourses," with the clerk—who regarded him dubiously—and he had heard some story about his being a "popular hand" and bewitching the young people with a sermon on the "good fight," with four heads—"the soldier," "the battlefield," "the battle," and "the crown"—each with an illustration, an anecdote, and a verse of poetry. Carmichael recognised the type, and already saw the new minister of Kilbogie, smug and self-satisfied, handing round cream and sugar in the Rabbi's old study, while his wife, a stout young woman in gay clothing, pours tea from a pot of florid design and bearing a blazing marriage inscription. There would be a soiree in the kirk where the Rabbi had opened the mysteries of God, and his successor would explain how unworthy he felt to follow Dr. Saunderson, and how he was going to reorganize the congregation, and there would be many jocose allusions to his coming marriage, but Carmichael would by that time have left the district.

No one can walk a mile in Tochty woods, where there are little glades of mossy turf, and banks of violets and geraniums, and gentle creatures on ground and branch, and cool shade from the summer sun, and the sound of running water by your side, without being sweetened and comforted. Bitter thoughts and cynical criticisms, as well as vain regrets and peevish complaints, fell away from Carmichael's soul, and gave place to a gentle melancholy. He came to the heart of the wood where was the lovers' grave, and the place seemed to invite his company. A sense of the tears of things came over him, and he sat down by the riverside to meditate. It was two hundred years and more since the lassies died before they were wedded, and for him there was not even to be love. The ages

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"He sat down by the riverside to meditate."

were linked together by a long tragedy of disappointment and vanity, but the Tochty ran now as in the former days. What was any human life but a drop in the river that flowed without ceasing to the unknown sea? What could any one do but yield himself to necessity and summon his courage to endure? Then, at the singing of a bird, his mood lightened and was changed, as if he had heard the Evangel. God was over all, and life was immortal, and he could not be wrong who did the will of God. After a day of conflict, peace came to his soul, and in the soft light of the setting sun he rose to go home.

"Miss Carnegie . . . I did not know you were here . . . I thought you were in London," and Carmichael stood before Kate in great confusion.

"Nor did I see you behind that tree" — Kate herself was startled. "Yes, the General and I have been visiting some old friends and only came home an hour ago.

"Do you know"—Kate was herself again—"the first thing I do on arrival is to make a pilgrimage to this place. Half-an-hour here banishes the dust of a day's journey and of . . . life.

"Besides, I don't know whether you have heard"—Kate spoke hurriedly—"that it is now settled that I . . . we will be leaving the Lodge soon, and one wants to have as much as possible of the old place in the time remaining."

She gave him this opportunity in kindness as it seemed, and he reproached himself because he did not offer his congratulations.

"You will, I . . . the people hope, come often here, Miss Carnegie, and not cast off Drumtochty, although the Lodge be not your home. You will always have a place in the hearts of the Glen. Marjorie will never be grateful enough for your readings," which was bravely said.

"Do you think that I can ever forget the Glen and my . . . friends here? Not while I live; the Carnegies have their own faults, but ingratitude is not one. Nor the dear Rabbi's grave."

Then there was a silence which Carmichael found very trying—they had been so near that day in Kilbogie Manse, with only the Rabbi, who loved them both, between; but now, although they stood face to face, there was a gulf dividing them.

"It may not be easy for me to visit Drumtochty often, for you know there

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has been a change . . . in our circumstances, and one must suit one's self to it."

Carmichael flushed uneasily, and Kate supposed that he was sympathising with their losses.

"I hope to be a busy woman soon, with lots of work, and I shall use every one of my little scraps of knowledge. How do you think I shall acquit myself in my new role?"

It was a little hard on Carmichael, who was thinking of a countess, while Kate meant a governess.

"You need not ask me how I think you will do, as . . . in any position, and I . . . wish you every success, and . . . (with a visible effort) happiness."

He spoke so stiffly that Kate sought about for reasons, and could only remember their quarrel and imagine he retained a grudge—which was rather ungenerous.

"It occurs to me that one man ought to be thankful when we depart, for then he will be able to call Queen Mary names every Sunday without a misguided Jacobite girl dropping in to create a disturbance."

"Drumtochty will have to form its own opinion of poor Mary without my aid," and Carmichael smiled sadly in pardon of the past, "for it is likely, although no one knows this in the Glen, that I shall soon be far away."

"Leaving Drumtochty? What will Marjorie do without you, and Dr. Davidson, and . . . all the people?" Then, remembering Janet's gossip, and her voice freezing, "I suppose you have got a better or more convenient living. The Glen is certainly rather inaccessible."

"Have I done anything, Miss Carnegie, to justify you in thinking that I would leave the Glen, which has been so good to me, for . . . worldly reasons? There is enough to support an unmarried man, and I am not likely to . . . to marry," said Carmichael, bitterly; "but there are times when it is better for a man to change his whole surroundings and make a new life."

It was clear that the Bailie's daughter was a romance of Janet's Celtic imagination, and Kate's manner softened.

"The Rabbi's death and . . . your difference of opinion—something about doctrine, wasn't it? we were from home—must have been a great trial, and, as there was no opportunity before, let me say how much we sympathized with you and . . . thought of you.

"Don't you think, however, Mr. Carmichael"—she spoke with hesitation, but much kindness—"that you ought not to fling up your work here on that account? Would not the Rabbi himself have wished you to stick to your post? . . . and all your friends would like to think you have been . . . brave."

"You are cruel, Miss Carnegie; you try me beyond what I can endure, although I shall be ashamed to-night for what I am to say. Do you not know or guess that it is your . . . on account of you, I mean, that I must leave Drumtochty?"

"On account of me?" Kate looked at him in unaffected amazement.

"Are you blind, or is it that you could not suspect me of such presumption? Had you no idea that night in Dr. Davidson's drawing-room? Have you never seen that I . . . Kate—I will say it once to your face as I say it every hour to myself—you won my heart in an instant on Muirtown Station, and will hold it till I die.

"Do not speak till I be done, and then order me from your presence as I deserve. I know that it is unworthy of a gentleman, and . . . a minister of Christ, to say such things to the betrothed of another man; only one minute more"—for Kate had started as if in anger—"I know also that if I were stronger I could go on living as before, and meet you from time to time when you come from the Castle with your husband, and never allow myself to think of Lady Hay as I felt to Miss Carnegie. But I am afriad of myself, and . . . this is the last time we shall meet, Miss Carnegie. Forgive me for my love, and believe that one man will ever remember . . . and pray for you."

Carmichael bowed low, the last sun-

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shine of the evening playing on his fair hair, and turned to go.

"One word, if you please," said Kate, and they looked into one another's eyes, the blue and brown, seeing many things that cannot be written. "You may be forgiven for . . . loving me, because you could not help that"—this with a very roguish look, our Kate all over—"and I suppose you must be forgiven for listening to foolish gossip, since people will tell lies"—this with a stamp of the foot, our Kate again—"but I shall never forgive you if you leave me, never"—this was a new Kate, like to the opening of a flower.

"Why? Tell me plainly," and in the silence Carmichael heard a trout leap in the river.

"Because I love you."

The Tochty water sang a pleasant song, and the sun set gloriously behind Ben Urtach.

Ian Maclaren.

THE END.

BEYOND THE HILLS.

'TIS autumn, and a glimmering sheen
Of light floods, with its tranquil rays,
Alike the spreading marshlands
And the brown Avon's winding ways.
No more is heard the whir
Of myriad insects. All is still.
Our souls, fulfilled with stillness,
With vague unutterable longings thrill

Comrades together oft before,
We two have found the words to say
Of joys and pains! but here at last
No words will come! for now to-day
Our souls reach out beyond the hills,
Whose slopes of mingled green and gold
Encircle all the landscape round;
They seek a larger vision than of old.

Beyond the hills what is there?
That we wist not, yet we yearn
To see the broader prospect;
We ache the wider view to learn.
Sweet as this summer of All Saints
This life may sometimes seem to be;
Yet, frenzied with a passionate desire,
We crave the great Beyond to see.

We listen, and we think we hear
The murmurous roaring on the shore
Of God's great boundless Sea;
Strive as we may, we hear no more.
Yet, hark again! 'tis there.
Alas! the fancy comes and goes.
All that of wider view there is
Beyond the Hills, One only knows.

C. W. Vernon.

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MY CONTEMPORARIES IN FICTION.*

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

I.—FIRST, THE CRITICS; AND THEN A WORD ON DICKENS.

THE critics of to-day are suffering from a sort of epidemic of kindness. They have accustomed themselves to the administration of praise in unmeasured doses. They are not, taking them in the mass, critics any longer, but merely professional admirers. They have ceased to be useful to the public, and are becoming dangerous to the interests of letters. In their over-friendly eyes every persevering apprentice in the art of fiction is a master, and hysterical schoolgirls, who have spent their brief day in the acquisition of ignorance, are reviewed as if they were so many Elizabeth Barrett Brownings or George Eliots. One of the most curious and instructive things in this regard is the use which the modern critic makes of Sir Walter Scott. Sir Walter is set up as a sort of first standard for the aspirant in the art of fiction to excel. Let the question be asked, with as much gravity as is possible: What is the use of a critic who gravely assures us that Mr. S. R. Crockett "has rivalled, if not surpassed, Sir Walter"? The statement is, of course, most lamentably and ludicrously absurd, but it is made more than once, or twice, or thrice, and it is quoted and advertised. It is not Mr. Crockett's fault that he is set on this ridiculous eminence, and his name is not cited here with any grain of malice. He has his fellow-sufferers. Other gentlemen who have "rivalled, if not surpassed, Sir Walter" are Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. J. M. Barrie, Mr. Ian Maclaren, and Mr. Stanley Weyman. No person whose judgment is worth a straw can read the writings of these accomplished workmen without respect and pleasure. But it is no more true that they rival Sir Walter than it is true that they are 12 feet high, or that any one of them believes in his own private mind the egregious announcement of the reviewer. The one great sufferer by this craze for setting men of middling stature side by side with Sir Walter is our beautiful and beloved Stevenson, who, unless rescued by some judicious hand, is likely to be buried under foolish and unmeasured praises.

It would be easy to fill pages with verifications of the charge here made. Books of the last half-dozen years or so, which have already proved the ephemeral nature of their own claim, have been received with plaudits which would have been exaggerated if applied to some of our acknowledged classics. The critical declaration that "Eric Brighteyes" could have been written by no other Englishman of the last 600 years than Mr. Rider Haggard, may be allowed its own monumental place in the desert of silly and hysteric judgments.

It is time, for the sake of mere common sense, to get back to something like a real standard of excellence. It is time to say plainly that our literature is in danger of degradation, and that the mass of readers is systematically misled.

Before I go further I will offer one word in self-excuse. I have taken this work upon my own shoulders, because I cannot see that anybody else will take it, and because it seems to me to be calling loudly to be done. My one unwillingness to undertake it lies in the fact that I have devoted my own life to the pursuit of that art the exercise of which by my contemporaries I am now about to criticise. That has an evil and ungenerous look. But, whatever the declaration may seem to be worth, I make it with sincerity and truth. I have never tasted the gall of envy in

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my life. I have had my share, and my full share, of the critical sugarplums. I have never, in the critics' apprehension, "rivalled or surpassed Sir Walter," but on many thousands of printed pages (of advertisement) it is recorded that I have "more genius for the delineation of rustic character than any half-dozen surviving novelists put together." I squirm and laugh when I read this, for I remember Thomas Hardy, who is my master far and far away. I am not playing at modesty. I am quite persuaded that my critic was genuinely pleased with the book over which he thus "pyrotechnicated" (as poor Artemus used to say), but I think my judgment the more sane and sober of the two. I have not the faintest desire to pull down other men's flags and leave my own flag flying. And there is the first and last intrusion of myself. I felt it necessary, and I will neither erase it nor apologise for its presence.

Side by side with the exaggerated admiration with which our professional censors greet the crowd of new-comers, it is instructive to note the contempt into which some of our old gods have fallen. The Superior Person we have always with us. He is, in his essence, a Prig, but when, as occasionally happens, his heart and intelligence ripen, he loses the characteristics which once made him a Superior Person. Whilst he holds his native status, his special art is not to admire anything which common people find admirable. A year or two ago it became the shibboleth of his class that they couldn't read Dickens. We met suddenly a host of people who really couldn't stand Dickens. Most of them (of course) were "the people of whom crowds are made," owning no sort of mental furniture worth exchange or purchase. They killed the fashion of despising Dickens *as* a fashion, and the Superior Person, finding that his sorrowful inability was no longer an exclusive thing, ceased to brag about it. When a fashion in dress is popular on Hampstead Heath on Bank Holiday festivals, the people who originally set the fashion discard it, and set another. In half a generation some of our superiors, for the mere sake of originality in judgment, will be going back to the pages of that immortal master—immortal as men count literary immortality—and will begin to tell us that after all there was really something in him.

It was Mr. W. D. Howells, an American writer of distinguished ability as times go, who set afloat the phrase that since the death of Thackeray and Dickens fiction has become a finer art. If Mr. Howells had meant what many people supposed him to mean, the saying would have been merely impudent. He used the word "finer" in its literal sense, and meant only that a fashion of minuteness in investigation and in style had come upon us. There is a sense in which the dissector who makes a reticulation of the muscular and nervous systems of a little finger is a "finer" surgeon than the giant of the hospitals whose diagnosis is an inspiration, and whose knife carves unerringly to the root of disease. There is a sense in which a sculptor, carving on cherry-stones likenesses of commonplace people, would be a "finer" artist than Michael Angelo, whose custom it was to handle forms of splendour on an heroic scale of size. In that sense, and in the hands of some of its practitioners, fiction for a year or two became a finer art than it had ever been before. But the microscopist was never popular, and could never hope to be. He is dead now, and the younger men are giving us vigorous copies of Dumas, and Scott, and Edgar Allan Poe, and some of them are fusing the methods of Dickens with those of later and earlier writers. We are in for an era of broad effect again.

But a great many people, and, amongst them, some who ought to have known better, adopted the saying of Mr. Howells in a wider sense than he ever intended it to carry, and, partly as a result of this, we have arrived at a certain tacit depreciation of the greatest emotional master of fiction. There are other and more cogent reasons for the temporary obscuration of that brilliant light. It may aid our

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present purpose to discover what they are.

Every age has its fashions in literature as it has in dress. All the beautiful fashions in literature, at least, have been thought worthy of revival and imitation, but there has come to each in turn a moment when it has begun to pall upon the fancy. Every school before its death is fated to inspire satiety and weariness. The more overwhelming its success has been, the more complete and sweeping is the welcomed change. We know how the world thrilled and wept over Pamela and Clarissa, and we know how their particular form of pathos sated the world and died. We know what a turn enchanted castles had, and how their spell withered into nothing. We know what a triumphal progress the Sentimental Sufferer made through the world, and what a bore he came to be. It is success which kills. Success breeds imitation, and the imitators are a weariness. And it is not the genius who dies. It is only the school which arose to mimic him. Richardson is alive for everybody but the dull and stupid. Now that the world of fiction is no longer crowded with enchanted castles, we can go to live in one occasionally for a change, and enjoy ourselves. Werther is our friend again, though the school he founded was probably the most tiresome the world has seen.

Now, with the solitary exception of Sir Walter Scott, it is probable that no man ever inspired such a host of imitators as Charles Dickens. There is not a writer of fiction at this hour, in any land where fiction is a recognised trade or art, who is not, whether he knows it and owns it, or no, largely influenced by Dickens. His method has got into the atmosphere of fiction, as that of all really great writers must do, and we might as well swear to unmix our oxygen and hydrogen as to stand clear of his influences. To stand clear of those influences you must stand apart from all modern thought and sentiment. You must have read nothing that has been written in the last sixty years, and you must have been bred on a desert island. Dickens has a living part in the life of the whole wide world. He is on a hundred thousand magisterial benches every day. There is not a hospital patient in any country who has not at this minute a right thank God that Dickens lived. What his blessed and beautiful hand has done for the poor and oppressed, and them that had no helper, no man knows. He made charity and good feeling a religion. Millions and millions of money have flowed from the coffers of the rich for the benefit of the poor because of his books. A great part of our daily life, and a good deal of the best of it, is of his making.

No single man ever made such opportunities for himself. No single man was ever so widely and permanently useful. No single man ever sowed gentleness and mercy with so broad a sweep.

This is all true, and very far from new, but it has not been the fashion to say it lately. It is not the whole of the truth. Noble rivers have their own natural defects of swamp and mud-bank. Sometimes his tides ran sluggishly, as in "The Battle of Life," for example, which has always seemed to me, at least, a most mawkish and unreal book. The pure stream of "The Carol," which washes the heart of a man, runs thin in "The Chimes," runs thinner in "The Haunted Man," and in "The Battle of Life" is lees and mud. "Nickleby," again, is a young man's book, and as full of blemishes as of genius. But when all is said and done, it killed the Yorkshire schools.

The chief fault the superficial modern critic has to find with Dickens is a sort of rumbustious boisterousness in the expression of emotion. But let one thing be pointed out, and let me point it out in my own fashion. Tom Hood, who was a true poet, and the best of our English wits, and probably as good a judge of good work as any person now alive, went home after meeting with Dickens, and in a playful enthusiasm told his wife to cut off his hand and bottle it, because it had shaken hands with Boz. Lord Jeffrey, who

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was cold as a critic, cried over Little Nell. So did Sydney Smith, who was very far from being a blubbering sentimentalist. To judge rightly of any kind of dish you must bring an appetite to it. Here is the famous Dickens pie, when first served, pronounced inimitable, not by a class or a clique, but by all men in all lands. But you get it served hot, and you get it served cold, it is rehashed in every literary restaurant, you detect its flavour in your morning leader and your weekly review. The pie gravy finds its way into the prose and the verse of a whole young generation. It has a striking flavour, an individual flavour. It gets into everything. We are weary of the ceaseless resurrection of that once so toothsome dish. Take it away.

The original pie is no worse and no better, but thousands of cooks have had the receipt for it, and have tried to make it. Appetite may have vanished, but the pie was a good pie.

No simile runs on all fours, and this parable in a pie-dish is a poor traveller.

But this principle of judgment applies of necessity to all great work in art. It does not apply to merely good work, for that is nearly always imitative, and therefore not much provocative of imitation. It happens sometimes that an imitator, to the undiscerning reader, may even seem better than the man he mimics, because he has a modern touch. But remember, in his time the master also was a modern.

The new man says of Dickens that his sentiment rings false. This is a mistake. It rings old-fashioned. No false note ever moved a world, and the world combined to love his very name. There were tears in thousands of households when he died, and they were as sincere and as real as if they had arisen at the loss of a personal friend.

We, who in spite of fashion remain true to our allegiance to the magician of our youth, who can never worship or love another as we loved and worshipped him, are quite contented in the slight inevitable dimming of his fame. He is still in the hearts of the people, and there he has only one rival.

No attempt at a review of modern fiction can be made without a mention of the men who were greatest when the art was great. When we have done with the giants we will come down to the big fellows, and by that time we shall have an eye for the proportions of the rest. But before we part for the time being, let me offer the uncritical reader one valuable touchstone. Let him recall the stories he has read, say, five years ago. If he can find a live man or woman anywhere amongst his memories, who is still as a friend or an enemy to him, he has, fifty to one, read a sterling book. Dickens's people stand this test with all readers, whether they admire him or no. Even when they are grotesque they are alive. They live in the memory, even of the careless, like real people. And this is the one unfailing trial by which great fiction may be known.

II.—CHARLES READE.

READE'S position in literature is distinctly strange. The professional critics never came within miles of a just appreciation of his greatness, and the average "cultured reader" receives his name with a droll air of allowance and patronage. But there are some, and these are not the least qualified as judges, who regard him as ranking with the great masters. You will find, I think, that the men holding this opinion are, in the main, fellow-workers in the craft he practised. His warmest and most constant admirers are his brother novelists. Trollope, to be sure, spoke of him as "almost a man of genius," but Trollope's mind was a quintessential distillation of the commonplace, and the man who was on fire with the romance and passion of his own age was outside the limit of his understanding. But amongst the writers of English fiction whom it has been my privilege to know personally I have not met with one who has not reckoned Charles Reade a giant.

The critics have never acknowledged

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him, and, in a measure, he has been neglected by the public. There is a reason for everything, if we could only find it, and sometimes I seem to have a glimmering of light on this perplexing problem. Sir Walter Besant (Mr. Besant then) wrote in the *Gentleman's Magazine* years ago a daring panegyric on Reade's work, giving him frankly a place among the very greatest. My heart glowed as I read, but I know now that it took courage of the rarer sort to express a judgment so unreserved in favour of a writer who never for an hour occupied in the face of the public such a position as is held by three or four men in our day, whom this dead master could have rolled in the hollow of his hand.

Let me try for a minute or two to show why and how he is so very great a man; and then let me try to point out one or two of the reasons for which the true reward of greatness has been denied him.

The very first essential to greatness in any pursuit is that a man should be in earnest in respect to it. You may as well try to kindle your household fire with pump-water as to excite laughter by the invention of a story which does not seem laughable to yourself, or to draw real tears by a story conceived whilst your own heart is dry. "The wounded is the wounding heart." In Charles Reade's case this essential sympathy amounted to a passion. He derided difficulties, but he derided them after the fashion of the thorough-going enthusiast, and not after that of the sluggard. He made up his mind to write fiction, and he practised for years before he printed a line. He assured himself of methods of selection and of forms of expression. Better equipped by nature than one in a hundred of those who follow the profession he had chosen, he laboured with a fiery, unresting patience to complete his armoury, and to perfect himself in the handling of its every weapon. He read omnivorously, and, throughout his literary lifetime, he made it his business to collect and to collate, to classify and to catalogue, innumerable fragments of character, of history, of current news, of evanescent yet vital stuff of all sorts. In the last year but one of his life, he went with me over some of the stupendous volumes he had built in this way. The vast books remain as an illustration of his industry, but only one who has seen him in consultation with their pages can guess the accuracy and intimacy of his knowledge of their contents. They seemed to deal with everything, and with whatever they enclosed he was familiar. This encyclopædic industry would have left a commonplace man commonplace, and in the estimate of a great man's genius it takes rank merely as a characteristic. His sympathy for his chosen craft was backed by a sympathy for humanity just as intense and impassioned. He was a glorious lover and hater of lovable and hateful things.

In one respect he was almost unique amongst men, for he united a savage detestation of wrong with a most minute accuracy in his judgment of its extent and quality. He laboured in the investigation of the problems of his own age with the cold diligence of an antiquary. He came to a conclusion with the calm of a great judge. And when his cause was sure he threw himself upon it with an extraordinary and sustained energy. The rage of his advocacy is in surprising contrast with the patience exerted in building up his case.

Reade had a poet's recognition for the greatness of his own time. He saw the epic nature of the events of his own hour, the epic character of the men who moulded those events. Hundreds of years hence, when federated Australia is thickly sown with great cities, and the island-continent has grown to its fulness of accomplished nationhood, and is grey in honour, Reade's nervous English, which may by that time have grown quaint, and only legible to learned eyes, will preserve the history of its beginnings. That part of his work, indeed, is purely and wholly epic in sentiment and discernment, however colloquial in form, and it is the sole example of its kind, since it was writ-

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ten by one who was contemporary with the events described.

Reade was pretty constantly at war with his critics, but he fairly justified himself of the reviewer in his own day, and at this time the people who assailed him have something like a right to sleep in peace. In private life one of the most amiable of men, and distinguished for courtesy and kindness, he was a swash-buckler in controversy. He had a trick of being in the right which his opponents found displeasing, and he was sometimes cruel in his impatience of stupidity and wrong-headedness. Scarcely any continuance in folly could have inspired most men to the retorts he occasionally made. He wrote to one unfortunate: "Sir,—You have ventured to contradict me on a question with regard to which I am profoundly learned, where you are ignorant as dirt." It was quite true, but another kind of man would have found another way of saying it.

That trick of being right came out with marked effect in the discussion which accompanied the issue of "Hard Cash" in *All the Year Round*. A practitioner in lunacy condemned one of the author's statements as a bald impossibility. Reade answered that "the impossibility in question disguised itself as fact, and went through the hollow form of taking place" on such and such a date in such and such a public court, and was recorded in such and such contemporary journals. Whenever he made a crusade against a public evil, as when he assailed the prison system, or the madhouse system, or the system of rattening in trades unions, his case was supported by huge collections of indexed fact, and in the fight which commonly followed he could appeal to unimpeachable records; but again and again the angry fervour of the advocate led people to forget or to distrust the judicial accuracy on which his case invariably rested.

When all is said and done, his claim to immortality lies less in the books which deal with the splendours and the scandals of his own age than in that monument of learning, of humour, of pathos, and of narrative skill, "The Cloister and the Hearth." It is not too much to say of this book that, on its own lines, it is without a rival. To the reader it seems to be not less than the revival of a dead age. To assert dogmatically that the bygone people with whom it deals could not have been other than it paints them would be to pretend to a knowledge greater than the writer's own. But they are not the men and women with whom we are familiar in real life, and they are not the men and women with whom other writers of fiction have made us acquainted. Yet they are indubitably human and alive, and we doubt them no more than the people with whom we rub shoulders in the street. Dr. Conan Doyle once said to me what I thought a memorable thing about this book. To read it, he said, was "like going through the Dark Ages with a dark lantern." It is so, indeed. You pass along the devious route from old Sevenbergen to mediæval Rome, and wherever the narrative leads you the search-light flashes on everything, and out of the darkness and the dust and death of centuries life leaps at you. And I know nothing in English prose which for a noble and simple eloquence surpasses the opening and closing paragraphs of this great work, nor—with some naive and almost childish passages of humour omitted—a richer, terser, purer, or more perfect style than that of the whole narrative. Nowadays, the fashion in criticism has changed, and the feeblest duffer amongst us receives welcome ten times more enthusiastic and praise less measured than was bestowed upon "The Cloister and the Hearth" when it first saw the light. Think only for a moment — think what would happen if such a book should suddenly be launched upon us. Honestly, there *could* be no reviewing it. Our superlatives have been used so often to describe at the best good, plain, sound work, and at the worst frank rubbish, that we have no vocabulary for excellence of such a cast.

And now how comes it, that with

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genius, scholarship, and style, with laughter and terror and tears at his order, this great writer halts in his stride towards the place which should be his by right? It seems to me at times as if I had a partial answer to that question. I believe that a judicious editor, without a solitary act of impiety, could give Charles Reade undisputed and indisputable rank. One-half the whole business is a question of printing. This great and admirable writer had one constant fault, which is so vulgar and trivial that it remains as much of a wonder as it is of an offence. He seeks emphasis by the expedient of big type and small type, of capitals and small capitals, of italics and black letter, and of tawdry little illustrations. Long before the reader arrives at the point at which it is intended that his emotions shall be stirred, his eye warns him that the shock is coming. He knows beforehand that the rhetorical bolt is to fall just there, and when it comes it is ten to one that he finds the effect disappointing. Or the change from the uniformity of the page draws his eye to the "displayed" passages, and he is tantalised into reading them out of their proper place and order. Take, for instance, an example which just occurs to me. In "It is Never Too Late to Mend" Fielding and Robinson are lost in an Australian forest—"bushed," as the local phrase goes. At that hour they are being hunted for their lives. They fall into a sort of devil's circle, and, as lost men have often done, they come in the course of their wandering upon their own trail. For awhile they follow it in the hope that it will lead them to some camp or settlement. Suddenly Fielding becomes aware that they are following the track of their own earlier footprints, and almost in the same breath he discovers that these are joined by the traces of other feet. He reads a fatal and true meaning into this sign, looks to his weapons, and starts off at a mended pace. "What are you doing?" asks Robinson, and Fielding answers (in capital letters): "I am hunting the hunters!" The situation is admirably dramatic. Chance has so ordered it that the pursued are actually behind the pursuers, and the presence of the intended murderers is proclaimed by a device which is at once simple, natural, novel, and surprising. All the elements for success in thrilling narrative are here, and the style never lulls for a second, or for a second allows the strain of the position to relax. But those capital letters have long since called the eye of the reader to themselves, and the point the writer tries to emphasise is doubly lost. It has been forestalled, and has become an irritation. You come on it twice; you have been robbed of anticipation and suspense, which, just here, are the life and soul of art; you know before you ought to be allowed to guess; and, worst of all perhaps, you feel that your own intelligence has been affronted. Surely you had imagination enough to feel the significance of the line without this meretricious trick to aid you. It is not the business of a great master in fiction to jog the elbow of the unimaginative, and to say "Wake up at this," or "Here it is your duty to the narrative to experience a thrill."

Another and an equally characteristic fault, though of far less frequent occurrence, is Reade's fashion of intruding himself upon his reader. He stands, in a curiously irritating fashion, between the picture he has painted and the man he has invited to look at it. In one instance he drags the eye down to a footnote in order that you may read: "I, C. R., say this"—which is very little more or less than an impertinence. The sense of humour which probably twinkled in the writer's mind is faint at the best. We know that he, C. R., said that. We are giving our time and intelligence to C. R., and we are rather sorry than otherwise to find him indulging in this small buffoonery.

It should, I think, be an instruction to future publishers of Charles Reade to give him Christian printing—to confine him in the body of his narrative to one font of type, and rigorously to deny him the use (except in their accustomed and orthodox places) of capitals, small capitals, and

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italics. And I cannot think that any irreverence could be charged against an editor who had the courage to put a moist pen through those expressions of egotism and naive self-satisfaction and vanity which do occasionally disfigure his pages.

I ask myself if these trifles, for in comparison with the sum of Reade's genius they are small things indeed, can in any reasonable measure account for the neglect which undoubtedly besets him. In narrative vigour he has but one rival—Dumas *père*—and he is far and away the master of that rival in everything but energy. No male writer surpasses him in the knowledge of feminine human nature. There is no love-making in literature to beat the story of the courtship of Julia Dodd and Alfred Hardy in "Hard Cash." In mere descriptive power he ranks with the giants. Witness the mill on fire in "The Cloister and the Hearth"; the lark in exile in "Never Too Late to Mend"; the boat-race in "Hard Cash"; the scene of Kate Peyton at the firelit window; and Griffith in the snow, in "Griffith Gaunt." There are a thousand bursts of laughter in his pages, not mere sniggers, but lung-shaking laughters, and the man who can go by any one of a hundred pathetic passages without tears is a man to be pitied. Let it be admitted that at times he wrenches his English rather fiercely, and yet let it be said that for delicacy, strength, sincerity, clarity, and all great graces of style, he is side by side with the noblest of our prose writers. Can it be that a few scattered drops of vulgarity in emphasis dim such a fire as this? Does so small a dead fly taint so big a pot of ointment? I will not be foolish enough to dogmatise on such a point, and yet I can find no other reasons than those I have already given why a master craftsman should not hold a master craftsman's place. Solomon has told us what "a little folly" can do for "him who is reputation for wisdom." The great mass of the public can always tell what pleases it, but it cannot always tell why it is pleased. And the man who writes for wide and lasting fame has to depend, not upon the verdict of the expert and the cultured, but on the love of those who only know they love, and who have no power to give the critical why and wherefore. The public—"the stupid and ignorant pig of a public," as "Pococurante" called it years ago—is always being abused, and yet it is only the public which, in the end, can tell us if we have done well or ill. We have all to consent to be measured by it, and, in the long run, it estimates our stature with a perfect accuracy.

(To be continued.)



DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

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CANADIANS ABROAD.

WHAT I wish to present in this paper is an explanation of how it comes about that a certain nationality — the Canadian — has attained unusual success abroad, using the word success in a somewhat common, commercial sense, such as that implied in the well-known phrase, "gettingon in the world."

First of all, it is to be observed that Canadians are abroad in large numbers. Some are in the mother country and in countries on the continent, some in the colonies, such as Australia, and some in other distant parts of the world; but the vast majority are to be found in the United States of America. In 1890, according to the United States census, Canadians in that country numbered 980,938, which was 1.57 per cent. of the entire foreign-born element of the United States. In the principal American cities, in that year, there were 307,660 Canadians, or 31.36 per cent. of the foreign-born element living in those cities. In Boston, which had the lead then, there were 39,678 Canadians, or nearly 14 per cent. of the city's whole population. But these figures were compiled over six years ago, and it is well known that since that time the emigration has gone on at a swiftly accelerating pace. It is now estimated, for example, that there are upwards of 100,000 Canadians in Chicago alone, and it is certain that in other American cities the number has gone up rapidly, even if not so rapidly as in the great western metropolis.

In the next place, it is well known that Canadians as a class have been successful abroad. It would, of course, be hazardous to state that any people had amassed wealth as quickly as the German Jews; but then that is the Jews' specialty. The latter, however, are not necessarily on that account successful. Furthermore, they have not shown the versatility of the Canadians. You could hardly point to *any* kind of occupation, business or profession in which Canadians are not occupying the most enviable and honourable positions, and that out of all proportion to their numbers. This could not be said of other nationalities. Not only in industrial pursuits have they excelled, but also in the professional world, and notably in the field of scholarship. In proportion to their numbers, more Canadians have carried off scholarships, fellowships and various honours from John Hopkins and other leading American post graduate universities than any other nationality. And not only in the United States, but in some of the older seats of learning beyond the sea they are doing this. In all spheres of life, in fact, they have shown themselves equal to the largest opportunities ever placed within their reach. It would not seem necessary to many readers to make such a statement, and indeed it would not be, but for the uncertain notions about Canadians which still prevail even among those who ought to have more definite knowledge.

Of those Canadians who emigrate to the United States, many are artisans, mechanics, common workmen, etc., in the great army of labour who come, mostly, from Eastern Canada; but the majority are connected as employees with the large American business houses and commercial concerns, or are engaged in what, for convenience, may be called the higher pursuits. It is worthy of note that the vast majority of them are young men. It has been said that they are the cream of Canadian manhood and, no doubt, there is some truth in that contention. They are those, as a rule, whose chances for worldly success in the Dominion are not commensurate with their ambition. It is not the unemployed alone, or principally, who strike out into the great

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republic. It is frequently those who already are assured of a comfortable livelihood, but who see plainly the height to which they are privileged to climb, which often is of a far from dizzy altitude; while in looking to the United States they are fascinated with the uncertain prospect, a prospect that lures them on with its possibility of wonderful personal achievement. Their strong ambition and resolve, then, which in the first place lead them to leave the country, need to be reckoned in, as important elements in their success.

Another reason, which is a most obvious one, is their physical vigour. The climate they live in is, for the most part, cold and rugged in winter and not too extremely hot in summer. It is eminently favourable to the building up and maintenance of robust physical constitutions. The Canadians, as a race, are large men and women, with good health and athletic forms. Their powers of endurance are certainly not excelled by any other civilized race. During what is known as the North-West Rebellion of 1885, the men who went to the front from Ontario were, without past training, subjected to physical tests which for severity have never been surpassed, such as fording streams, making long forced marches, and encamping on the bleak prairies in the midst of the bitter cold of the Canadian North-West winter. It hardly needs saying that physical vigour is the only substantial basis of mental vigour, and the two combined, as they are in the average Canadian, is manifestly an important element in his success, either at home or abroad.

Another element that needs only to be mentioned to be recognized as a most effective force is that of education. It may not be widely known that the youth of Canada are more generally educated than those of other countries. In proportion to the population, more of them receive a college education than any other nationality. In fact, the cry has not infrequently been raised in Canada that its excellent educational institutions are its own worst enemies, inasmuch as the young men, after having secured their education at considerable public expense, turn their steps to the United States, instead of lending the fruits of their educational training to the country at whose expense it has been acquired. The greater portion of the Canadian people resident in the United States has come from the Province of Ontario, where, as informed educators know, a system of education obtains which is theoretically the most perfect in the world. Is it any wonder, then, that from a state where education is widely diffused and where a well-nigh perfect system is in vogue, the young men should go forth able to compete most successfully with those who have been less carefully prepared for the conflict of daily life?

One of the old classic writers tells us of the Roman soldiers, that they were remarkable for their coolness and deliberation (*i. e.*, slowness), and for their subdued strength. These are characteristics that belong, I think, peculiarly to Canadians. One will occasionally hear it remarked in the United States, that Canadians are slow, and the remark, of course, is always intended as a most uncomplimentary one. It may be a partially just criticism in the sense in which the word is there used, but, at any rate, it is a pefectly just one in the sense in which our author applied it to the Romans. Where the Canadian makes a great gain is in the fact that he has coolness and steadiness of nerve, added to his splendid physical endowment. This desirable resource, which is an invaluable addition to his power to succeed, is lacking in all other races but those of Anglo-Saxon origin, and in a marked degree is lacking even in one of the latter, because its national nerve system has become shattered through the continued strain put upon it by efforts to become rich.

One other reason, which will be more evident as such further on, is that the Canadian has his own particular notion of success, which is an improvement on the general. His love is not for money-getting like the American's, not for acquiring real-estate and gold like the Englishman's, not for wooing gaiety

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like the Frenchman's, but for a combination of things. The latter includes a desire for mental culture and recreation, for moral and spiritual growth, for a better home life, for a higher ideal of citizenship and stateship, and especially, perhaps, for physical recreation and improvement. True, other nationalities place a value on some of these; not, however, on all of them. The Canadian's notion of success is a diversified one. If it were not, if he were a national specialist of some sort, an abnormal specimen, he might make, say, a better shekel-gatherer, or a bigger landlord, or a more skilled artist, or a greater something else, to be sure, but then he would not be so generally successful as he now is,—in fact, he would not be a Canadian.

So far, I have endeavoured to give only a few of the more effective elements that are at once the most directly and most obviously connected with the Canadian's success abroad. Other important elements exist which have not been mentioned, such as thrift, industry, sobriety, etc., which qualities, however, are by no means peculiar to him.

Now I pass to the most potent element of all, most potent because it is, what may be designated, the *basal* element, the *raison d'etre* of all others. What is it? you ask. It is that element which is connected with his nationality. It is that which concerns the breed, the blood, the stock, or whatever you may choose to call it, to which he belongs. It is that element which he has inherited from the English people, and which the circumstances of his residence in North America have conspired to modify and improve. The question of nationality is not a mere fanciful one. There is something in the blood or the breed that distinctly marks one nation from another, and which accounts for the greater success and advance in civilization of some races than of others. It does not take an ethnological expert to tell an Englishman from a Frenchman, or a Frenchman from a German. Indeed, the fact of racial differentiation can almost be verified in a comparison of Americans and Englishmen. The Americans are, it is true, so nearly allied to the English that, while they cannot be said to belong to another stock, yet they may be said to be a distinct variety, which is so different from the original plant as to actually render the two as unlike as are some nationalities who speak different languages. This is not at all equivalent to saying that American blood is not as good as English. The species or variety added to a grafted tree brings forth as good fruit as the original tree, sometimes better.

There is likewise another variety, an offshoot from the English stock—the Canadian—which is different both from the original stock and the American variety. It can hardly be maintained that these differences are sufficient to justify a conclusion that any one of these three peoples is superior to the others. Any statement of that kind would prove as invidious as it probably would prove inaccurate and misleading.

But there is one important point in which Canadians and Englishmen have a distinct advantage over Americans, in this matter of nationality. It is that the former have an invaluable mental characteristic which the latter are almost altogether without, and which I can find no better word to express than *loyalty*. The word loyalty is one of peculiar significance to all English-speaking people, except Americans. The latter, quite naturally, for constitutional reasons, have little or no use for it, in the European sense in which it is usually associated with monarchial institutions. The main thought implied in it, as it is commonly used on British soil, is as foreign to them as it is native to Englishmen, Canadians and Australians. The significance of the word to all citizens of the Empire lies in the fact that it carries with it the idea of devotion not alone to English political ideals, but likewise to all the cherished traditions of the English race, and to all its treasured legacies of mind and heart. In neither of these senses of the word have the Americans loy-

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alty. And that is precisely why they are Americans. But let no one impugn their loyalty to American institutions. No nation in the world is more devoted to its own creations.

I have referred to loyalty as a mental characteristic; and so it is, taking the word in its British meaning, because it is so nearly akin to, if not identical with, that conservative trend of mind so characteristic of the average Englishman. And it is right here where the gist of the whole matter lies. Why Canadians succeed abroad or at home is, as will be presently shown, precisely because they have enough of this saving characteristic of loyalty or conservatism in a broad sense, which unites so admirably and efficaciously with the physical circumstances of their national life.

This conservatism of Britishers, this loyalty to the things of the past, is preeminently an advantage to them as it would be, in a far lesser degree of course, to Americans. The American mind is essentially one of revolt. It could not be otherwise. Nothing in the world changes the heart and mind of a people, and changes them so effectively, as a war of independence. Even the short history of the American nation is long enough to have cast the native-born American mind into a mould from which it cannot escape. It is natural, therefore, to the American, to think somewhat lightly on the conventionalities and the legacies of the past, and especially on those of British origin. It is well, indeed, in some respects, that this is so. It gives play to all the advantage there is in cultivating a pronounced feeling of national self-reliance and individuality. There is a wonderful vitality and manliness accomplished in the very act of striking for independence, and, after acquiring it, in tilling the fertile fields of native mental resources, without faltering at every turn to measure methods and results with those of other lands. The very soil, too, of a new land has a marvellous effect in reinforcing the independent spirit and developing the mind of revolt, of men who have gained their liberty in conquest. These two factors—independence fought for and gained, and the virgin soil—are the corner-stones of the American Republic. And, as we were saying, it is well, in some ways, that it is so, well that the conditions upon which the formation of the nation rests are such as to have produced a trait of mind that is essentially one of revolt against the traditions of the old world.

But here is the misfortune of it all. It is likewise true that this trait of mind, born of national conditions, has operated, at the same time, to tear down certain moral, religious and educational principles which it were well to conserve. For example, the Americans have let themselves rush so voraciously into the pursuit of wealth, that such old fogy notions as paying one's debts, and keeping one's word and telling the truth, and doing to others as one would like to be done by, have been discarded, to no inconsiderable extent, as something suitable, perchance, to the old grannies of the old world, but not to the up-to-date, free and independent-spirited men of America. This is not at all to be taken as meaning that these good attributes do not exist in the United States. They do, only they exist in a far more limited degree than they would but for the mental characteristic alluded to.

President Schurman, of Cornell University, said, not long ago, in an address to the graduating class of '96: "The American people, in a too exclusive pursuit of external goods, have forfeited their ancient dower of inward happiness. The one efficacious remedy is a return to truer views of life as rational and moral. We need a fresh baptism of idealism, a new consecration to spiritual ends, a quickened enthusiasm for truth, justice and righteousness." The advantage accruing to the Britisher, therefore, is that his loyalty keeps him in a state of more or less reverence for the things considered to be of good report, and in this way saves him from the evils attendant upon an extravagant civilization.

The Canadian occupies a somewhat peculiar relation to the American and

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to the Englishman. He may not cope successfully with the former in the gathering up of gold, nor with the latter in the display of European culture and finesse, but, after all that, he has a distinct advantage over both in the essentials upon which success is built. His advantage over the Englishman is that, in addition to his knowledge of English institutions which, according to Mr. Gilbert Parker, he understands better than the Englishman himself, he is also in touch with colonial life, which, somehow or other, the average Englishman does not comprehend at all. He is in possession of all the best treasures of English civilization, just as much and just as sympathetically as the Englishman, and, in addition, he has what the Englishman has not—the irresistible vitality and fresh energy that come from his residence in a new land of rugged climate, of unsurpassed grandeur, of natural scenery and of illimitable resources. He is more versatile, has far more faculty for adapting himself to new conditions and to the most democratic ideals, is just as brainy and has much more heart.

On the other hand, his advantage over the American is equally marked. It has already been suggested. Loyalty is the word, so distasteful to some, that explains it. The American is, indeed, a better adventurer than the Canadian in the fields of commerce, has more of that audacious enterprise which has astonished the world with its marvellous results, but yet the very quality of mind which has made these results possible has bereft him of some of the most essential elements of any real human progress.

It therefore happens, as might be anticipated, that Canadians are very frequently, if not almost always, given a preference over men of other nationalties by United States employees, on account of their reputed honesty and reliability. There is no question that this reputation has got abroad in the American Republic, and it is equally certain that it has been acquired by the genuine article alone. I will not stay to argue whether or not honesty is the best policy in affairs. Canadians, I think, are honest, not from policy, but because they think it is right, and I attribute their rapid success in the United States largely to that fact.

Finally, there is another point worthy of mention which is negative rather than positive in so far as it applies to Canadians' success in the United States, and that is, that Canadian blood is not contaminated by the influx of the poisonous dregs of Europe. It is obvious that the effect of an infusion of foreign bad blood is as disastrous in the change of breed as the infusion of foreign good blood is beneficial. But aside altogether from degeneracy in the physical pedigree which has been taking place in the United States, the moral and intellectual standards of Americans are bound to fall by reason of the immoral, illiterate, restless and degraded human importations from the eastern world. The Canadian race is favoured in that it is not corrupted in this mischievous way, and its chances for advancement in every respect are just that far augmented.

It has not been my purpose to magnify the character or attainment of this people. Indeed it has been pointed out wherein they do not cope with other English-speaking peoples, and how that many of their advantages are their inheritance rather than of their own making. But the careful student of Anglo-Saxon civilization will not fail to discern that on the northern borders of the American union of States there exists a robust young offspring of the mother land, that bids fair to eclipse its older kinsmen, both in this hemisphere and across the sea, in producing a vigorous and healthy manhood and womanhood, potent for the upbuilding of a strong nation and, by example, for illuminating the dark paths trodden in confusion by the less fortunate of other lands.

F. Clement Brown.

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CANADA AND THE VENEZUELAN SETTLEMENT.

A Reply to Mr. Blackstock.

THE treaty provisions recently entered into between the United States and Great Britain, providing for the settlement by arbitration of the long-standing boundary dispute between the Spanish American Republic of Venezuela and the British colony of Guiana, is subjected in the December number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE to adverse criticism and general denunciation by George Tate Blackstock, Q.C. That gentleman characterizes the provision made for the settlement of this long-standing difficulty as a national infamy and disaster, and asserts that, while the United States emerges from the dispute with everything gained, England has, at the same time, sustained an ignominious defeat. The assertion is made that England has no such jealous and persistent foe as the United States, and deep disappointment is expressed because the Venezuelan matter is placed upon a basis which obviates the necessity of securing the settlement of the question by the arbitrament of arms. Mr. Blackstock laments the gullibility of the English public, who are most anxious to believe that Americans reciprocate their aspirations for harmony and union, and asserts that the consent to arbitrate upon the impudent assertion that the Behring Sea is a *mare clausum* was a fitting prelude to the still more preposterous claim that Great Britain cannot deal with a boundary dispute upon this continent except in a manner prescribed by the United States.

Mr. Blackstock evidently does not belong to that class of English-speaking men who look for harmony and union and a measurable unity of action among the various English-speaking commonwealths of the world. He hardly seems to realize that concessions, and even sacrifices, may be made for the sake of securing this condition of affairs, and that these concessions may proceed from the highest motives, and may be not only not dishonourable, but in the highest degree creditable to the public men or the parties who make them. Cordiality and friendliness of feeling, it is quite certain, are not likely to be promoted by the statement of sentiments such as Mr. Blackstock gives to the world in his recent article. The article is pervaded by a spirit of bitterness and of hostility which, under the circumstances of the case, are entirely unwarranted. It is alleged that the United States, by the terms of this treaty, is made the paramount power on this Continent, and a sentimental allusion is also made to the feelings of Britons in America upon the discovery that England is really not able to stand up against the United States, and is ready to yield to the arrogant demands of that power rather than face the consequences of a collision.

The truth with regard to the preliminary arrangement for the settlement of the Venezuelan boundary dispute is, that this matter has been a subject for discussion between the Governments of Great Britain and the United States for many years; that diplomatic correspondence upon the question dates back as far as 1876; that the United States has chosen to exercise a friendly interest in the affairs of Venezuela to the extent of asking that the dispute relating to the boundary between that Republic and British Guiana should be referred to an impartial board of arbitration for settlement. It is true that this proposal at the outset was declined by Lord Salisbury, but it can scarcely be asserted that if in the progress of the discussion Lord Salisbury found it expedient to modify his views upon this point, that he thereby rendered himself liable to the charge of infamous

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desertion of British interests. The truth is that, as a result of the progress of negotiations, the Venezuelan question became merged with the general question of the settlement of all disputes between the United States and Great Britain by a court of arbitration, and it certainly seems that no good reason could be advanced by English statesmen for refusing to include this solitary case in the general arrangement for settling disputes that might arise between these two great powers.

It is not a truthful presentation of facts to assert directly, or by insinuation, that Great Britain in the past has not been true to Canada and her interests. Her treatment of the Dominion has been generous and paternal. She has left us to take our own course, and has given us complete control over our own internal affairs, reserving only a constitutional power of checking our legislative action, which has never been wantonly exercised and, in fact, has scarcely been exercised at all. It is unreasonable to expect the motherland to make Canadian interests the paramount consideration in her policy. The Empire is world wide, and British diplomacy has to do with multitudes of important interests. Jealous and unfriendly continental powers are ever on the watch for a false move, and with an Eastern question on hand, and interests of magnitude in India, Egypt and South Africa to guard, the need for a Canadian statesman at the elbow of Lord Salisbury to direct his course in American matters is not as apparent as Mr. Blackstock imagines.

The forbearance exercised by Great Britain and the United States towards each other in the settlement of their difficulties, for years past, furnishes an object lesson to the world. It is needless to say that a war between these nations would be a measureless disaster, that it would be a blow to civilization and human progress, a blow to human liberty, a crime black and direful. The spirit which has actuated Lord Salisbury in the recent negotiations, has heretofore averted the precipitation of such a calamity. The Alabama claims, the San Juan boundary dispute, the Fisheries question and the Behring Sea trouble have all been amicably settled in this way, and now we have the blessed assurance of provisions that will render war between these two powers entirely improbable in the future. Why should Mr. Blackstock send up his plaint because war has been averted, and 125,000,000 of English-speaking people have declined to take one another by the throat over a miserable dispute about some swamp lands in the tropical regions of South America?

When President Cleveland's message was issued in December, 1895, the attitude of the better class in both England and America upon this question was above all praise, and Lord Salisbury, in taking the step he has done, has yielded to the pressure of British public sentiment; a pressure which has been met by a corresponding pressure in the United States for the securing of a settlement of this matter upon the basis which has been decided upon.

Mr. Blackstock evidently believes that the interference of the United States in this case is purely a piece of impertinence, and his references to the Monroe doctrine are not of a complimentary character. We may not approve of the Monroe doctrine, but we should at least give its character fair and impartial investigation. In 1822 the United States recognized the independence of Mexico, which had recently revolted and thrown off the Spanish yoke. Other Spanish-American provinces had thrown off the Spanish yoke, and joined the family of Republics upon the American Continent. Whether it was proper or not, it certainly was natural that the United States should take an interest in these movements, and should be prepared to act as sponsor, to some extent at least, for these young nations who were founding their institutions upon the model of her own. This feeling found expression in the promulgation of the Monroe doctrine, by President Monroe in his message of December 2nd, 1823. This message declared the United States would avoid

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entangling itself in the political complications of Europe, and that any attempt on the part of European powers to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere would be regarded by the United States as dangerous to their peace and safety and would accordingly be opposed. Upon this doctrine, as a part of its American policy, the United States have rested from that time; they have not attempted to make acquisition in the Eastern Hemisphere, have not been participants in the partitions of Africa among the powers, and have simply held that further territorial acquisitions in America by European powers would be discountenanced. Possibly this attitude may have spared Central and South America from partition among the powers of Europe. Whether this be the case or not, the United States has simply stood as guardian of the rights of the infant Republics of America, who have formed their institutions upon American models and looked to the United States as their example and guide, a position which carried with it, to a certain extent, responsibility for their good conduct and their relations with European powers. Certainly it would seem a difficult matter to assign any reason for opposing the arbitration of a dispute between Venezuela and Great Britain, that could not be assigned as a reason for opposing the settlement of any question that might arise between the United States and Great Britain.

Mr. Blackstock asserts that we are face to face with the greatest crisis in many a day in American colonial history. Why this should be the case is not apparent. We have arrived at a point where provision has been made for the possible settlement by arbitration of all cases of dispute likely to arise in the American Hemisphere. Future peace has apparently been secured. We have but to pursue a friendly policy to secure reciprocal treatment of the same character. Our future interests will be best promoted by friendly and intimate relations with the United States, so far as such relations can be put into operation without danger or prejudice to our own autonomy. Our own influence upon the future relations of the various Anglo-Saxon commonwealths of the world can be made very potent, for nearly all the collisions and frictions that arise between Great Britain and the United States are of Canadian origin, and their evil influence can be minimized, if not entirely removed, by the exercise of forbearance and friendliness of feeling upon our own part.

Mr. Blackstock deprecates the exercise by the United States of influence upon this Continent. It seems hardly reasonable to demand that a nation possessing seven-twelfths of the English speaking people of the world should be prohibited from exercising influence within the sphere of its own surroundings. Whether desirable or not, such a demand is preposterous, and we cannot expect to hold the wealthiest nation in the world in leading strings and compel it to confine its operations, its sympathies and its influences strictly within its own boundary lines.

Mr. Blackstock asserts that a further result of the settlement of the Venezuelan question will be an augmentation of the navy of the United States which will make her still more defiant and unreasonable. Whether the refusal to settle the Venezuelan question by arbitration, and the imminent risk of war following as a consequence, would have had a tendency to deter the United States from taking measures to increase her navy, the intelligent reader will decide. It is presumably improbable that Mr. Blackstock would propose by convention, treaty, or otherwise to fix the limit beyond which naval development in the United States should be permitted to go. The policy of creating a first-class navy was adopted by the United States Government some years since, and the nation has steadily pursued that policy by making liberal appropriations for naval construction. Unquestionably she will become a naval power of some consequence. It is unreasonable to expect that a nation of 70,000,000 English speaking people

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should leave itself in a position to be powerless to assert its rights upon the high seas.

If we pursue a sensible and friendly policy towards the United States, her navy and her military power need be no menace to us, but may be made, in the good days to come when Anglo-Saxon unity and concert of action is secured, an auxiliary to our own military and naval strength. Let us pray that Canada will interpose no captious and unnecessary obstacles to the realization of a state of concord, peace, and good will among all the Anglo-Saxon States of the world, and especially between the two great representative nations of that race.

John Charlton.

WHEN I AM DEAD.

WHEN I am dead
Look lovingly on my quiet face
And, in the peaceful features, note the grace
Given by kindly Death, my worthy acts recall,
And, pitying, ignore each grievous fall,
And speak with loving memory and tender thought
Of gentle words I've said, of kindly deeds I've wrought.

My friends whom I have wronged, come then, and weep,
Kiss tenderly the brow so still in sleep;
Smooth back my hair with loving hand,
And whisper in mine ear "We understand,
Dear one, you did not mean the wrong,
Take now the love that's been withheld so long."

If there be one I've helped, let that one come,
And, sadly entering the darken'd room,
Grieve o'er the quiet form, so still and cold,
Calling fond memories of times of old.
Look on my face with reverential gaze,
And speak of me with loving words of praise.

Oh, judge me not too harshly. I have sought
To do the right; long weary battles fought
And many lost; remember those I've won;
Think of the tasks that I have bravely done.
Make your last gift of love the very best,
That I may all the happier rest.
For I shall know it all. And when beside
My last bed all the love, denied
In life, is poured on my unconscious head,
From some far-distant star I'll watch you shed
The tear of sorrow; I shall see you touch
With reverence the form you'll love so much,
When I am dead.

Helen Thompson.

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ELECTRICITY DIRECT FROM COAL.

A MOST interesting article on the "Direct Production of Electricity from Coal," from the able pen of Mr. G. H. Stockbridge, appeared in a recent number of the *Engineering Magazine*. This writer informs us that Dr. W. W. Jacques of Boston has succeeded, after several years devoted to painstaking experiments, in producing a current of electricity directly from the decomposition of carbon. Dr. Jacques is quoted, on page 661, as explaining his discovery in these words:—"If oxygen, whether pure or diluted as in air, be caused to combine with carbon or carbonaceous materials, not directly as in the case of combustion, but through an intervening electrolyte, the potential energy of carbon may be converted directly into electrical energy, instead of into heat."

The common form of combination of oxygen with carbon, known to everyone, is that seen in the burning of coal or wood, and the light and heat given off during this process of burning is the sensible manifestation of the energy which resided in the unburnt fuel. This energy is simply power to do work, and work has been defined as pressure acting through space, or as pressure acting over a given distance, as when a pound weight is raised a foot high. The fuel possessed this energy before it was burned, but it existed in what is known as the potential form.

An idea of what is meant by this expression, "potential energy," may be had by examining one or two examples. The hammer of a pile-driver when lying inert upon the head of a pile has no energy, either active or potential, as far as the pile is concerned. It is true that the hammer presses upon the head of the pile by virtue of its weight, but the pile resists this pressure with equal force, and no motion of either pile or hammer takes place. The hammer is unable to do any work on the pile, because its pressure or weight is not competent to move it through any space, and it therefore lacks energy, in this position, with reference to the pile. Let the hammer now be drawn up to the top of the frame. It will hang there as inert as when it rested upon the supporting pile, and again, as far as the pile is concerned, without doing any work. The hammer, however, was raised against the attraction of gravity, which pulls upon it, like a stretched elastic band, seeking to bring it quickly and forcibly down to its former position. The hammer now posesses what, for want of a better term, may be called the potential energy of position with reference to the upright log below it. It is now able to do work, as is instantly seen when the detent is released. The falling hammer shoots down the slippery guides at an ever-increasing velocity, and striking the pile drives it down a foot or so. As the pile goes down under the blow, the whole of the now active or kinetic energy of the hammer is given up to the stick of timber, which in turn acts upon the earth in which it is imbedded, pushing some of it out on all sides from below the point, and overcoming the friction upon its cylindrical surface. The earth about it is moved into new positions, and this movement and friction develop heat in pile and earth which radiates off and is lost to our senses, though never destroyed.

Another form of potential energy is exhibited in an ordinary clock. It is wound up by someone who is conscious of exerting a certain amount of force in order to turn the key. After the winding is completed, the clock is expected to have stored up in it enough power to keep the hands moving over the dial, hour after hour, for a week or more. The wound-up mainspring of the clock therefore possesses potential energy. It may be called the potential energy of molecular disturbance. As the key was turned round and round in

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the process of winding, each small particle, or molecule, of the steel was forced slightly out of its normal position; each either compressed or subjected to tension, but all slightly distorted or disturbed. The spring, in righting itself or getting back to its normal unwound state, will give up, with slight frictional loss, all the power which the hand of the winder had put into it. The pendulum sets free a small portion of this energy at every swing, and instead of letting the wheels spin round and the hands fly over the face for a brief interval, ticks out each minute by itself, and spreads the work of unwinding over a long series of hours.

But to return to the consideration of the carbon in its state previous to being consumed. It possesses the potential energy of chemical separation. That is to say, it is able to combine, chemically, with oxygen, and when so combining, or burning, to produce those forms of active energy which we call light and heat.

When speaking of the theory of combustion Tyndall* describes an experiment performed at one of his lectures on heat. It was the burning of a small diamond in a jar of oxygen. The diamond, as is well known, is composed entirely of pure carbon. He heated the gem to redness, and plunged it into an atmosphere of oxygen. He says: "You are to figure the atoms of oxygen showering against this diamond on all sides. They are urged toward it by what is called chemical affinity; but this force, made clear, presents itself to the mind as pure attraction, of the same mechanical quality, if I may use the term, as gravity. Every oxygen atom, as it strikes the surface, and has its motion of translation† destroyed by its collision with the carbon, assumes the motion we call heat; and this heat is so intense, the attractions exerted at these molecular distances are so mighty, that the crystal is kept white hot, and the compound, formed by the union of its atoms with those of the oxygen, flies away as carbonic-acid gas."

Chemical affinity, we are justified in saying upon the authority of the late Prof. Tyndall, is of the same mechanical quality as the attraction of gravity, which gave to the hammer of the pile-driver the energy which we have just been contemplating.

An electric current is a form of energy, just as light and heat are. It may, like them, be produced by the consumption of fuel. In the Jacques' apparatus this combination of carbon and oxygen is not accompanied with smoke and flame, but it is nevertheless as truly a chemical union of these elements as that observed in the rotting of timber, or in the burning of coal. In the production of electricity directly from carbon, the potential energy residing in the carbon is made active. Up to the moment of combination with oxygen the atoms of carbon are held together as an isolated mass, and it is the rushing together of these separated elements of carbon and oxygen which develops that form of energy now so familiar to us. In this appliance, under suitable conditions of heat and position, the atoms of oxygen, obeying the laws of that almost incredibly powerful attraction called chemical affinity, moving suddenly through such infinitesimal distances, as they do, yet beat upon the mass of carbon so fiercely that we stand amazed at the enormous aggregate result. One might almost say that the destructive blows dealt by these myriad liliputian hammers break up the solid structure of the carbon and pour upon the conductors the energy of giant strokes.

As in the case of pile-driver and clock-spring, heat and motion were both produced by the transformance of potential into active energy, so in this electrical machine the production of heat is seen together with peculiar and powerful molecular movement along the wires, which is known to us as an electric current.

The consumption of carbon to pro-

*Heat as a Mode of Motion, by John Tyndall, LL.D., F.R.S., etc.—New York: D. Appleton and Co'y, 1880. Section 48, page 43.

†Motion of translation. (Mech.) Motion in which all the parts follow the same direction; motion without rotation. Standard Dictionary, page 1918.

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duce electricity is attended by phenomena similar to those observed in the more familiar examples of burning and volting. There is the production of a residuum, like the ash left after fire, together with the disengagement of a certain amount of gas and heat.

The production of electricity is here effected by inserting a prism of carbon into a melted mass of caustic soda (sodium hydrate), the whole contained in an iron pot. One wire is given off from the pot and the other from the carbon prism, and on this circuit electric lamps may be placed. The iron pot is heated to a temperature of between 400° or 500° centigrade, by means of a fire of coals placed immediately below it. The caustic soda is impregnated with ordinary atmospheric air by means of an air-pump, which forces it into the molten mass through a "rose" placed beneath the carbon rod. The oxygen in the caustic soda begins combining with the carbon, and this chemical combining is rendered continuous by the presence of the air constantly pumped into it. A residuum formed in this process is carbonate of soda which, as Mr. Stockbridge tells us, "results from the union of some of the caustic soda with the carbonic-acid developed in the generating process or coming from the injected air." The ash from the consumed carbon which forms in the melted sodium hydrate increases as the operation continues, and tends to lessen the effective action of the caustic soda. Dr. Jacques has found that the addition of a small percentage of the oxide of magnesium renders the caustic soda effective for a longer time. The reason for this is explained in the article referred to.

Putting the description of the action of the Jacques' furnace in the language of electricians, we are told:—"Briefly the process employed by Jacques consists in chemically combining oxygen with carbon by impregnating a molten basic electrolyte, which is in contact with the carbon, with oxygen or air, and collecting the electricity thereby developed by means of an electrode not acted on by the impregnated electrolyte when the circuit is completed." The molten basic electrolyte is the caustic soda. The word electrolyte means a chemical compound which can be decomposed by an electric current. The electrode is here the iron pot, which is not acted on by the melted caustic soda.

The discovery of Dr. Jacques is certainly a notable step forward in the solution of the great problem of cheapening the production of electricity. Whether or not it can be considered as introducing a probable rival of the steam-engine is still an unsettled question. At present the production of a temperature of about 450° C., or 842° F., means the burning of fuel, and the cost of operating an air-pump is also a factor in the problem. The value of the carbon, the caustic soda, and the oxide of magnesium all go to make up what is called the cost of operation of the whole apparatus, and upon that aspect of the question no reliable data has yet appeared.

Geo. S. Hodgins.



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ONTARIO'S WEAKNESS.

LIFE is a battle of hard facts against theory. The battlefield of experimental democracy is strewn with disappointed hopes, aspirations cut short, and castles in the air cruelly destroyed. What hopes we in Ontario built upon the benign and beneficent influences of free education! Brought to the door of the humblest cottage, it would enter in and make the lives of the people happier and more true. Labour would become more efficient and more dignified, and before the bright light of knowledge the hideous phantoms of vice and crime would fly away. With what care have we studied the systems of other countries, and, step by step, built up and perfected a system of our own, leading by natural grades from the public school and kindergarten at the cottage door to the University of Toronto! With what pride, and natural pride, we look at the crowning point of our system, which commands the respect and admiration of the whole American Continent! And we receive with complacent satisfaction the congratulations of our visitors who attend the great educational conventions which from time to time are held in our midst.

It is, indeed, hard to have to admit that the Educational System, of which we hoped so much, must be ranked among the disappointments of life; that it has not decreased crime and that, instead of an angel of light, it has proved an octopus with an angel's face, reaching out its tentacles into the houses and pockets of the people, degrading our professions and depopulating the country. The language is strong; but so are the facts.

There are twelve departments in our system, and two of these alone, the Public Schools and High Schools, according to the last report of the Minister of Education in the year 1894-'95, cost the Province over four-and-a-half million dollars. In the last twenty years, as was lately pointed out by Mr. Galt in *The Week*, the expenditure upon these two departments has been seventy-nine million dollars. The sum is enormous. The taxpayer does not grudge the money, but, in a quiet way, he has shown a certain feeling of diffidence in the wisdom of the authorities. In the year 1891 the Provincial Government passed an Act providing that County Councils may require a portion of the liability of the County to be paid by the County pupils in fees, but such fees must not exceed one dollar per month. The popularity of this concession was shown by the fact that within one year from the passing of the Act there were seventy-seven High Schools in which fees were exacted.

Why, we naturally ask, have educationists been allowed, without criticism or comment, to force upon the people a system of higher education which, it would seem, they grudgingly pay for? Why am I forced, whether I wish it or not, to be my brother's teacher? The primary duty of a government is, surely, to govern. We understand that the functions of a government are extended to education because it is for the public good: 1. that no man should be brought up without an education, and so become a possible burden or menace to the State; 2. that no able man should be lost to the State from the inability of his parents to pay for his education; 3. that every man should be able to make an intelligent use of his rights of suffrage.

How does the Ontario Educational System serve the public good? Experience does not seem to show that education such as we have makes people more moral. In the year 1869 the total number of commitments in the Province for various offences was 5,655; in 1889, 12,531; an increase of 6,876, as against an estimated increase in population of 611,600. Juvenile crime has increased to an alarming

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extent; but we complacently, in the face of statistics which prove to the contrary, attribute this phenomenon to the importation of pauper children from Europe. At the Spring Assizes held in Hamilton this year, when the Grand Jury, in their presentment, referred to the number of serious crimes committed by youths which had come before them, and placed the blame, as usual, upon the children imported from English cities, Mr. Justice Street, the presiding judge, in his reply, pointed out that the young men convicted were all brought up, with one exception, in the Public Schools of that city, where, he said, "they were simply taught reading, writing, arithmetic and a smattering of other things, but they were not taught the difference between right and wrong."

One of the most fruitful sources of crime, as was pointed out by Mr. Rutherford Hayes, ex-President of the United States, at Cincinnati, in 1890, is "the inordinate eagerness to acquire wealth and to get money sufficient to satisfy the desires of the extravagant or the profligate, which is so prevalent in these days," and this desire is undoubtedly fostered by the spread of free education. Which, we may ask, is the greater menace to the State, the educated man or the ignoramus out of work? Surely the man most capable of mischief. Yet we in Ontario burden ourselves with a heavy tax to turn out every year a crop of men for whom there is no legitimate occupation for which they are adapted. In the city of Toronto it is estimated that there are 200 lawyers unable to pay their office rent! Indeed, in every town in Ontario there are, at least, one-third too many lawyers, and these men are not only a loss to the State of so many taken from the ranks of the producers, but they constitute a distinct menace to the community. Nine men out of ten, when pushed to the wall, will depart from the lines of strict propriety and honour; and to the overcrowding of the legal profession in Ontario must be attributed the degradation of that calling from a profession to the level of a trade. Men are driven by the increasing competition and the difficulty of obtaining a livelihood to have recourse to methods of making money, which, fifteen years ago, would not have been tolerated: taxing for work, "working" the churches, blackmail and the manufacture of litigation; a fact which no one familiar with the practical working of the law, who keeps his eye on the current law reports, can fail to recognize. And so it goes on all down the line. The surplus doctors are just as numerous as the surplus lawyers. And if you advertise for a public school teacher at the lowest possible living wage, you will have a hundred and fifty "qualified" applicants.

In twenty years we have educated millions of pupils, and we can not point to one man, who could not have paid for his own education, whose place could not be filled at once by a hundred; not one man, to whose education we feel glad that we have subscribed. While in the general condition of the people we see no great improvement to console us for the money we have spent.

Perhaps this may be due to the fact that our present system more than anything else tends to drive our best men from the country. The difficulties of the educated man only begin when his education is completed. Where the field is as overcrowded as it is in Ontario, there must inevitably be a period of unremunerative waiting. If a man cannot afford to pay for his education, he cannot afford to support himself during this time.

He finds that in the larger centres of the United States the prizes and opportunities are more attractive and the cost of waiting is no greater; and to-day it is the cities of the United States that are reaping the benefit of millions spent by the Ontario taxpayer in higher education.

This statement is borne out by statistics. Taking the years from 1889 to 1894, inclusive, it is estimated that in the former year there were 2,300 doctors and about 1,400 lawyers prac-

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tising in Ontario; while at the end of 1894 the number of practising doctors had increased by 225, and of lawyers by 383. During this interval 840 students had passed the final examination of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and over 700 lawyers had been called to the Bar.

What happened to the surplus, who could not find room in Ontario? It is significant that during the year 1894, when the United States was swept by a financial cyclone, which prevented many from venturing upon an unknown and precarious sea, in spite of the general depression prevailing in Ontario, the numbers of the practising lawyers increased by 132, more than double the average of increase in the other years during this period.

That the general intelligence of the people has improved is beyond question. But our Mechanics' Institutes and Public Libraries tell a disappointing tale. The literature which is read is composed of the lighter magazines and novels. We are not thorough and we are not studious.

These are the fruits of our vaunted system. A close examination will reveal the weak spots. First our educational authorities appear to have overlooked one important feature in human nature which now, in the light of experience, must be fully recognized. Education is, and always will be, used as a direct means of obtaining a living. If you educate a young man in this country beyond a certain point, he turns his back upon the farm and upon manual labour. It is true that, according to the official report last year, 934 High School pupils took up agriculture as a calling. But these figures are misleading, for the great majority of this number only return to their father's farm to await an opening in life. Practical farmers report that the High School pupil who returns to the farm returns with a "bee in his bonnet," and he seizes the first opportunity to get off into some other occupation. As a matter of fact, the tendency to seek a living in the "nicer" occupations is too often fostered by the fond parent, who finds that it is cheaper to make a lawyer or a doctor of his son than to set him up on a farm, and then it must be remembered that he has little knowledge, as a rule, of the world. When the boy comes home, able to conjugate a Latin verb, he primes his head with rail-splitting presidents and men who have risen to be prime ministers from printers' devils. We hail and admire great men of this type, but it is a pity that their histories are ever written.

Again, to render our system symmetrically perfect, the High Schools, of course, must be well supported. With this end it is necessary, as far as possible, to make them an essential part of popular education and, at the same time, to offer a bait to scholars in the prospect of remunerative occupation when they have finished the course. How has this been done? The course of the Public Schools, which were originally intended to provide all the necessary education for the people, has been cut short, with the express intention, apparently, that the education obtained there should be incomplete. And what is the bait held out as an inducement?

We may gather a hint of this from the report of the Minister of Education for 1894, in which he says, "The High Schools and the Institutes train annually about 1,200 teachers for the Public Schools. This gives an importance to their existence, perhaps, even greater than is attached to any other of their useful functions." In this connection we would refer our readers to an excellent paper written by Mr. McMillan of Toronto, entitled "Defects in our Public School System," read before the Annual Convention of the Ontario Educational Association in 1894, in which he says, "What becomes of this large army of recruits? For the fifteen years already mentioned (1877 to 1892), the total increase of teachers in actual service was 1,868, or a yearly output of 125. To supply this increase of 125 we have the annual output of the Model Schools, numbering on the average 1,200." The natural

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conclusion to be drawn from the fact that 125 positions are annually filled by 1,200 teachers, is that each teacher remains something less than two months at his vocation; and the pupils of the Public Schools are subjected to a perpetual succession of tyros, in order that the High Schools may be fed by young men who are attracted by an immediate prospect of making a living as a stepping-stone to the already overcrowded professions.

It is a difficult thing to retrace our steps; but there are two points upon which we could place the finger of reform. If the salaries of the Public School teachers were raised, if every teacher was subjected to a more severe training and compelled, as in Prussia, to pledge himself to serve as a teacher in the Dominion for at least three years, we should have fewer youths seeking a livelihood through higher education who ought to be working in the fields, and we should have better teachers for our children.

There is no reason why I should be compelled to be my brother's teacher, if I, as a citizen of the State, receive no benefit. The standard of the Public Schools should be raised and made as efficient as possible, so as to give a complete common school education. But I, as a taxpayer, should not be asked to contribute to the payment of indiscriminate higher education, beyond that point where it affects the course of the pupils' lives, because an excessive increase of those who receive education beyond that point has been shown to be a detriment and not a benefit to the community. Higher Education, therefore, above this limit should be made as nearly as possible self-maintaining. At the same time, the poor man who cannot afford to pay for his education, and is likely to prove a benefit and an ornament to the State, might well be provided for by a system of scholarships which would give him free education, and maintain him until he is able to earn a living by his profession.

The evil is patent to every man who thinks. But how is it to be remedied? If indiscriminate higher education has proved a failure, it has been belauded to the skies. And Canada is not alone in this. We cannot look to our politicians—though, unfortunately, in this country, education is under their control—for the people's representatives ride on the wave of public opinion; they are not the pioneers of thought. Party politicians, too, will always stand by their leaders. We cannot expect our Minister of Education to admit that he has gone too far, and the leaders of the Opposition are waiting for the tide. Nor can we look to the Press, for it has joined heart and soul in the worship of this popular god. We have good reason to believe that the big guns of our leading newspapers are loaded, but they hesitate to fire them off until public opinion is ripe, and they feel themselves compelled. The teachers, again, whose attention must naturally be turned to this question, will never be so foolish as to quarrel with their own bread and butter, whatever in their hearts they may think; and every year we may expect a return of the enthusiasm which is characteristic of the conventions that they hold.

If, then, there is to be any change, based upon common sense and the lessons taught by results, we must look to a full and free discussion by the people themselves in our Farmers' Institutes and Boards of Trade; for here, free from the disturbing influence of politics, these questions can be debated, and it is only those who are supposed to be benefited that can start the ball rolling and criticise without fear the wisdom of their own impartial liberality.

Ernest Heaton.

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THE FUNCTIONS OF A GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

A Reply to Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper.

"THERE exists no doubt that men of great ability, in periodicals of much political influence, have put forward doctrines respecting the relations of the Executive to Parliament and the Crown which are altogether contrary to the doctrines which have been generally held on both sides of this House." Lord Hartington, Hansard Debates, vol. 246, page 318.

Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper affords a notable illustration of Lord Hartington's remarks, by his assertions in the article, "The Functions of a Governor-General," published in the November number of *The National Review*. The Ex-Solicitor-General of Canada would, apparently, limit the powers of a Governor-General to those of a stamping machine, and would deprive him of any official judgment apart from that of his ministers.

It may not be uninteresting to briefly define the position of a Governor-General and reply to the special attack upon Lord Aberdeen, unfortunately made by an ex-minister, at a time when all responsibility for the action of the Governor-General had been assumed by a new administration.

The Governor-General of Canada, it is admitted, while an Imperial officer, still constitutionally occupies a position in Canada, with authority similar to that of Queen Victoria in Great Britain.

Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper ostensibly sets himself the task of controverting the constitutional position assumed by Mr. Buxton, the Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, in two statements made in the British House of Commons.

In 1893 Mr. Buxton intimated, in reply to a question, that "The governor of a colony enjoying responsible government would be justified in declining the advice of his advisers where he was satisfied that the cause recommended was not merely in his view erroneous, but such as he had solid ground for believing would not be endorsed by the legislature, or, in the last resort, by the constituencies."

In 1894 Mr. Buxton was asked: "Has a Colonial Governor the power to refuse to nominate gentlemen to the Legislative Council when recommended by the Government?" He replied, "A Colonial Governor has the power to refuse the proposals of his ministry, but he is under the obligation if they resign in consequence to find another government to carry on the business of the country."

The position assumed by Mr. Buxton may be analyzed as follows:—

1. The Sovereign or Governor may refuse the advice of his ministers when, in his judgment, it is detrimental to the public interests.

2. He has the right to consider what would be the desire of Parliament or the people.

3. He is bound to find a ministry who will assume the responsibility for his refusal of the advice tendered.

Sir Charles' article itself gives ample evidence of the right and necessity for the exercise of independent judgment by a constitutional Governor. He quotes Prof. Hearn's "Government in England," as follows:

"It is the duty of the Governor to administer the affairs of the colony by the aid of ministers, who act under the superintendence, and with the approval of the Colonial Parliament. His compliance with the advice of these ministers is limited to matters of discretion, and he is bound to decline any proposal that is contrary to law. Neither a governor, nor any other subject, can be freed from the personal responsibility for his acts, or can be allowed to excuse a violation of the law, on the plea

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of having followed the counsel of evil advisers."

This is a rather singular quotation in an article, the intention of which is to prove that the Governor-General should have blindly followed the advice of his ministry, even after they were defeated at the polls. And Sir Charles follows up the quotation by recalling that it is not many years since a governor of the Colony of Victoria was deprived of his office for approving of illegal acts of his advisers. The logical deduction is that a governor must exercise judgment and discretion in sanctioning the recommendations of his ministers.

If further support of this proposition is necessary, it may be found in the fourth section of the Royal Letters Patent of 5th October, 1878, respecting the office of Governor-General.

"IV. And we do further authorize and empower our said Governor-General, as far as we lawfully may, *upon sufficient cause to him appearing*, to remove from his office, or to suspend from the exercise of the same, any person exercising any office, within our said Dominion, under or by virtue of any commission or warrant granted, by us, in our name, or under our authority."

Mr. Alpheus Todd, in 1879, issued a pamphlet styled "A Constitutional Governor," which was probably the forerunner of "Parliamentary Government in British Colonies." In it, speaking of the Governor-General, he says:

"If, at any time, he should see fit to doubt the wisdom, or the legality, of advice tendered to him; or should question the motives which have actuated his advisers on any particular occasion —so as to lead him to the conviction that their advice had been prompted by corrupt, partisan, or other unworthy motives, and not by a regard to the honour of the Crown, or the welfare and advancement of the community at large—the Governor is entitled to have recourse to the power reserved to him in the Royal Instructions, and to withhold his assent from such advice. Under these circumstances he would suitably endeavour in the first instance, by suggestion or remonstrance, to induce his ministers to modify or abandon a policy or proceeding which he was unable to approve."

Lord Aberdeen certainly seems to have fulfilled, last July, all the requirements set down by so high an authority as Mr. Todd.

Mr. Todd, in his work, "Parliamentary Government in the Colonies," has also (page 432) the following appropriate remarks:

"The Governor, like the Queen herself, is bound to be satisfied as to the wisdom and political expediency of every act and proceeding advised by his ministers, before he ratifies and sanctions the same with the authority which appertains to his office."

A noteworthy incident in the history of the Bowell administration in Canada occured in November, 1895, in reference to a petition for the commutation of the death sentence passed on Valentine Shortis. The Minister of Justice, Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, presented a report to the Cabinet on the subject. The Council, however, could not agree to grant or reject the petition and the recommendation of the Minister of Justice. Under these circumstances, they placed the whole matter in the hands of Lord Aberdeen, and requested him to decide upon the proper action to be taken. This was a recognition, under very peculiar circumstances, of the royal prerogative of mercy, and placed the initiative of action in the hands of the Governor-General to an extent that is incompatible with the theories now laid down by Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper. (See Dominion Sessional Papers, 1896.)

The power and authority of the Governor-General being thus far elucidated, there remains to be shown how his conduct should be guided in relation to Parliament and the people.

On March 26th, 1862, the Colonial Secretary (The Duke of Newcastle) wrote as follows to the Governor of Queensland (Sir G. D. Bowen):—

"The general principle by which the governor of a colony possessing re-

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sponsible government is to be guided is this; that, where imperial interests are concerned, he is to consider himself the guardian of these interests; but in matters of purely local politics, he is bound, except in extreme cases, to follow the advice of a ministry, *which appears to possess the confidence of the legislature.*"

The possession of this confidence is a condition attached in every case to the acceptance of advice from the ministers. Sir John Macdonald stated this condition very clearly, during the Letellier Debate, in the House of Commons, in 1878:—

"So long as the advisers of the Crown have the confidence of Parliament they have a right to claim the confidence of the Sovereign. This is the great principle. . . . . *So long as the ministry of the day have the confidence of the people*, they will have the confidence of the Crown, and the Crown will be advised by these men, who have the confidence of the representatives of the people. There is only one case in which it seems to be that this doctrine can be impugned, and that is when the Sovereign has a reason to believe that the representatives of the people who maintain, who support the advisers of the Crown, have forfeited the confidence of the people themselves."

According to Sir John Macdonald, whose authority Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper is not likely to call in question, the representative of the Sovereign has a right to consider whether his advisers have the confidence of the Parliament, or the confidence of the people. Will Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper maintain that on the 4th of July last Lord Aberdeen was wrong in deciding that the Tupper administration did not possess either the confidence of the people or of their newly-elected parliamentary representatives?

No one will deny that Lord Dufferin was a Governor actuated by the strictest respect for parliamentary principles; and yet we find that he did not confine his functions to the narrow limits laid down by Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper. In his celebrated Halifax speech, delivered in 1873, and which he quotes in a communication to the Colonial Secretary, he reports himself as saying that it was the duty of the Governor-General "to remember every hour of the day that he has but one duty and but one subject—to administer his government in the interests of the whole Canadian people, and of the Dominion at large." He assumes here, which is undoubted constitutional doctrine, that he was bound to consider the interests of the people, a position that might easily be quite incompatible with doing only what he was advised to do by the ministry of the hour. If the interests of the people demand it, he was bound to call in the reserved powers of the Crown and refuse to accept the advice of his ministers. It is true that in the same address he used the well-known sentence, "My only guiding star in the conduct and maintenance of my official relations with your public men is the Parliament of Canada." But there is no contradiction in this to the principle under which Lord Aberdeen acted. The old Parliament had expired in April, and strictly applying Lord Dufferin's principle, the Governor-General's "guiding star" was the new parliament just elected by the people, containing a majority of members adverse to the Tupper ministry; and consequently Lord Aberdeen's duty towards the incoming parliament and the people of Canada was clearly not to sanction any acts which would embarrass the government about to be formed in accordance with the recently expressed will of the people of Canada.

Baghot, in his well-known work on the English Constitution, states that "The ultimate authority in the English Constitution is a newly-elected House of Commons." Lord Aberdeen indubitably showed his respect for this ultimate and supreme authority by confining his ministers to the transaction of necessary public business.

In his communication to the ex-Premier, dated the 4th of July last, Lord Aberdeen recalled the fact that the Tupper cabinet had never repre-

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sented any parliamentary majority. It was formed after the seventh parliament of Canada had expired. It no longer represented the people. Even Sir Charles Tupper had admitted, in newspaper interviews, his defeat at the polls on the 23rd of June. It is the utmost folly to pretend that Lord Aberdeen should have been officially ignorant of this fact, or to assume that Sir Charles Tupper had neglected to inform him of so important a fact. Baghot remarks what is universally acknowledged, that the first minister "is bound to take care that the Sovereign knows everything which there is to know, as to the passing politics of the nation." It cannot be presumed that Sir Charles Tupper had neglected to inform the Governor-General of the defeat which he publicly acknowledged on the 25th June, in one of his party newspapers.

Under the special circumstances, Lord Aberdeen's characterization of the acts of the Tupper administration as being "in an unusual degree provisional" certainly seems to be fitting and accurate.

Subsequent to the defeat of Sir Charles Tupper at the polls, the Governor-General approved of over two hundred recommendations of the beaten ministers, but laid down the rule that the ministers should avoid "any acts which may embarrass the succeeding government." Of such acts the Governor-General deemed the filling up of the four vacancies in the Senate, a legislative chamber in which the victorious Liberal party had infinitesimal representation. If Lord Aberdeen had not intervened and reserved these Senate seats for the incoming administration, the Laurier cabinet could not have been constructed in its present form.

Lord Aberdeen limited the defeated Tupper ministry to the transaction of necessary public business. He sanctioned over 200 orders in Council, and temporarily withheld his approval from a large number of others, until it could be ascertained if they involved:

1. The creation of new offices or appointments.

2. The filling of vacancies for which no provision had been made by parliament, and which had existed for more than one clear fiscal year.

3. Superannuations (and the consequential appointments) for which applications had not been received.

These limits still left large scope for the exercise of patronage by the Tupper cabinet, and the public records show that they took ample advantage of their opportunities.

Calmly reviewed, there can be no doubt that Lord Aberdeen exercised his constitutional functions wisely and in the interests of the people of Canada, and in furtherance of their wishes as expressed at the polls on the 23rd June last.

The responsibility for his actions was assumed by the Laurier administration, which was sustained by the House of Commons. It is worthy of note that Sir Charles Tupper, the ex-Premier, though, as leader of the defeated party, he made a long speech in the House of Commons, on the constitutional issues now under discussion, did not dare to propose and press to a division any motion on this subject. It is a fair inference to make, that he felt that he would not be supported in so doing by his political partisans in the House and in the country.

As to Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper's remarks about Lord Aberdeen "being the head of the Liberal party in Canada," and the general tone of offensiveness in his article, while much might be said about their propriety, it is better to hope that the author already regrets their utterance. Of the abiding respect and esteem felt throughout Canada for Lord Aberdeen, no doubt whatever exists in the mind of any unbiased citizen of this great Dominion.

W. A. Weir.

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THE JUDICIAL COMMITTEE.

AN attempt is being made to saddle the Judicial Committee of Her Majesty's Privy Council with a Canadian judge to decide Canadian cases—and to saddle Canada with the salary of this representative. Both saddles are ill-fitting, and will gall. Both acts are unwarranted, unnecessary and positively harmful. The plea advanced for such an appointment is that it requires a Canadian-bred jurist to understand the Canadian cases brought before this the mightiest and most widely-embracing of all human tribunals—and, I may add, the most respected. It is stated by the promoters of this Colonial representative scheme that without it bad law and injustice is and must be the result of this court's judgments. But is it so?

The late Hon. Rudolph Laflamme, Q.C., told me that when he pleaded before this committee he was astonished at the perfect knowledge of the Roman and French law and language possessed by its members. The law found in Canada is either behind-the-times English law, or rusty-with-age French law. The British judges are are up-to-date in both laws. It is true that these English judges are not microscopically acquainted with the physical and political conformations and divisions, and the localities and public personages, of Canada. But this very ignorance of persons, places and localities in Canada constitutes, I think, their strongest claim to our respect and confidence. No man is a hero to his own valet. No man will, if he is wise, seek counsel and judgment from his family-circle or his intimate friends—they will prove but Job's comforters. The most deadly enemies a man possesses are often found among his brothers and sisters, his kith and kin. Nations when they arbitrate invariably choose as arbiter another nation foreign to both. Bacon, in his Novum Organum states one of the chief sources of error in judgment to be the Idols of the market-place or those flowing from language and social intercouse. Let the broad Atlantic continue to roll between Canada and her highest court of appeals, and then we shall continue to obtain unwarped judgments. Let the judicial committee continue to be composed of none but British jurists, unknowing the colonials except as through the law they administer, and unknown to them except as to the judgments they deliver.

Shakespeare writes:—"To offend and judge are distinct offices, and of opposed natures." How often do judges offend in Canada by being corrupted by the *idola fori*, and then proceed to judge one of the parties or his lawyer. My own personal individuality being very strong, outspoken and denunciatory, it has often been my fortune as a practising lawyer in the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario, to have adverse judgments given against me or my client, by judges and magistrates biassed by personal motives towards me. They were influenced by something which I had done or said outside the court-room, hurting their susceptibilities or the sensibilities of their friends; and the judges avenged their wounded feelings or injured pride by acting and judging unjustly towards me or my client. These magistrates were both offenders and judges in the same breath—which, according to Shakespeare, cannot be—and Shakespeare is right.

Justice is represented on our courthouses as a stern, majestic female, with bandaged eyes and a pair of scales; but are the judges in the rooms beneath her sufficiently blind and deaf to gossip and argument and suasion in the market-place? How just are the remarks of the eminent Guyot, in his Repertoire:—"Une des qualités les plus nécessaires à un juge, c'est l'impartialité. Avant d'opiner

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dans une affaire quelconque, il doit être assuré qu'il n'existe au fond de son cœur ni passion ni affection particulière pour aucune des parties. * * * On est si porté à trouver bonne la cause de celui qu'on affectionne ; on a tant de penchant à croire injuste ou coupable celui pour lequel on a de l'aversion, qu'en prenant sur soi de les juger, on court souvent le risque de commettre une injustice sans le vouloir. Le juge doit, par cette raison, être très—delicat, et sonder profondement son cœur avant de donner son opinion dans une affaire dont les parties lui sont connues."

Among the early Greeks, the historian Tytler tells us, the judges determined all causes during the night ; for these two reasons, as Athenæs informs us, that neither the number nor the faces of the judges being known, there might be no attempts to corrupt them ; and that, as they neither saw the plaintiff nor defendant, their decisions might he quite impartial. I have read also that, among the ancient Persians, I think, the judges were blinded by bandages, for the same reason as lastly given by Tytler.

The judicial reform we want in Canada is to compel the judges to imitate those of the ancient Greeks, and see and know nobody coming as suitors or lawyers before them ; and also to provide that neither the suitors nor the barristers shall be able to ascertain what judge will try or is trying their suit at law. Neither of these remedies is impossible to exact or carry out. Finally, we want no change in the personnel of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council of Great Britain. The conclusion of the whole matter is, let us keep our judges and judges' salaries at home in Canada, and be very thankful that we enjoy in the judicial committee the advantages of an ancient Athenian court at a very small cost to ourselves.

Richard J. Wicksteed.

TO MY GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

IF thou, sweet guide, would'st lead my soul apart
From sordid cares, earth-stains and traffic loud ;
Or friendly-wise, would'st roll away the cloud
Whence meanness flames, and bolts of misery dart ;
Oh, let thy wiles be subtle strains of art
Which, long enwombed in silence, are avowed
In golden raptures of the realm where proud
And blissful spirits, dying, reach God's heart.

Yet scarce should I require an angel hymn
To soothe the spirit-stress of one poor day ;
Withhold that joy to drift unto mine ear
When I from days and dreams have fled away.
Bid mother's voice sing soft at ev'ning dim,
My wife, my child breathe "Mine,"—this be Life's cheer.

Reuben Butchart.

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KING BABY.

By the author of "A Deposed Favorite," "My Grandmother's Work-bag," etc.

HE entered into possession of his kingdom on the twenty-fourth day of October, 1890, and from the first moment of his reign showed himself to be the most autocratic and exacting of monarchs, wielding his sceptre by the divine right that no one thinks of disputing.

A gesture of his tiny fist would set his subjects a-quaking; a tear in his round blue eye, and a mottled purple in his royal countenance, rendered the Queen-mother distracted, and deeply depressed her husband, the Prince Consort, who had been lowered in rank since King Baby began to reign. It was not until he had ruled for eighteen months that King Baby began to properly realize his own power. He then noticed for the first time that loud screams produced instant food; that, if it were not food time, these same screams, discreetly employed, brought forth a rapid succession of wooden horses, woolen balls, stuffed kittens, and jingling bells. It was about this time, too, that the King's education began. He had previously had a vocabulary absolutely and entirely his own, and was only prevented from continuing its use by observing that even the Prince Consort and the Queen-mother could not understand him in his native tongue. With a sigh he realized that he must employ the language of his subjects, stupid and long-syllabled as it appeared to him to be. Hitherto he had said "Ga-ga" when he particularly wished for something, were it a leaden soldier or a basin of milk, but now he found that grown-up people used different words for different things, doing away entirely with the necessity of pointing at the desired object. And he marvelled greatly at the wonderful stupidity of the arrangement.

About this time the Monarch was taught to shake hands with his subjects. He could not distinctly pronounce the phrase, "How do you do?" but he said "Ow-da" in his most gracious manner, and was considered a very great and clever king. This habit, from constant use, became a mania with him. He said "Ow-da" to every animal he met in the road, from a pig to a donkey, when he was out for an airing in his royal carriage; and even at night custom would prevail so strongly that he would roll over sleepily towards the Queen-mother in the small hours and say "Ow-da," with one warm, drowsy little hand extended in an imaginary greeting. He was taught all the time-honored rhymes with which the ears of similar monarchs have been duly tickled from time immemorial, "Ba, ba, black sheep," and "Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man." The latter evidently pleased him most, but he considered it inconsistent with his royal dignity to repeat it before his subjects. The Queen-mother resorted to hiding behind a curtain to watch, when she observed the King pat-a-caking away with his small, fat hands, all by himself in his little cradle, sleep hanging in his blue eyes like snow in the clouds, ready to fall.

Although the King was surrounded with every precaution, his royal life had many narrow escapes. The chair and table legs that larger monarchs do not fear at all proved almost fatal to him on several occasions, and he had to be securely tied into his throne whenever he had his meals, for fear of his over-balancing himself, an event which not infrequently occurs to monarchs even more important than he. In spite of all this care, however, the King one day met with an accident.

His favorite amusement was known to stupid, grown-up people as "creeping." To him it meant long voyages of discovery on all-fours; down im-

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mense tunnels, round large mountains and down endless valleys. These several obstacles, to grown-ups, were known separately as passages, boxes, and stairs. The King was never allowed to go down the ladders without a stupid grown-up hanging tightly on to his unkingly-looking, grey overalls.

One day the King escaped from his subjects to enjoy a little stroll of complete privacy, such as all monarchs are wont to do.

He paddled down his tunnel with suspicious quickness, well knowing that his escape partook of the nature of a crime. He crawled rapidly round the mountains, and attacked with a crow of triumphant joy the precipitous ladder. He started at the top with immense enthusiasm, which gradually lessened, as, by a series of resounding bumps, he reached the bottom, so breathless that he could not even scream. The largest bump of all was reserved for his little golden head, which the Prince Consort afterwards compared, with melancholy pride, to the rainbow, for the unequalled brilliance of its different colours.

After this accident the King was confined to his crib for some time, and a wooden gate barred the entrance to the ladder. When he was better, His Majesty would creep to the bars, and, gazing wistfully through at his lost paradise, wonder why the ladder should want to hurt him so. These mysteries were not solved until he had reigned many years in the land.

There was great rejoicing in the royal household when the King once rose to his royal feet, unaided, and hung on to a chair with a somewhat uncertain and imbecile smile. It is true, His Majesty sat down again with an unexpected suddenness which partook of the nature of a collapse, but the fact remained that the feat had been performed. In this, as in many other things in life, *ce n 'est que le premier pas qui coute*, and the King began to make really rapid strides. Nothing was too great for his soaring ambition; no obstacles too difficult to be overcome. He was one day found completely buried beneath a table-cloth (on which was reposing the Queen-mother's best dinner-service of Crown Derby china), having pulled the same down in a frantic attempt to help himself to some cold roast beef—a feat which he had often seen the Prince Consort successfully perform. His Majesty received a severe reprimand for this exploit. It was the first thing he had done which his chief ministers did not consider clever.

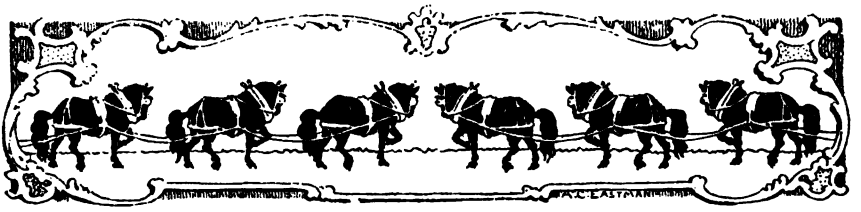
Presently he grew old enough to be taught his catechism, and learn various simple prayers in the vulgar tongue. He always objected strongly when the Queen-mother began the former with the question, "What is your name?" He replied, with indignation at the futility of the query, "You know that just as well as I do." And no amount of argument would induce any modification of his ideas.

In the sixth year of his reign, King Baby's kingdom suddenly tottered and crumbled away from beneath his feet, a catastrophe that history assures us is not an entirely unknown one in the lives of unfortunate monarchs. The sceptre that he had held so firmly in his chubby little hand was wrested from him by a being mightier than he, by reason of his very feebleness, and his fickle subjects (now transposed for him into a commonplace father and mother and uncle and aunt), worshipped at a new shrine.

King Baby was not gathered to his fathers. He was merely deposed. And King Baby the Second reigned in his stead.

E. Laetitia Phillimore.

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CURRENT THOUGHTS.

THE EDITOR.

CANADIAN LITERATURE.

Prof. L. E. Horning of Victoria University, Toronto, in a recent newspaper article, incidentally remarks: "Though there be doubtless good reading in modern Canadian authors, yet one is sometimes tempted to wonder whether there is not a bit of 'faddism' lurking in the industrious cultivation of Canadian spirit and Canadian literature, 'so called,' as many would term it."

Another writer, in replying in the Toronto *Globe* to Gordon Waldron's criticism of Canadian poetry in our December issue, says: "Nothing ing can be more certain than that if we have not a literature, no amount of talking will create one. . . . It is well to remember that our country is young, and our literature is young also. But a judicious encouragement is the best way to foster the growth of the infant. Everybody cannot be a Beethoven, but is nobody, therefore, to be a musician?"

This question of our attitude towards our crude literature is a proper one for serious consideration. If cultivating a national literature is taken to mean unduly encouraging young and inexperienced writers, lauding everything that is printed regardless of inherent merit, buying Canadian books simply because they are Canadian, and petting Canadian writers simply because they live in the land of "The Maple Leaf," then are we "faddists" indeed. This is encouragement, but it is not judicious encouragement. Much of the Canadian poetry and Canadian prose that has been written during the thirty years that Canada has been a nation will not live, and does not deserve to live; but because of this, we should not say that we have no literature. A little of what has been written during this period is worthy of being treasured and preserved, and will rank well with the best literary products of Great Britain and the United States; but because of this we should not hasten to declare that we have a satisfactory and worthy literature.

What Canada needs to-day is not more books, but better books; not more writers, but better writers. But, above all, Canadian literature needs wholesome criticism—criticism such as David Christie Murray has set out to give the fiction writers of England and the United States. It is perhaps safe to state that Canada has not to-day one competent and fair-minded literary critic. An author writes a book; his friends tell him it should be published; a publisher counts the pages of his manuscript and says: "If you will deposit $300 with me to guarantee me against loss, I will print a thousand copies for you"; and the book is printed. The newspapers announce a new Canadian book, and the public do not know whether to buy or not. An anxious Canadian purchases one book and is disappointed; he buys the next volume that is advertised, with a like result; then he stops in disgust, and will buy only works by authors whom he

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NEMESIS.
(A Cartoon by Hunter).



What is going to happen to your Uncle Samuel one of these days if he persists in throwing that boomerang of his across the river.

knows, Stevenson, Kipling, Barrie, and those of like merit.

This lack of *judicious* encouragement on the part of publishers, literary men and reviewers has put the public at sea. They have no guides, and they cannot afford to buy a dozen Canadian books in the hope of getting one good one. The process is too expensive for the result obtained. There are men in Canada who could do this work if they would, cannot somebody induce them?

It is my firm opinion that the careless newspaper book-reviewing of the day is doing more to destroy what Canadian literature there is, than any other agency. The reviewing is usually done by inexperienced persons who act on the assumption that they must praise every book so that the publishers may be induced to send more. The result is lamentable.

ONTARIO'S CANCER.

The cancer of Ontario, at present the banner province of this fair Dominion, is not the liquor traffic, not the protective tariff, not party politics, not lack of resources, people, or opportunities, but her system of education. It is spreading out its gnawing arms and sapping her strength and destroying her vitality. Year by year it grows more deadly, and soon — but perhaps the language is too strong.

Our High Schools are robbing Ontario of her brightest and best. Go through the towns and cities of the United States and you find bright young Canadians everywhere. What sent them there? My answer is: Our High School system. Go through Canadian towns and cities, and you find them filled with starving doctors, lawyers, pedagogues and civil engineers. Who took all these from the plough, the bench, the machine, and the counter, and sent them out to be consumers of wealth instead of producers? I am fain to return the same answer.

On the desk, as I write, lie a score of recent newspaper clippings and every one of them relates to this subject. The Macedonian cry for relief from this false education is coming up from all quarters, and he must be deaf

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who will not hear. Ernest Heaton's article in this issue throws some light on the matter and is worthy of thoughtful perusal. Those in authority must beware lest the avalanche come.

Our High School teachers are paid—not nominally, but in reality—by the success they have in coaching students for the departmental examinations, in turning out teachers, in producing scholarship men at the University Matriculation examinations. To do this they are forced to teach that the youth who has no higher ambition than to be a farmer, a mechanic, a merchant, a producer of wealth, is not worthy of attention and regard. It is only those who are willing to become teachers, preachers, lawyers, doctors—nonproducers, in fact—who are worthy of consideration. They teach most thoroughly that manual labor is unworthy, and that it is in the professions only that brains and knowledge are needed. No boy who has ever been two years at a High School in Ontario ever goes back to the farm—unless he is a ninny and devoid of ambition. As well ask a boy to go back to knickerbockers after two years' delight in long trousers.

HER GREATEST NEED.

(A Cartoon by Hunter).



MANITOBA TO MR. SIFTON: "You have done much to settle the School Question, Clifford. Now let us see how quickly you and Jimmy Smart can settle the country."

The High School masters are not individually to blame, but they are collectively. They should long ago have seen the error of their ways. But the blame attaches most of all to the system. As one writer recently put it, "Why should the High School teachers devote practically their whole energies to preparing pupils for an occupation which requires only about one-sixteenth part of the community?" Why should not our High Schools produce farmers, merchants, mechanics, and such like, instead of teachers only? Why not develop the commercial course more, and add an agricultural course? To do this, "third-class" certificates would need to be abolished, and the day upon which that is done should be made a statutory holiday for thanksgiving purposes. Let the "second-class" certificates be the lowest grade for teachers, and have Model Schools restricted to a half-dozen in number. This would give us fewer, but better, teachers, and would give us more far-

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mers and merchants, but of a higher grade.

The teaching profession, to use a commercial phrase, is glutted. The trades are in need of better men. It requires a radical change in Ontario's educational system to remedy both these evils. The cancer must be removed.

A GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S FUNCTIONS.

Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper in the November *National Review* points out that the action of Lord Aberdeen upon the defeat of the Conservative Ministry in Canada at the polls has caused the Governor-General to be regarded by a considerable portion of the people as a political chief. Nevertheless, he may screen himself behind the dicta of Buxton, Under Secretary of State to the Colonies, dicta which may lead to an undue exercise of the prerogative. In this case, on defeat of the Tupper Ministry at the polls on June 23rd of this year, Lord Aberdeen at once declined to consider the appointment of senators or judges by this ministry, and Sir Charles promptly resigned. Mr. Laurier assumed responsibility for this act of the Governor-General, and so took office.

Continuing, Sir Hibbert states that the ministry had the right to meet Parliament on 17th July, and then to accept its defeat at the hands of the people's representatives. Yet Lord Aberdeen proposed between July 7th and July 17th to govern Canada himself. He then gives several quotations which he thinks tell against Lord Aberdeen's action. The chiefest of these is from Todd's *Parliamentary Government in England*, p. 513: "For, notwithstanding their resignations, the outgoing Ministers are bound to conduct the ordinary business of Parliament and of the country so long as they retain the seals of office. They continue, moreover, in full possession of their official authority and functions, and must meet and incur the full responsibility of all public transactions until their successors have kissed hands upon their acceptance of office."

From his quotations, and from the tenor of the few remarks that he makes, Sir Hibbert indicates his belief that Lord Aberdeen acted beyond his powers as laid down in his commission; that he took his knowledge of his minister's defeat from newspaper reports and not from official sources, and that he was unduly anxious to have everything in as favorable condition as possible for the incoming ministry. One of his phrases is rather strong: "Lord Aberdeen accordingly finds himself at the head of the Liberal Party in Canada." The closing paragraph is: "It is not many years since a governor of the Colony of Victoria was recalled for approving of illegal acts of his advisers, and for acting as a partisan. It was no justification to him to have had the support of the dominant Party, Mr. Buxton to the contrary notwithstanding."

A clear statement of the other side of this case is to be found elsewhere in this issue.

THE CABOT CALENDAR.

The publishing success of the year 1896 was "The Cabot Calendar," prepared by Sara Mickle and Mary Agnes Fitzgibbon, and that it was a success shows that not only was the work thoroughly and ably done, but also that the picturesque features of our history are appreciated by the public generally. Canadian individuality and sentiment are developing fast, and an appeal to them, at present, meets with a hearty and ready response. This augurs well for Canada's future.

The calendar consists of twelve calendar cards, and on each is an event from Canadian history for every day in that month. Not only are the important events in our history thus orderly set forth, but portraits of leading figures in our history, with autographs, embellish these pages.

Too high praise cannot be bestowed on this valuable and patriotic piece of work.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

CANADIAN HISTORY.

CANADIAN history has been enriched during the year 1896 by several important contributions. Three valuable volumes have just been published and call for notice in this issue.

The most important of these is Dr. Bourinot's "Canada," in the Story of the Nations series.* As a single-volume history of Canada this is undoubtedly the best that has yet been printed, and in it Dr. Bourinot is seen at his best—and it may be that in future years, when Canada shall have but his memory, this may be his best known work. He has throughout the volume preserved his well-known calm and judicial attitude; has treated the great events and men with impartiality and yet with enthusiasm. As thousands of these volumes will find their way into the libraries of Great Britain and the United States, Canada had much at stake in this work. But Dr. Bourinot has again done his duty towards his country, and nothing more could be expected or desired.

The introduction covers but fourteen pages, but is a history of Canada in itself. Let me quote a paragraph which will illustrate, also, the style of the author:

"It is the story of the Canadian Dominion, of its founders, explorers, missionaries, soldiers, and statesmen, that I shall attempt to relate briefly in the following pages, from the day the Breton sailor ascended the St. Lawrence to Hochelaga, until the formation of the confederation, which united the people of two distinct nationalities, and extends over so wide a region—so far beyond the Acadia and Canada which France once called her own. But, that the story may be more intelligible from the beginning, it is necessary to give a bird's-eye view of the country whose history is contemporaneous with that of the United States, and whose territorial area from Cape Breton to Vancouver—the sentinel islands of the Atlantic and Pacific approaches—is hardly inferior to that of the federal republic."

Speaking of Dr. Bourinot's style, it may be said that it lacks the nervousness and epigrammatic brilliancy of a Carlisle, but it also lacks the dreariness and monotony of a Stubbs. His history is not so coloured as Parkman's, but is certainly more picturesque and more vivid than the work of our other previous English writers of Canadian history. Compared with these, and with the average histories, the book is a masterpiece. The arrangement is chronological and yet not chronological; for example, Chapter XXVI. deals with the fur-traders, and chronicles the chief events in this connection from 1670 to 1885. Occasionally some point is thus topically considered. Further, greatest stress is laid on the leading men and the chief events; monotony and lifelessness are thus avoided and the personal and dramatic interests given more play. The two closing chapters are excellent. One deals with "Canada as a Nation: Material and Intellectual Development—Political Rights"; the other is entitled "French Canada," and outlines admirably the characteristics of this picturesque part of Canada.

Sixty-two excellent illustrations, many of them of great historical value, add point to the author's story. This feature will add much to the popularity

* The Story of Canada, by J. G. Bourinot, C.M.G., LL.D., D.C.L., Clerk of the House of Commons. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, illustrated, 463 pp.

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of the book, and makes it all the more suitable for the purposes of the general reader.

It is to be hoped that the learned author will be spared to enlarge this work into one of three volumes. It would be a great undertaking, but it would be received with much pleasure. The work done in recent years by such men as McMullen and Kingsford has paved the way for a popular three-volume history of Canada which would find an entrance into the library of every citizen of this country.

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During the past few years much has been added to our knowledge of the northern districts of Canada by the explorations of Ogilvie, the Tyrrells, and Whitney. Another valuable volume* has just been issued from the pen of Warburton Pike. This is the record of a canoe journey of 4,000 miles, which began at Fort Wrangel, a port of entry for the U. S. territory of Alaska, situated on Wrangel Island, about six miles from the mouth of the Stikine River. The route lay up the Stikine, across the narrow strip of Alaskan territory into British Columbia, up the smaller rivers to the Pelly Lakes in the Yukon district. From there the general direction was changed from north to west, and the Yukon River was followed to near where it empties into the Behring Sea; here a portage was made, and the Ruskokwin River followed to its mouth. The trip was begun in July, 1892, and finished about the middle of September of the following year.

The story of this trip is written modestly, yet unhesitatingly, simply and directly. The author says in his introduction: "To the sportsman and man of the woods, this book is offered as a rough description of what happened on a long journey through a good game country, without any attempt to make a big bag, or to kill animals that were not wanted to keep up the food supply." Nevertheless, the general reader will find a great deal of valuable information in this really charming book.

The author tells of his moose-hunting near the Pease and Liard Rivers, when they killed eleven moose in the three weeks they were out—"this, too, without any very energetic hunting." He says that this district is the best moose country on the continent. "There is a theory that the moose have been driven away from the Pease River and the Lower Liard, and have crossed the mountains to Cassiar to avoid the continual hunting to which they are subjected on the east side." But while Mr. Pike agrees that there has been a migration westward, he does not believe this is the true reason. In this district where he hunted, he reports that "the noblest animal of the whole deer family is increasing and multiplying at an almost incredible rate." His information on this point is very interesting, and one quotation may be given:

"In March and April, when the snow is deep, the moose are easily run down by a man on big snow-shoes, and can often be driven in any direction the hunter pleases. The usual method is to drive the animal on to the river ice before killing him, to avoid the trouble of taking the sleighs into the timber to bring out the meat. The snow is seldom deep enough in this country to force the moose to yard, as is their habit in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; so the system of wholesale slaughter which was formerly practised in the Eastern Provinces is impossible in Cassiar; nor do the Indians here seem to have any knowledge of calling the moose during the rutting season—a method much in vogue among the Micmacs; but they occasionally attract the attention of an old bull by scraping a bone against the bark of a tree, and thus imitating the sound of a rival polishing his horns."

**

Another addition to published Canadian history comes from the pen of L. S. Channell, of Cookshire, Que., who has written a voluminous book on

* Through the Sub-Arctic Forest, by Warburton Pike, with illustrations and maps. London and New York: Edwin Arnold. Large 8vo,. $4.00.

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the County of Compton,* one of the Eastern Townships.

The origin of this term "Eastern Townships" is thus explained by the author: "At the close of the Revolutionary War, in 1782, many thousand United Empire Loyalists were offered lands in Canada by the British Government. The offer was eagerly accepted, and from twenty-five to thirty thousand settled in the townships of Ontario. At the same time a few hundred families came to the townships of Eastern Canada (these lands were not surveyed until after the Conquest, and hence were laid out in the same manner as the lands in Ontario). Their relatives and friends in Ontario, and those who remained in the United States, acquired the habit of distinguishing the different settlements by calling these the Eastern townships. As to how the name was acquired may be a subject of discussion, but it has so attached itself to this district of Quebec, that it is as well known throughout the world as though it were a separate province."

It will be seen from this quotation that, as many Canadians already know, these townships are not so markedly French as the rest of Quebec, and for that reason are perhaps more interesting to the average English-speaking Canadian. Some of the most prominent men in Canadian history were born and reared in this district, and social life there is of a most enticing character.

This book must not be regarded as of mere local importance. It gives a part of the history of Canada, and the author seems to have fully realized this in writing it. His title denotes this, for it runs "History of Compton County and Sketches of the Eastern Townships, District of St. Francis, and Sherbrooke County; Supplemented with the Records of Four Hundred Families, Two Hundred Illustrations of Buildings and Leading Citizens in the County; including Biography of the Late Hon. John Henry Pope, by Hon. C. H. Mackintosh." The Canadian who has never seen the Eastern Townships will learn much of the peculiar ingredients which are combining to make great the spirit and genius of the Canadian people. Canada needs more such broad-minded and painstaking citizens of the stamp of the author of this valuable work.

**

"The Six-Nations Indians in Canada" is the title of a little book by J. B. Mackenzie,* who lived for nearly twelve years in the neighbourhood of the Indian Reservations in the Ontario counties of Brant and Haldimand, and who has made some study of the characteristics of this remnant of a once-powerful people. The lands of the Reservation were granted to the Six-Nations after the close of the Revolutionary War, "as carrying out the essentially laudable and worthy idea of recompense for the loss of their pleasant homes in the Mohawk Valley, which had been brought about by their steadfast adhesion, no less than faithful service, to Great Britain during the conflict. There they have since lived under conditions which the author describes. Their customs, religion, idiosyncrasies, habits, mode of life, and education are fully described, as is the part they played under Tecumseh and John Brant, son of Joseph Brant, during the war of 1812. The book is valuable, but the author has marred it somewhat by over-punctuation, and by the prolixity of his style. It is dedicated to the Hon. A. S. Hardy, Premier of Ontario.

**

In 1862, the first overland expedition from Canada to British Columbia (for what is now Ontario was then the western part of Canada) was organized. "The company numbered one hundred and fifty, most of them youths gathered from different parts of Eastern Canada." The journey was beset with many dangers and innumerable hardships, and not all of these intrepid emigrants reached Cariboo. The story of the trip is well

*History of Compton County, by L. S. Channell, with 200 illustrations. Published by the author at Cookshire, Que. Large 4to., 300 pages.

*Toronto: The Hunter, Rose Co.; cloth, illustrated, 151 pages.

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told in a new book, "Overland to Cariboo," by Margaret McNaughton,* wife of one of the pioneers, and is well worth reading. It gives a broad idea of this western part of our young country as it was before civilization pushed westward with the aid of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The then state of the North-West, the then appearance of British Columbia, have so thoroughly vanished, that such books as this throw a clearer light on the rapidity of the advancement which Canada is making, besides paying a just tribute to the memory of those intrepid individuals who laid the foundations of a new Western Canada.

CANADIAN POETRY.

"Mabel Gray and other Poems" is the title of a worthy volume of verse by Lyman C. Smith,† an Ontario writer. His most pretensious poems are decidely Tennysonian. Take for example two stanzas from "Mabel Gray:"

> Mabel, startled at his question,
> Said she was not bred a lady:
> It would wound the Ashley pride
> If the daughter of a tenant,
> Bred to labour from her cradle,
> Ignorant of courtly manners,
> Should presume to be his bride.
>
> Ashley to her would not listen,
> But asserted that her presence
> Would the proudest home adorn.
> So at last the maiden yielded;
> Seemingly she had forgotten
> All the vows she made to Evan
> On that parting summer morn.

Other pieces show more originality of style, but all are earnest and thoughtful. The author lives with men and women, not with spirits and spectres. His imagination is not too flighty, and a tone of deep purpose sounds through all his work. "The Sculptors," "Constancy" and "Encouragement" are very unpretensious, yet inspiring. There are two or three rather trivial poems at the end of the volume which it would have been wiser to omit, as by them its symmetry is spoiled. A careful perusal of the volume will, however, bring much pleasure to the reader who is not hypercritical.

**

"Rural Rhymes and the Sheep-Thief" is the title of a unique collection of poems by Eric Duncan,* of Comox, B.C. There is but one long poem, "The Sheep-Thief." It is historical and descriptive, and is a legend of Shetland. The twelve short poems are distinctively Canadian and eminently rural. As the author says, they are not the "rose-tinted reveries of a rusticating rhapsodist," but are rather "rural rhymes" of an eminently practical nature. "A Mosquito Song," "A Cow Song," "A July Song," and "Drought" are titles which are commonplace enough to indicate the every-day sentiments and experiences which are collected beneath each.

CANADIAN FICTION.

"Tisab Ting" is a novel by Dyjan Fergus, the pen-name of a young lady writer in New Brunswick. The work is certainly startling, the scenes being laid in the close of the twentieth century. The leading character of the story is a learned Chinaman who comes to Canada to seek a wife, and finally wins a Canadian maiden through his superior scientific knowledge, the chief part of which is "the Electrical Kiss." The novelty of the central idea and of the plot does not make up, however, for the author's weakness of style and artistic skill. The execution is very weak, and this can be but partly excused on the ground that it is the author's first attempt.

The need of Canada to-day is not more books, but better books. No author should publish a work without first having submitted it to competent literary men for approval. Publishers in Canada are hardly worthy of the name, because they will publish anything, no matter what its merit, so long as the author is willing to pay the cost of the first edition. Many an author has spoiled his or her reputation by

* Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, illustrated, 176 pp.
† Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, 131 pp.
* Toronto: William Briggs. Illuminated paper covers; 35 cents.

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publishing immature work. It takes years of patient work on newspapers and magazines to perfect an author in writing. The apprenticeship is necessary before the workman becomes a master. The same laws apply to literature as to the other arts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Those who desire to know anything of Trinity College, Toronto, will find the "Trinity College Year Book" most interesting. Two of the staff, M. A. Mackenzie and A. H. Young, have compiled and edited a vast amount of information which can be secured from no other source. This information is not only useful to graduates and undergraduates, but will be found valuable and interesting to the student of our national life. The volume contains several bright engravings.

**

"Notes on Copyright" is the title of a pamphlet* on domestic and international copyright, by Richard T. Lancefield, secretary of the Canadian Copyright Association. This work gives many useful hints as to the method of securing copyright in Canada and abroad, explains the points at issue between the Governments at Ottawa, London and Washington, and gives a synopsis of the Canadian, Imperial and United States Copyright Acts. The author has added much to his valuable services in the prolonged agitation for a Canadian Copyright Act which will ensure publication in Canada.

**

"Tomalyn's Quest," by G. B. Burgin,† is the story of a young Englishman who went out to see life and had some experiences in Constantinople. He fell in love with a scheming lady, who tried to use him to secure information for a friend of hers, a Russian spy. Some very tragic incidents and some very ludicrous happenings make up a story which is bright and well told. In view of the present interest in affairs Eastern, it is perhaps more important than it would have been previously, or may be later. The genius of the East may be somewhat accurately guaged from this piece of fiction, as well as the dissatisfaction resulting from an ill-spent life.

**

Students of architecture will welcome with delight the valuable contribution to that department of literature which has just come from the pen of Mr. Russell Sturgis, A. M. Ph.D., F. A. I. A., President of the Fine Art Federation of New York. The book* itself is a work of art, containing ten full-page Albertype plates, and over two hundred and fifty engravings. Dr. Sturgis endeavours to show that an interesting study may be made of the history of architecture, and that he has accomplished his purpose no one who has read his work will deny. The author's method of study of the subject is that of analytical comparison of the different types, and as he says in his introduction:—"If the attention is fixed upon the inherent and essential peculiarities of each style, the effort of the student will be of necessity to discover the reasons for these peculiarities. . . . . The analysis and comparison or those peculiarities with such reference to well-established chronology as will show which pieces of building are contemporaneous, and which other pieces of building follow one another closely in order of time, is certainly the most fascinating pursuit possible for all those who have the instinct of form and colour."

The subject is treated fully, beginning with the early Grecian and Roman styles up to the end of the eighteenth century; for at this, the close of the nineteenth century, architecture as a progressive art does not exist. Dr. Sturgis gives as his reason for this, the fact that the modern student of architecture has studied the superficial aspects of ancient styles rather than the essential nature of those styles, and as

*Toronto: The Toronto News Co.; price, 30 cents.

†London: Geo. Bell & Sons; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, 314 pp.

*European Architecture. A Historical Study by Russell Sturgis, A.M., Ph. D., F.A.I.A. New York: Macmillan Co. Cloth, illustrated, $4 00.

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a remedy for the "modern disease of borrowing and copying," he urges that the true nature of each favourite style of ancient art be made more familiar to practising architects and draughtsmen.

**

The "Administration of the Old Regime in Canada" is the title of a small volume just published by R. Stanley Weir, barrister, of Montreal. The work is worthy of more than a passing notice, since it presents a number of interesting facts gathered from sources not generally available, shedding light on the constitutional history of our country. A more extended notice of the work will be given in a future issue.

**

A new edition of Richard Brinsley Sheridan's "The School for Scandal" and "The Rivals"* comes to us from the press of the Macmillans. It is handsomely bound, and beautifully illustrated by Mr. Edmund J. Sullivan. It also contains an introduction by Mr. Augustine Birrell, Q.C., M.P., in which he gives a history of the life of Sheridan and of the production of his plays "The Rivals." Sheridan's first play was first produced at Covent Garden on the 17th of January, 1775, "The School for Scandal" being produced two years later at Drury Lane.

**

George Macdonald's new novel, which is to be published in the fall of next year by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., will bear the somewhat striking title, "A Slave to Sin: the Story of a Minister."

**

Dr. Conan Doyle is shortly about to write for McClure's six short stories dealing with the old historical buccaneers and pirates.

**

"A Singular Life," by Mrs. Phelps-Ward, whose "Chapters from a Life" was reviewed last month, has been meeting with wonderful success, and the popularity of this story, it is said, has aroused a demand for many of Mrs. Ward's other books, particularly "The Story of Avis."

**

The death of George Du Maurier caused a slight increase in the demand for "Trilby" and "Peter Ibbetson," but the demand did not last very long, and was not so marked as might have been expected.

**

In spite of much adverse criticism, Miss Marie Corelli's books have a wonderful sale, and her "Murder of Delicia" is meeting with the usual success.

**

Harper & Bros., New York, have just issued "English Society Sketches," by George Du Maurier, which contains over one hundred illustrations by the author, and "In Bohemia with Du Maurier," by Felix Moscheles. This is also illustrated from original drawings by Du Maurier.

* The School for Scandal and The Rivals, by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, with introduction by Augustine Birrell, Q.C., M.P. and illustrations by Edmund J. Sullivan. London and New York, Macmillan & Co.; Toronto, The Copp Clark Co. Cloth, gilt edges.



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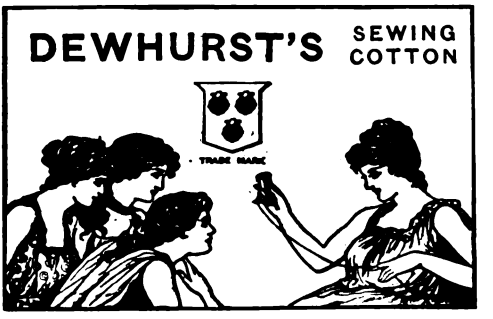
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The Premiers of Quebec Since 1867—George Stewart, D.C.L. Robert

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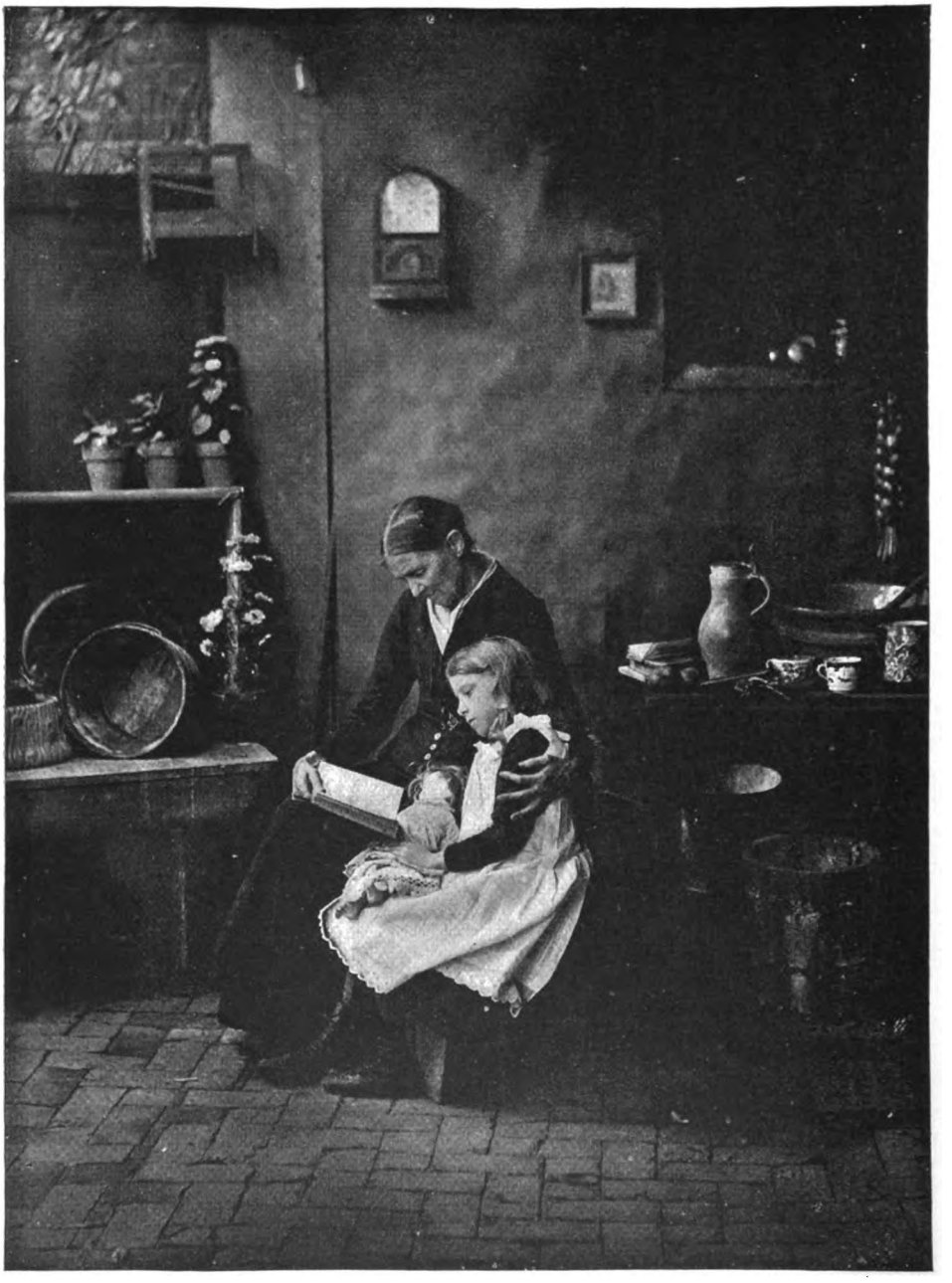
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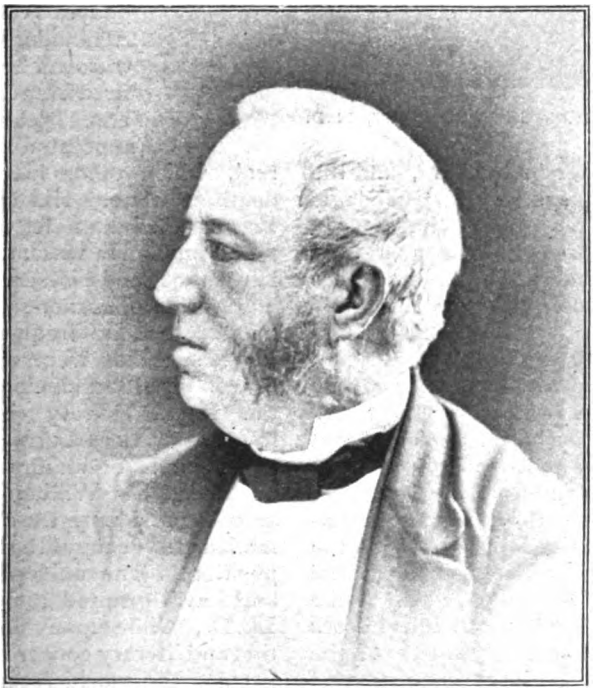
THE
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VOL. VIII. FEBRUARY, 1897. No. 4.

THE PREMIERS OF QUEBEC SINCE 1867.

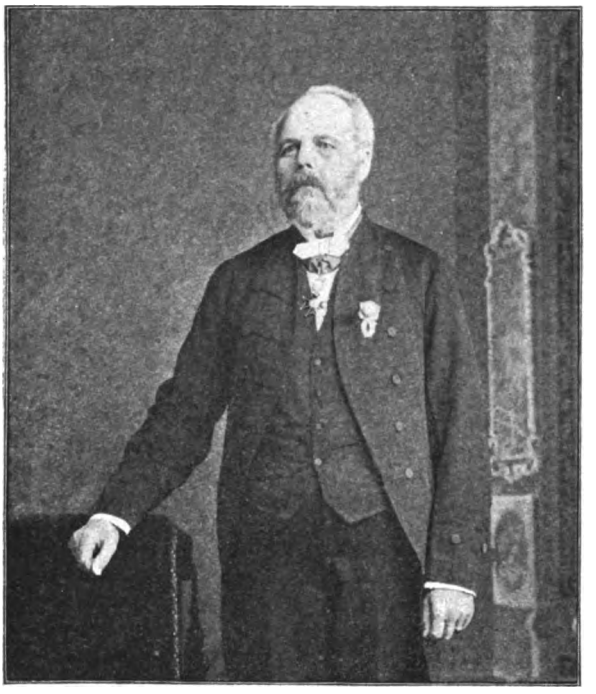
BY GEORGE STEWART, D.C.L.

WHEN the Dominion of Canada was created in July, 1867, the Hon. Joseph Cauchon, then at the head of affairs at Quebec, found himself unable to form a government. The task fell upon the shoulders of the Hon. Pierre J. O. Chauveau, who in August succeeded in forming one of the strongest administrations that the province has ever had. Those were the days of dual representation. In Mr. Chauveau were united the arts of statesmanship and letters. He possessed great tact and suavity of manner. He was never aggressive or daring. Sometimes he was timid. Small matters worried his kindly, sensitive nature, but his colleagues always regarded him as a safe leader, and accordingly, when he began the making of a new Quebec, no support of value or consequence was denied him. He probably loved literature better than politics, but he was a man who never shrank from performing a public duty. In his youth he was destined for the Church, but the law tempted him, and the bar claimed him. While not altogether a forcible writer in the newspapers, he was an exceedingly graceful poet, and his articles in the press and reviews were admirable and scholarly. Once he published a novel — "Charles Guérin" — which gives a good picture of French-Canadian life and character; but romance not being his forte, he added nothing further to the fiction of his native province. His tastes lay



THE HON. P. J. O. CHAUVEAU, LL.D., F.R.S.C.

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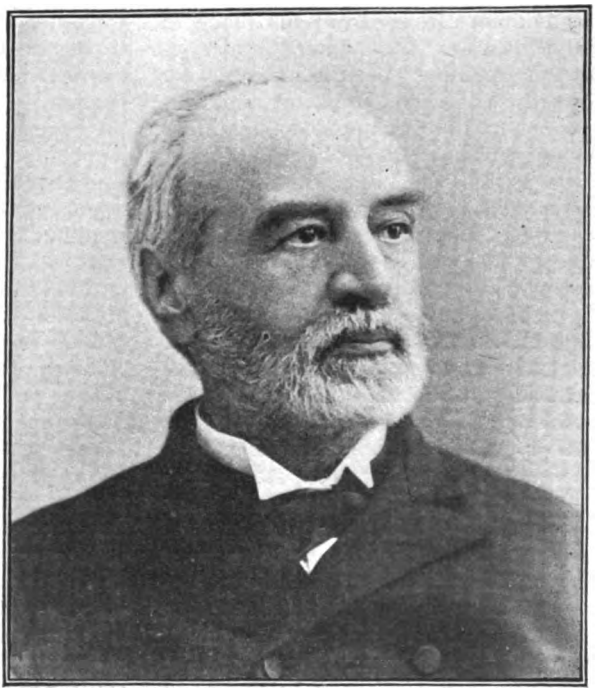
HON. GEDEON OUIMET, LL.D.

in the direction of education, and the present school system of Quebec is largely due to his guiding hand. He represented Quebec County at the time of Confederation in both the House of Commons and the Assembly of Quebec. Born at the Ancient Capital in 1820, he became Premier and Provincial Secretary of Quebec at the age of 47.1 ; He was only 24 when he defeated the Hon. John Neilson by a majority of over 1,000 votes. He was a supporter of Lafontaine, but left him in pique, and joined the forces of Papineau. He identified himself with the claims of his compatriots, espoused the cause of the Bermuda exiles, spoke warmly in favour of the Rebellion Losses Bill, and obtained a committee of the House to enquire into the causes of emigration of French-Canadians to the United States. He became Solicitor-General and Provincial Secretary in the Hincks-Morin Ministry, and in 1855 he retired from politics to succeed the late Dr. Meilleur as Chief Superintendent of Public Instruction. He edited in 1856 *Le Journal de l'Instruction Publique.* He made a study of the systems of education of Europe, Great Britain and the United States, and visited those countries to see the plans in operation. Some of these he subsequently adopted for his department. When the Union took place he re-entered public life and became the first Prime Minister of Quebec, as we have seen. A difference with his colleagues arose in 1873. He resigned from the Cabinet, was defeated at the polls, but a short time afterwards was called to the Senate as Speaker of that body. When the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie came to power Mr. Chauveau retired from the Upper House. Three years later he was appointed sheriff of Montreal, which office he held until his death in 1890. His contributions to French-Canadian letters have been numerous. He was an orator in both languages, and his services at the inauguration of corner-stones and monuments were in frequent requisition. These speeches were characterized by grace, dignity and eloquence. When the Royal Society of Canada was founded by Lord Lorne, Mr. Chauveau became one of its first Fellows, and succeeded Sir William Dawson as its second president, the first French-Canadian to occupy that distinguished position. The universities of McGill and Laval granted him the degree of LL.D., while many important scientific and literary corporations in various parts of the world recognized his abilities by admitting him to honourary membership. On two occasions he arose to his country's call for aid, forming a company of *Chasseurs Canadiens* at the time of the *Trent* affair, and commanding as Lieut.-Colonel a battalion of Home Guards during the first

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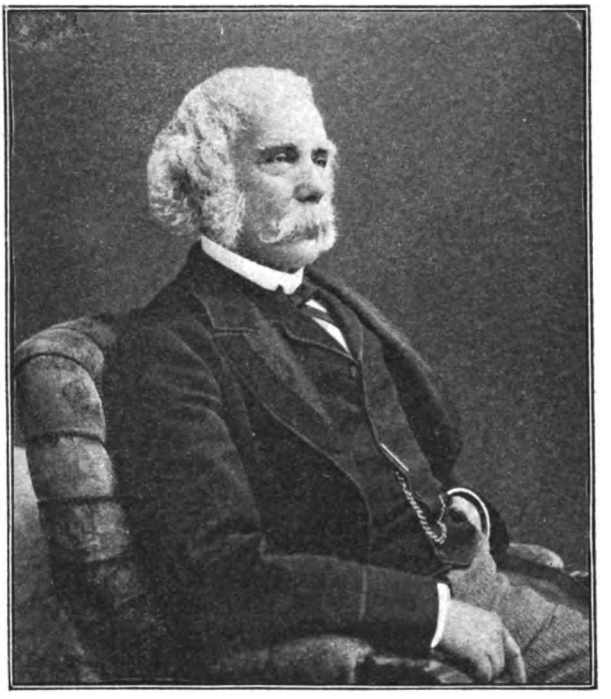
Fenian invasion. In 1840 he married Miss Marie Louise Masse.

The second Premier of Quebec was also a lawyer, and a sound educationist. The Hon. Gédéon Ouimet, Attorney-General in M. Chauveau's Government, was selected to reorganize the Cabinet, which he did on pretty much the same lines as those of the previous one. The new leader was born in St. Rose, Laval County, on the 3rd of June, 1823, and received his education at the Colleges of St. Hyacinthe and Montreal. In 1844 he was called to the Bar, and it was not long before he had considerable practice in his profession. At Confederation he received the Silk, and occupied for a period the post of Batonnier for the Province. In the old Parliament of Canada he sat in the House of Assembly for Beauharnois from 1857 to 1861, and from 1867 to 1876 he represented Two Mountains in the Quebec Legislature. On taking the office of Premier he assumed the portfolios of Public Instruction and Provincial Secretary, the Attorney-Generalship going into the able hands of the Hon. George Irvine, Q.C., now Judge of the Vice-Admiralty Court at Quebec. It was soon discovered, however, that Mr. Ouimet could not fill two such heavy positions without serious injury to his health. On the 1st of February, 1876, he resolved to retire from public life for a time, and the Superintendency of Education was offered to him. This he accepted, and began the work of reconstruction of his department with his usual energy and zeal. A man of moderate views, high principle, and a disposition which tolerates nothing unfair or unreasonable, he performed his duties for many years with great acceptance, pleasing alike the Protestant and Roman Catholic populations of Quebec—no light task, as all thinking men may well believe, for in that province religious feeling often runs high. He was not a voluminous writer, but among his contributions to the literature of Canada, his "Law on District Magistrates" may be mentioned with approval. He always spoke well in the House, and there was a charm and a beauty about his little speeches at public gatherings, and the like, which stamped at once his standing as a speaker. In 1886 he went to England as Commissioner to the Indian and Colonial Exhibition, and at the Chicago World's Fair, under his auspices, Quebec was well represented in the Education Exhibit. He is a D.C.L. of Laval University, and the University of Bishops College, Lennoxville, and Officier d'Instruction Publique of France—the latter a decoration of which literary Frenchmen are deservedly proud, for it is seldom lightly bestowed. A few months ago



HON. CHAS. EUGENE DE BOUCHERVILLE, M.D.

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HON. SIR H. G. JOLY DE LOTBINIERE, K.C.M.G., D.C.L.

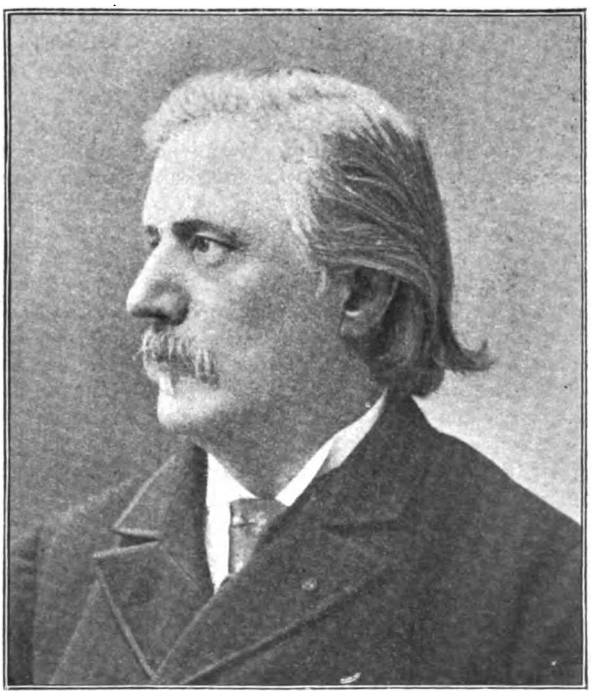
Mr. Ouimet retired from his place in the Education Department and became a member of the Legislative Council, where his zeal for the improvement of Quebec's Educational System will have ample scope.

It was a strong hand which came to the front in 1874, and during his career Quebec made history very rapidly. A grave Constitutional question was precipitated, and the powers of Lieutenant-Governors formed the subject of thousands upon thousands of articles and pamphlets, which were scattered broadcast all over the country. The new Premier was the Hon. Charles Eugene de Boucherville, the descendant of an old historic family which traced its origin as far back as 1653. His profession was that of medicine. His social position was that of an aristocrat. A stern, unbending man he was to all except his intimates, and of the latter he could count upon but few. Honest to a degree he was also. An extremist in religious opinions, he was also an extreme partisan. He had been in the old Legislature the member for Chambly from 1861 until Confederation. When union came he was appointed a member of the Legislative Council, which position he still holds, as well as a seat in the Senate of Canada, which was granted to him in 1879. From July, 1867, to February, 1873, he was Speaker of the Upper House of Quebec, and when the Ouimet Government resigned in 1874, he added to the post of Premier the offices of Provincial Secretary and Registrar, and Minister of Public Instruction. In January, 1876, he was transferred to the Department of Agriculture and Public Works. In December of this year, Lieutenant-Governor Caron, father of Sir A. P. Caron, and of Mrs. Charles Fitzpatrick, the accomplished wife of the present Solicitor-General of Canada, died, and in his room the Hon. Luc Letellier de St. Just was sent to Spencerwood by Mr. Mackenzie. Mr. Letellier was an ardent Liberal, and a man of sterling honesty of purpose. Of his strong partisanship there can be no doubt, and he recognized at once in Mr. de Boucherville, and his Attorney-General, Mr. Angers, two very determined political foes, at whose back great majorities stood in both the houses of legislation. It was not long before His Honour and his advisers were at cross purposes. The ministers took the ground that the nominal chief of the executive was a mere figurehead. His name was introduced into measures that he had never seen, and when he asked for information he was referred to the newspapers. Things could not go on in this way forever, and the governor, acting upon his un-

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doubted rights, dismissed his Government. This he did on three separate grounds: firstly, because he doubted whether his advisers possessed the confidence of the electors; secondly, because his ministers had introduced measures without laying them before him, and obtaining his sanction; and, thirdly, because his ministers, knowing of his determined hostility to the Railway and Stamp measures, had passed them through, nominally with his consent, although he had never sanctioned them, instead of either abandoning them or resigning their offices.

Mr. de Boucherville refused to nominate his successor, and His Honour then sent for Mr. H. G. Joly, now Sir H. G. Joly de Lotbiniere, and Commissioner of Inland Revenue for Canada, who was instructed to form a Government and assume full responsibility for Mr. Letellier's act. It may be said here, that a large part of the English population was dissatisfied with the de Boucherville administration on several points, and this important element, wealthy and enterprising, had to be reckoned with. Mr. Joly had no difficulty in getting followers, and on the 8th of March, 1878, his Government was ready for business, Agriculture and Public Works becoming his department. The Opposition promptly stopped the supplies, dissolution ensued, and the country was appealed to, resulting in the defeat of the *Bleus*. Three of the ex-Ministers were beaten at the polls; several important Conservative constituencies were lost. The House assembled shortly after the election, and Mr. Arthur Turcotte was elected Speaker by a majority of one, the vote standing 33 to 32. In the debate on the address, the Opposition succeeded in carrying a vote of condemnation against the Ministry, owing to the absence of a supporter of the Government. This was the only case, however, in which the Opposition gained a point, all other motions implying want of confidence being negatived by the casting vote of the Speaker. Affairs dragged along, the new Premier doing his utmost to give the province a pure and honest administration, and practising economy, and checking reckless waste in all directions. In October, 1879, Mr. Joly—a statesman of the Bayard mould—found himself the captain of a partially attainted crew. There were six desertions from the ship, and he fell an easy victim to the wiles of his enemies. A little later the fortune of politics restored Sir John Macdonald to power at Ottawa, and Mr. Letellier's head fell into the basket. That was the price he paid for trying to govern the province by constitutional laws. His "usefulness is gone" was the edict issued



THE HON. SIR J. ADOLPHE CHAPLEAU, K.C.M.G., LL.D.

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HON. J. A. MOUSSEAU, Q.C.

against him, and a new king was enthroned in his stead. Mr. Joly, during his short tenure of office, proved his capacity as a departmental and executive officer. He was conciliatory, obliging, courteous and manly. For the cause of Forestry he has done more than one man's work. Queen's University and Bishops of Lennoxville made him a Doctor of Laws. After long retirement from public life, the County of Portneuf elected him last June, a member of the House of Commons, and Mr. Laurier invited him to take a seat in his Cabinet. For his many services to Canada—for he was in public life as early as 1861—he received the honour of knighthood at the hands of the Queen, on the recommendation of his unvarying friend, the Earl of Aberdeen.

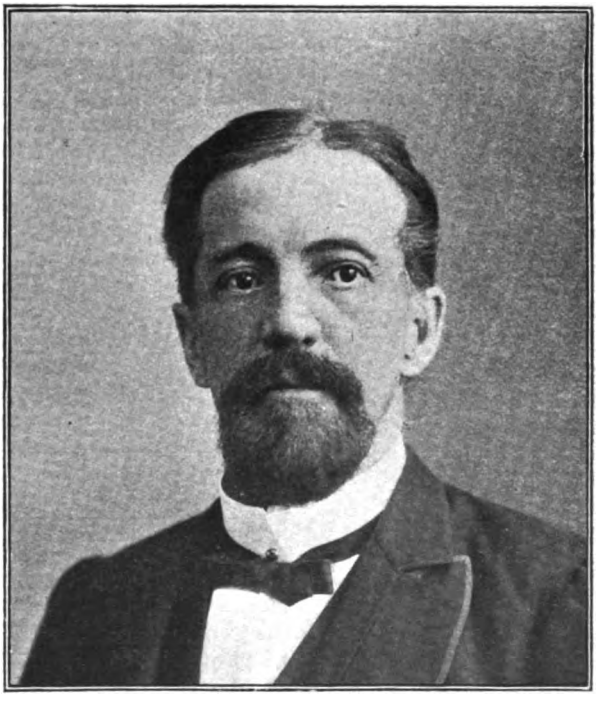
Mr. Joly's successor was, of course, Mr. Chapleau, at present Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, a Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George, and ex-Secretary of State for Canada. He is one of the Dominion's most brilliant orators, sharing with Mr. Laurier the praises of enraptured audiences. He was born at Ste. Therese de Blainville, Terrebonne, on the 9th of November, 1840, studied law, and was enrolled a barrister in 1861. His Q.C. came to him twelve years later. He has filled many positions of trust. Criminal law and international law, were, respectively, his chairs in Laval University. A born leader, and popular, he never had any difficulty in attracting influential friends to his side. In 1873 he was Solicitor-General; three years afterwards he was Provincial Secretary. In 1878 he was chief of the Opposition, and in 1879 he became Premier and Commissioner of Agriculture and Public Works, and a year after he took the portfolio of Railways, then a very important department of the public service. Mr. Chapleau's statesmanship was characterized by daring, enterprise and broad-mindedness. His career in the comparatively small arena of Quebec attracted the attention of Sir John Macdonald, always on the alert for lieutenants of ability, and, in answer to repeated requests from that veteran chieftain, Mr. Chapleau in 1882 entered the Dominion Government as Secretary of State. He remained in the Cabinet until appointed to his present post, the Lieut.-Governorship of Quebec. In November, 1874, he espoused the hand of Miss Marie Louise King, daughter of Col. King of Sherbrooke. On the hustings, as well as in debate in Parliament, Mr. Chapleau has few equals as a speaker. His style is clear, argumentative and convincing, his manner is striking, and his gestures, though few, are electrifying. As an organizer in a great election campaign his superior has yet to be found. Neglectful of no resource,

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untiring in his every effort, he has carried to success many candidates who, left to themselves, would scarcely have saved their deposit money. In repartee he is as quick as a flash. Interruption adds so much to the brilliancy of his speech, that his enemies have been wont to say that the interrupters were set up by himself to ask questions that he might discomfit them, to the amusement of the crowd and their own chagrin. This, however, may be only a scandal. A strong party man in provincial and Dominion politics, Sir Adolph Chapleau has acted as Chief Magistrate of Quebec in a most impartial and constitutional manner, earning in that capacity golden opinions from Government and Opposition members.

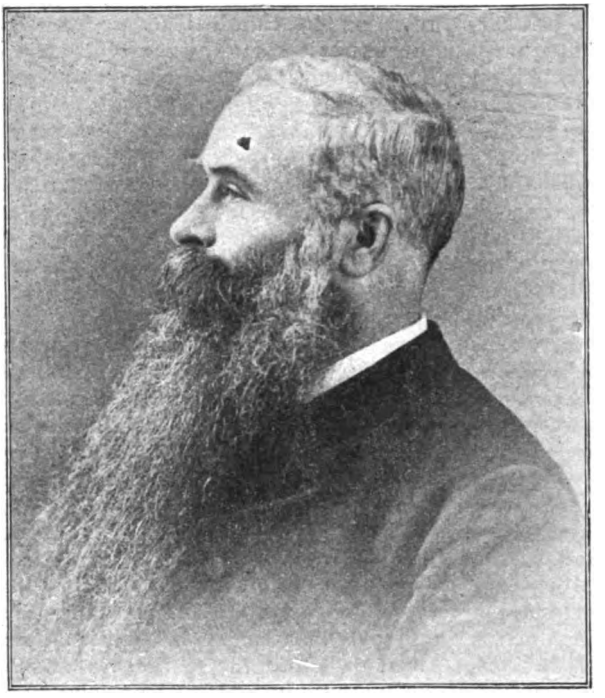
In July, 1882, Quebec looked to Ottawa for a Premier, and found him in the person of the Hon. J. A. Mousseau, Secretary of State at the Dominion capital. He had taken a very active part in the debate in the House of Commons, which led to the dismissal of Mr. Letellier from office. He had made a powerful speech in support of his views, and his friends thought that in Quebec he would find ampler scope for the display of his abilities. Nor were they disappointed. He had a good knowledge of men and events, and his long newspaper training had furnished him with a ready and trenchant pen. Though his experience as a parliamentarian had been short, his skill in grasping details soon made him familiar with the work of the House, and it was not long before he took a commanding position among his colleagues. Good-natured in disposition, he easily made friends; of real enemies he never had one in the world. He made a very good Premier, though his reign was brief and little of importance in the way of legislation occurred. It was during his term of office that the committee was appointed to look into the Civil Service question, and in the recommendation of that Commission many employes were sent adrift. It was shown that the State was paying far too many persons for the amount of work which efficient service demanded. The Government's action was criticised, and many of the dismissed officials were reinstated. The effect of the enquiry, however, on the whole, was not bad. In January, 1884, Mr. Mousseau, who was Attorney-General as well as Premier, resigned, and was appointed a judge. He died a few years afterwards, much regretted. He was succeeded by the Hon. John Jones Ross, M.D., who took the portfolio of Agriculture and Public Works.

Dr. Ross was an old parliamentary hand, having been in politics since 1861. Before the Union he was an Assembly-man. After the Union he was a member of the House of Com-



HON. JOHN JONES ROSS, M.D.

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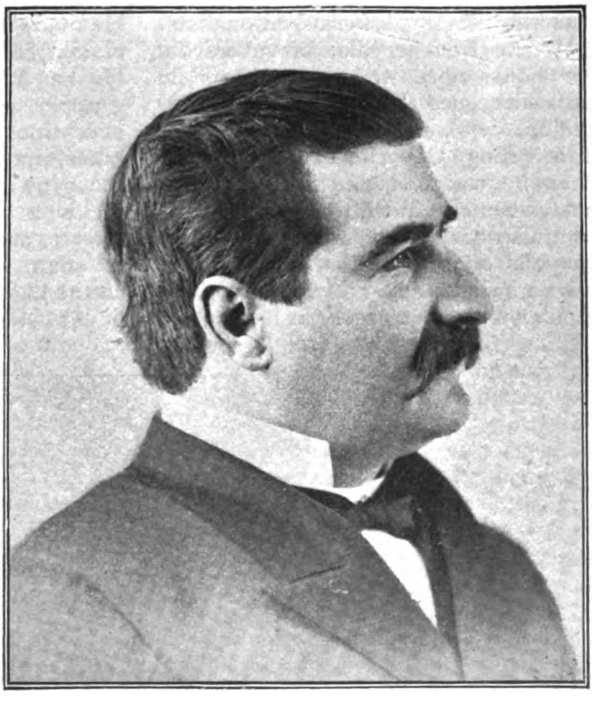
HON. L. O. TAILLON, P.C.

mons, the Legislative Council and the Senate. When called upon to form a Government by Lieutenant-Governor Robitaille, he was a member of the Provincial Upper House. His Administration included some of the best men in the country, several of whom had been members of former administrations. Though physically weak, through serious illness of many years' duration, the new Prime Minister brought to bear on his office lengthened experience in public affairs, extensive knowledge of the needs of the province, force of will, intellectual robustness, and the quality of caution, derived, no doubt, from his Scottish ancestry. He was masterful, and with his methods it would be dangerous to interfere, but his colleagues who knew him well, trusted him fully, and, recognizing his extraordinary mental strength, accepted his leadership implicitly. He carried on affairs successfully until the general elections of 1886 changed the political colour of parties in Quebec. He resigned with his colleagues. In January, 1887, the Hon. L. O. Taillon formed a Government and met the House. The ministry lasted little more than one day, the Opposition, led by Mr. Honoré Mercier, defeating it on the first vote. Mr. Mercier, then sitting for St. Hyacinthe County, was sent for, and invited to form a Cabinet. This he managed to do in a couple of days. He became Attorney-General and President of Council. It was in Mr. Mercier's time that the gravest crisis in provincial politics, that had occurred since Confederation took place. For a second time, in its short history, Quebec was called upon to witness the dismissal of a ministry having the confidence of the electors at its back. And by the irony of fate, the Lieutenant-Governor, who performed the happy despatch on this occasion, was the same gentleman who in 1878 was Attorney-General of the Province and suffered a like indignity at the hands of Mr. Letellier, for years the political friend and chief of Mr. Mercier and his followers. The Mercier Administration was strong in ability and boldness. The leader was one of the most brilliant politicians, which his native province had ever turned out. He was a captivating speaker, and though he could not boast of the eloquence of Laurier or of Chapleau, he was equally effective in debate, and in presenting his arguments in a clear and convincing style.

He had a magnetic influence over men which was irresistible, and this power enabled him, at any time, to secure for whatever purpose he had in hand the very man upon whom he could depend with certainty. While his word was law in the Council-room, he was never domineering nor arrogant. He always trusted in his own powers

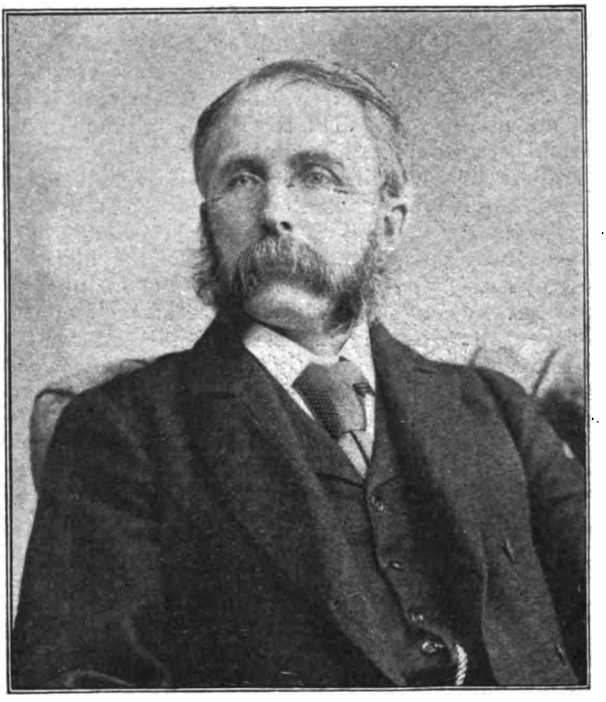
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of persuasion, and after a few words of earnest pleading the recalcitrant invariably yielded the point, and gracefully, sometimes gladly, accepted the situation. The story of the downfall of the Mercier *régime* is, perhaps, too fresh in the minds of the readers of these pages to need enlargement here. The immediate causes of the crisis grew out of the Baie des Chaleurs Railway scandal, which was discovered by accident during the sitting of the Railway Committee of the Senate at Ottawa. It was found that one hundred thousand dollars of public money belonging to the Province of Quebec had been misapplied. An investigation was held, and certain members of the Quebec Government were summoned to the Federal capital and requested to testify. This they declined to do, on the ground that the Senate had no right to enquire into Provincial affairs. No effort was made to force them, but other witnesses gave evidence, and enough was found to place in the hands of the Lieutenant-Governor a weapon which he did not shrink from using. He demanded from his advisers an explanation of their conduct, and suggested the immediate appointment of a Royal Commission, to be composed of three Superior Court judges, whom he named, to investigate the whole affair. To this Mr. Mercier demurred. He complained of the personnel of the proposed commission, two of the judges having, for years, been violently opposed to him in politics. He preferred to have a commission of one judge, and named the Chief Justice of Quebec, who had long retired from political life, and, though a Conservative, was not regarded as a partisan. The Premier's preference was, of course, for a Parliamentary enquiry, the committee to be formed of members of both sides of the House. The Lieutenant-Governor was not satisfied, and insisted on having his own way. The Royal Commission was appointed, and performed its duty. Mr. Mercier, in his evidence, admitted the misapplication of the funds, but disclaimed all personal knowledge of the transaction, and threw the blame entirely on the shoulders of his quondam agent. The absence of certain letters by the ministers implicated rendered the investigation incomplete, but enough was elicited to absolve four members of the Cabinet, including the treasurer, from fault, while against the Attorney-General and the Provincial Secretary more suspicious circumstances were found. Two of the members of the commission furnished His Honour with an interim report, on the strength of which he dismissed his Government, and for a second time called upon Mr. de Boucherville to form a Cabinet. The general elections of March, 1892, resulted in the



HONORE MERCIER.

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HON. E. J. FLYNN, Q.C., LL.D.

utter rout of the Liberal-Nationalists.

Mr. de Boucherville, however, did not hold office long, and was in turn succeeded by the Hon. L. O. Taillon, who remained at the head of a strong Government until 1896, when he resigned and became Postmaster-General in Sir Charles Tupper's Administration. He was defeated at the polls on the 23rd of June, and is now in private life. Mr. Taillon was popular with all classes, in Parliament and out of it. He filled with acceptance the offices of Speaker, Attorney-General and Treasurer. Without claiming any pretensions to oratory, he was a forcible speaker and a good debater. In his reign the taxes were increased to meet the heavy debt of the Province, which, in the previous administration had been greatly augmented. The retirement of Mr. Taillon gave to Sir Adolphe Chapleau, the Lieutenant-Governor, the opportunity of offering the command to the Hon. E. J. Flynn, who, as far back as 1879, had been Commissioner of Crown Lands in his own Government.

Mr. Flynn lost very little time in forming his ministry and meeting the House. He made a few changes, but most of his old colleagues remained with him. He has already made up his mind to grapple seriously with the question of education. His policy is to reduce taxes, and to push as far as possible the growing interests of his province. He is a convincing speaker, a sound lawyer, and a thoroughly well-informed man, while as an executive officer he has few equals in Canadian public life.



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MINING DEVELOPMENT IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

An Historical Sketch.

BRITISH COLUMBIA does not make her début as a mining country on the strength of her present showing in West Kootenay. She did that in the fifties and early sixties, and though the world forgets very easily, the world has not yet forgotten the days of the Fraser River excitement, Golden Cariboo, or those fifty odd millions of dollars which British Columbia has contributed to the sum total of man's gold-store.

To-day is the day of a revival, not of a first appearance. In the early days when there were no railways, when British Columbia was practically as remote as Kamchatka, only the hardiest of men could be tempted to visit a country where the most primitive forms of placer-mining were rewarded by such prizes as fifty pounds of gold taken from one claim in a single day, and, naturally enough, the cream was soon skimmed. After that, the difficulties and cost of transportation made mining with machinery altogether impossible, or, at any rate, extremely unremunerative.

To-day all that is changed. The much (and, perhaps, deservedly) abused Canadian Pacific Railway has brought British Columbia into touch with the rest of the world. We forget too often how much this railway has done for us, though we have a very keen eye for its peccadilloes. But that is no evil. Kicking is the inalienable privilege of every Britisher; and like mercy it blesses him that takes and him that gives, and is as good for the railway as it is soothing to that railway's patrons. If the Canadian Pacific Railway would only wake up and give Kootenay's smelters the Crow's Nest coal, which they so much need, we would forget all our minor grievances, and would be more ready to remember that, thanks to the Company and its leading officials, Cariboo is again to the fore, and that some of the old ground which we skimmed in 1858 is now producing its thousands in response to the efforts of the hydraulic miner. The day of the poor man has passed, but the day of the rich man and his machinery has come.

Here no one believes that the great Cariboo Company is on its legs yet, that it has began to show us what its gravel is really worth; and yet is it such a small thing that on its first clean-up this year it produced between $81,000 and $82,000? It is probably true that this Company has expended some $400,000 in development, but even so, $81,000 for a first wash-up in the year is a reasonably good return. And this is but one of many companies in Cariboo, which itself is not the only centre of hydraulic mining in British Columbia. A good group of claims has recently been sold on the Similkameen, to an English Company, while at Alberni, on Vancouver Island,

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there are hydraulic properties now in operation of which the owners have every reason to expect great things. But there is no space in such an article as this to deal fully with these. The mining development of to-day is essentially one of rock-mining—quartz mining, as it is generally called, though in many of the mines quartz is not the leading feature.

That ledges, which under certain circumstances would pay to mine, existed in British Columbia is no new discovery. Ledges (still unworked) were known long ago in Cariboo, but men could not afford to take machinery to them, and, besides, the public had then no inclination to mine. Texada Island produced, it is said, our first gold ($20,000 of it, in 1848), and it is alleged that a certain prominent British Columbian has owned the Van Auda mine upon that island for from ten to fifteen years. He, of course, sat upon it patiently. The patience of a true British Columbian is the most pathetic thing in the West. Luckily for him and for the country, that irrepressible person, the American mining man, came along and disturbed the ancient settler's repose. It seemed to the American not a bad thing to get in and do some work. He, at any rate, was not of a contemplative turn of mind, and before the original owners were well awake he had gone through a certain amount of barren rock and found some very excellent bornite, of which he has already made several small shipments. It seems altogether probable that the Van Auda mine will in time make the fortunes both of the man who waited and the man who worked. And this in brief is the true story (however unpalatable) of British Columbia's recent development. We sat on our treasure, talking occasionally in our dreams of "great possibilities" until the Yankee tumbled over us and woke us up.

Sometime at the beginning of this century, men, and especially Hudson Bay men, knew of the existence of a great deposit of carbonate of lead, galena and copper, upon Kootenay Lake, known as the Blue Bell mine. This great mine (now the mainstay of the Pilot Bay Smelting Company), for many years provided lead for a few trappers' bullets, and that was all. To-day the Blue Bell is supposed to have an average daily output of from 150 to 200 tons. The next step in the development of West Kootenay was the discovery of what are now known as the Hall Mines, upon Toad Mountain, at the back of Nelson, in the early eighties, by a party of prospectors from Colville. In the week ending June 6th, 1896, these Hall mines had a smelter return of 928 tons of ore, producing 88 tons of matte, and their shares were sold in London at a premium of 200 per cent. The Hall Mines Company is an English Company which smelts its own ore and some other people's, and is steadily adding to its smelting capacity. The ore is unlike the Kootenay's ore, as a rule, being described as bornite, tetrahedrite and chalcopyrites, of which our B. C. Minister of Mines reports that from ten to fifteen per cent. of the general body of the ore averages when picked 100 oz. of silver and fifteen per cent. copper to the ton. The value of the matte may be estimated from the returns for March of this year. There were 2,102 tons of ore smelted, which produced 212 tons of matte, which contained 106 tons of copper and 67,113 oz. of silver.

After Toad Mountain came Slocan. The miners of Montana had found that $20 rock would not pay to work. Mines closed down and the men who had made Montana came sweeping over into Kootenay. If any one knows anything about silver mining, the men of Montana know it. If any men are able to push their way through all natural objects in pursuit of the almighty dollar, the American prospectors will do it. They are no better than their English or Canadian rivals in courage or endurance, but prospecting is peculiarly their business; therefore in it they are peculiarly successful. The writer of this article has been with the men of Kootenay, English, Canadian and American, every year since

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1890. He has seen the "boys" shoving their way up the mountain torrents where the banks were too steep for a trail; he tramped in with the owner of the Cliff, cheery old Col. W., before the Cliff was thought of; he helped to open the first saloon at Carpenter Creek, and learned what it meant to forget the glasses and serve whiskey in tin pannikins; he saw the Slocan Star when it had hardly been scratched; saw Kaslo cleared, built, burned and rebuilt; he has lived with these prospectors, shot with them, helped to bring in their dead, and is even now twisting their tails as Provincial Sanitary Inspector, and he is convinced that there is not on earth a cheerier, hardier set of fellows, a set who can pull better together, or who under properly administered laws, such as we have in B. C., are more law-abiding and reasonable citizens. Men talk of annexation, and the conquest of Kootenay by the American miners. Kootenay has been opened up very largely by the miners of America and the enterprise of American capitalists, and there is a certain amount of annexation going on, *but* it is the annexation of American citizens by Canada, seduced from their loyalty to the Great Republic by the attractions of Western Canada, within whose borders they find that they can mine securely and rest confident in the protection of a justice which does not miscarry. But this is not mining—though the gradual and kindly fusion of the two peoples upon the border line is one result of it.

About 1,890 men began to talk of the abnormally rich fields of argentiferous galena in the Slocan, and the men on the Coast, as usual, laughed and did their best to throw cold water on any little enthusiasm which those who had seen Slocan might display. At home in England, even as late as 1893, men laughed, too, and told you that when the mines began to ship ore they would believe in them. It is such an easy thing, of course, for men without money to develop mines, to build railways through a mountain country, or pay for the freight of their ore on men's backs and mules' backs, and then by rail and steamer to Helena or Swansea!

And yet these men did this, and the ore of our country paid for its freight until it was sufficiently well-known to draw the railways to its aid. Now we have railways on all sides and cannot be bullied even by the C. P. Ry. We had (and have) in Kootenay the two great levers with which mountains may be moved, Grit and Gold. In spite of physical obstacles, in spite of the steepest and roughest of mountains, in spite of the slump in silver, and the sleepy remonstrances of the city sluggards, the boys in the hills kept pegging away. They knew what the end would be if they could only demonstrate that they had galena which averaged 125 dollars to the ton, and plenty of it. Probably no country of the same class was ever less or worse advertised than West Kootenay.

Of course we owe something to the phenomenal activity of our Agents-General, and something to papers and pamphlets, but no great line placarded London with notices of our new Eldorado, no great company forwarded the interests of our rival to South Africa, and it must be confessed that anything more contemptible than our little hotch-potch collection of minerals at the Imperial Institute it would be difficult to imagine. The pyramid of empty salmon cans overshadows it utterly. But though *they* did not advertise at all, men like Mr. Byron White were steadily at work developing such mines as the Slocan Star, and as a result we have two lines to-day competing for the silver of the Slocan. Between Nov. 1st, 1895, and May 1st, 1896, that district shipped out of the country nearly 10,000 tons of ore, and between 1,400 and 1,500 tons of bullion from its own smelter at Pilot Bay.

Sixteen of Slocan's mines are recorded as having earned 1,500,000 dollars (gross) for six months of the current year, and such is the position of other properties in this and other sections of Kootenay to-day, that the present writer (who has dared to prophesy many times before during the last six years) does

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not feel afraid to endorse the prophecy of one of B.C's. most conservative mining men, that "In three years Kootenay's output will be ten times what it is to-day." He is possibly short of the mark. Day by day the Slocan country is adding to the number of its producing mines, and day by day men are discovering fresh prospects, though not all of such magnificent promise as the Galena Farm.

It would almost seem as if a country which had provided its people with the placer grounds of Cariboo and the silver fields of Slocan had done enough for them. But there is no limit to the generosity of the West. Just when men had proved beyond all doubt that the galena of Slocan was plentiful and of very high grade, and also that the world's markets did not want silver at any price, some prospectors found their way up Trail Creek to Rossland, as men now call it. Then it was as unpretentious as a hundred other mountains in our country. Even in in 1894 (September) there were only four log shanties there, and to-day there is a big town, with waterworks, banks, electric lights, something like 5,000 people, the ceaseless ring of the builders' hammers on every side, and more life, if not more money, in circulation in it than in all the rest of the towns put together. Of course there are towns which are older and richer at present, but it is very doubtful if in any of them money is spent as freely and made as easily as in Rossland. The foundation of all this flood of prosperity is a belt of mineral, known as pyrotite, running through the country, and which carries its values principally in gold and copper. As compared with some of our recent discoveries of gold quartz at Lilloet and elsewhere, and even as compared with the galenas of Slocan, the Rossland pyrotite is not very high grade ore, but it occurs in enormous bodies, and the latest developments would seem to indicate that these bodies of pyrotite, beneath a heavy iron capping, running apparently in parallel veins, occur not only throughout Red Mountain, Monte Christo Mountain and Columbia Mountain (in which they have been proved in one instance, at least, to a depth of 450 feet), but also in what is known as the Southern Belt and in several camps near Trail and along the Columbia River.

The Victoria Board of Trade Report for 1895 says of this ore, that the average value of it is about $40 to the ton, the values being principally in gold with a percentage of silver and copper, but higher grades are found in the lowest levels. Another characteristic of this Trail district is that nearly all the ore veins so far developed have been found to widen with depth.

For the last six months Rossland has been full of experts from England and elsewhere. Beginning with a short boom, which of course brought some wildcats to the surface, the situation has gradually improved until now the country is full of genuine capitalists who want developed mines or prospects which they buy to develop, not to sell again to men who know nothing about them. Amongst these men there are plenty of well-known English and Canadian as well as American mining men, and indeed it would almost seem as if eventually the Old Country would have at least her share of the best of the Rossland mines.

The best experts tell us that if one per cent. of our prospects turn into shipping mines at Rossland, we shall have one of the biggest camps on earth. He would be a bold man who would say that one per cent. of those upon which real development work has been done has yet proved a failure. If it be possible to adapt any of the new leaching processes to the cheap treatment of low grade pyrotite ore (from $9 to $12 per ton) the number of our failures will be peculiarly small, the growth of our camp fabulous.

All through the country there is now an atmosphere of steady, hard work, Rossland is as busy as a hive of bees; but she is as quiet and orderly as an English village on Sunday. Long before the visitor is wide awake there is an incessant ring of builders' hammers all around. At regular intervals through-

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out the day there are volleys of blasts in the mines. Every issue of the local paper contains bona-fide reports of new strikes upon developing properties or of sales to men whose names are well known in financial circles, and lucklily for us a spirit is awake in our press which is exceedingly intolerant of the Wild Cat and the Boomer.

Kootenay, after a long period of waiting, is now rapidly becoming possessed of most of those things which she needs. The Coast at last is awake to the fact that the mainland of British Columbia is actually a part of that Province; more than that, that it is a part of the Province of exactly the same importance to the Province as his purse is to a man. These facts, too, have been established: that the sun does not rise and set exclusively within the domains of the E. and W. Ry., and that Canada has no intention of abandoning this fraction of her Dominion to any monopolists.

The result of these great discoveries is a rapid improvement in tone here. Men are hopeful again everywhere. The "boys" of Kootenay and Cariboo have sent a man of their own choosing to Ottawa of whom some of them recently told the writer that they didn't go a whole heap on his politics and he was no account at all at whiskey, but they guessed he was pretty —— straight *for a politician!* That is what Kootenay wants. We are not politicians here; we are miners, and the man who will *honestly* push our mining interests, whether Liberal or Conservative, is the man for Kootenay. From outside, men with money have come to us to develop our mines, a broad guage railway has run into Rossland this Autumn, and possibly we may yet have our great need satisfied by the building of the Crow's Nest Pass Ry. We have the mines and the men and the money. What we still want are smelters with refineries in the right places, and fuel of our own at a cheap rate to feed the same. At present it is alleged that we pay over $17 per ton for imported American coke, whilst if we had the Crow's Nest Pass Ry. we could lay down our own coke at half that price. By the time we get the Crow's Nest Pass Ry., it does not seem too much to hope that our smelting men will have thoroughly mastered the difficulties of smelting our peculiar form of ore to the best advantage, and may have established smelters and refineries at the best points within our own boundaries. British Columbia has a good many past extravagances to pay for, Government buildings "to anchor the Capital" and such like, and she wants to make for herself every dollar which she can out of her own industries; but if she ever gets her own coke and a cheap process for treating her low grade sulphide ores she can pay her outstanding accounts with the profits of Trail, and have another spree on the silver of Slocan.

As to this question of smelters, in reply to a question of mine, my friend Mr. Leslie Hill writes: "To be successful, a smelter must be run on a large scale and must be able to draw supplies of ore from a large district. A smelter should refine as well as smelt, and to do this successfully it must be run on a large scale and must be able to run 365 days in the year.

"A smelter also requires a large variety of ores so that it may be able to make the best smelting, and both these conditions can only be fulfilled when the smelter obtains ores from a large district. As you know, at present most of the B.C. ores are smelted in the States, and this important industry is lost to Canada," (as is most of the trade which goes to Spokane.)

"The supply of fuel and fluxes also enters largely into the question of successful smelting. Now it is claimed that good coking coal exists in large quantities in the Crow's Nest Pass coal-field. If this is so, and the Crow's Nest Railway is built, it would seem that some point on the Kootenay Lake, probably near the outlet, would best fulfil the conditions necessary for an ideal smelting point."

This is one man's view.

Other persons point to Vancouver as the proper place for a smelter, and

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it is alleged that two exceedingly strong financial combinations are competing for the establishment of smelters and refineries at that point. In favour of Vancouver, its friends allege that (the Crow's Nest Pass Railway apart) it can bring down cheaper coke than can be laid down at other points, coke, that is, from Cardiff or Australia, at $9.00 per ton, and that possibly even cheaper coke will be available in the future from Comox ; that it is a competitive point on the railway systems having command of the C. P. Ry., the Northern Pacific Railway, and the Great Northern ; that wages are lower on the Coast than in the interior; that less fuel is used in treating ore on the sea level than at a greater elevation.

There is this to be added of which little has so far been said in this brief sketch. All along our coast and on the island at Alberni, on Phillip's Arm at Texada, and elsewhere, fresh deposits of mineral are being opened up. These would help materially to increase that volume and variety of ore (gathered, say, at Vancouver) which seems to be an essential to success in smelting operations.

Perhaps the best that could happen to British Columbia would be, not the establishment of a lot of small smelters all over the place, but of one great company with smelters and refineries at Vancouver, with that direct railway to Kootenay of which men are beginning to talk, and which is absolutely needed to bind mainland and coast into one prosperous whole, and to make the most of our really magnificent resources for British Columbia, for Canada, and for that great Empire of which Canada is a part.

Clive Phillipps-Wolley.



HOPE—THE CONQUEROR.

GRIM Sorrow looked upon a maid one day,
Quoth he, "Thou art most wondrous fair of face ;
But I will change thy golden hair to grey,
And many lines across thy dimples trace ;
Thine eyes shall dim with mourning and with tears ;
And mirth, from those red lips, shall rarely flow."
But Hope stepped forth and whispered, "Cease thy fears,
I will defend thee, maid, 'gainst yonder foe."

So, side by side, they toiled, day after day,
Upon that fair, sweet face, nor stopped to rest ;
But Hope's warm kiss brushed tears and lines away,
And Hope's soft whisperings soothed her troubled breast.
Sorrow, discouraged, cast his tools aside,
And paused a moment ere he turned to flee,
"Though I have worked with tireless zeal," he cried,
"Thou, Hope, hast truly conquered—even me."

Lizzie E. Dyas.

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BRITISH AMERICA'S GOLDEN GATEWAY TO THE ORIENT.

ROSSLAND AND THE KOOTENAY MINING CENTRES.

BY THE HONOURABLE C. H. MACKINTOSH, LIEUT.-GOV. OF THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES.



VOLTAIRE, congratulating Louis XV. upon being happily rid of a few hundred leagues of snow and ice, may have been impelled by a desire to minister to a monarch's vanity, please Pompadour, and calm the patrician sensitiveness of the French court; whatever his motive, the illustrious savant's estimate was sadly astray. Great Britain absorbed a splendid heritage, while France lost a game well worth winning. But, why speculate? Monarch and Voltaire and Pompadour, the fripperies and furbelows of Versailles, the tinselled votaries at royalty's shrine, long ago crossed the Great Divide, and places that knew them once shall know them no more, forever. Still, candour compels the admission that even Britain was virtually coerced into keeping possessions in North America; her magnificent domain to the south went by the board, consequent upon the stubborn temperament and crass stupidity of a reigning Sovereign, apparently misled by the fallacy that British blood, British pluck and British prowess underwent some extraordinary transformation by a voyage across the Atlantic. The spirit of the United Empire Loyalists, unswerving devotion and attachment to the mother country, maintained her supremacy on the northern portion of the continent, despite Oregon capitulations and Maine Treaty surrenders. Hence, above all others, the Dominion of Canada is entitled to the distinction of being a self-made and self-sustaining colonial Empire.

Like other sections, the western country took care of itself through an extremely eventful period; for, had ready-made diplomats been vouchsafed the permanent privilege of playing battledore and shuttlecock with interests under their control, scarce an acre would have remained vested in the Crown. To-day, British tourists may be heard intermingling eulogies upon Canada with criticisms upon the idiocy of Louis the Fifteenth's belief that the "cession" represented a mere flimsy bagatelle. These, apparently, overlook the fact that, in days not far remote, diplomatic negotiations affecting colonial affairs too often savoured of pomposity, with a transparent veneer of Downing Street polish. Happily, in those primitive times, there were glorious exceptions, although, generally speaking, Imperial representatives, baptised, as it were, in batches, sallied forth—in a species of hand-me-down wardrobe, labelled Genuine, but unmistakable—Misfits; all convinced that it was

"Something like fulfilling the prophecies,
"When all the best families had the best offices."

These wrote Latin correctly, were apt at Homeric quotations, their secretaries prepared profound State papers, they

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drew the salaries and the colonists drew the suffering.

It is not the earlier epoch over which Canadians delight to ponder, although the sun's rays were as warm and the moon's beams as soft and mellow as to-day. There lived good and bad, enlightened and ignorant, men; brave colonial and chivalrous imperial officers and soldiers, who, through trial and temptation, rallied beneath the same glorious flag; there were, in all emergencies, battalions of patriots, prepared to sustain the mother land in the hour of darkness, danger, and tribulation. The past, then, should be without regrets, because Canadians were true to themselves; because no great disaster checked their progress, and because, in later days, statesmen guided national destinies, and Royalty's vice-regents were sought for amongst the ablest Imperial diplomats. Wisdom delights in gazing towards the beautiful stars, instead of contemplating sombre elements below. Bygone experience taught our people self-reliance, and the closing years of the nineteenth century demonstrate that here, upon British soil, has been established one of the most prosperous, one of the most industrious commonwealths civilization ever produced.

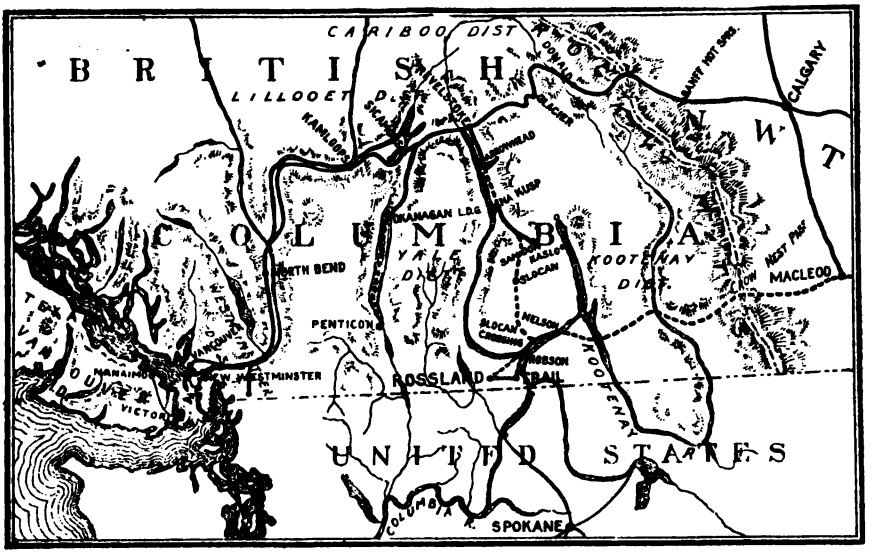
Since 1867, Canadians have recognized that the component parts of a Federal union must work in harmony if the national fabric is to be perfected; that even from a selfish standpoint, being of one family, it is to their interest to glory over the success of each individual member thereof. The Provinces joined in a great co-operative undertaking, and the voice of British Columbia should appeal to the people of Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick or Nova Scotia, as effectively as though borne upon the waves of the Atlantic, instead of the Pacific. Believing this to be a solution of the problem, how best to promote the practical development of the Dominion, it is of vast importance that Canadians should know their own country, its capabilities, its varied resources, its marvellous reserved power; and, so knowing, move with confidence in the race for commercial and industrial supremacy.

. . . . . .

Little more than twenty-five years ago, Canadians looked askance when British Columbia, in consideration of becoming an integral part of the Dominion, demanded that the walls of adamant frowning over her eastern boundaries should be pierced by a railway. This somewhat startled those who prided themselves upon representing the progressive Provinces of older Canada; consequently, there was some hesitancy in assuming responsibility for an experiment which some imagined a miracle only could prevent from precipitating national disaster. New Caledonia had been read of, in palmy days of Hudson's Bay supremacy, as a trading post and as a Crown colony; British Columbia heard of as being an isolated and somewhat exclusive community, a trifle insular, despite towering cliffs and sea-beaten coasts; but, as to being a country of great possibilities, few even dreamed.

Certainly, it had been the fur-traders' Mecca; its waters teemed with fish; its forests produced magnificent timber; a modicum of gold had possibly escaped the ferret-like proclivities of the ubiquitous prospector; there were bands of Sarcees, famous for filth and remarkable for chronic laziness; there were groups of Chinese, possessed of immortal appetites for gambling, and the living embodiment of almond-eyed hypocrisy. In short, grewsome pessimists found salmon in sufficiency in the Metapedia and Restigouche (salmon rising to a fly, too!); timber enough in Ontario, Quebec and New Brunswick; gold enough in Nova Scotia; and, as to railways, commerce was crying aloud for means of transport to and from localities whose population had for decades contributed taxes to the national treasury. Enlightened travellers, keen observers, were, however, abreast of the times; these fully appreciated the advantages accruing from ports on the Pacific, and a highway

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MAP OF SOUTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

through British territory to the centres of trade in Asia. Common sense, patriotism, statesmanship, triumphed; the great trans-continental road became a reality, and British Columbia to-day exercises a significant and far-reaching influence, not alone upon Canada's future, but upon Imperial destinies as well.

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A few words, then, concerning the historic past of British Columbia. Prior to 1843, the northern portion of Oregon territory had been a common hunting ground for traders of all nationalities; but, consequent upon a doubt existing with reference to the boundary line between the United States and British territory, a new site for the erection of a fort was chosen by the Hudson's Bay Company, and where the beautiful city of Victoria now stands, palisaded enclosures, bastions and offices were erected, and until 1846 the post was known as "Camosun." But even then gold was destined to attract the attention of the outside world to the mineral wealth of New Caledonia. The United States "jockeyed" the Mexicans and secured California; and when, in 1848-9, gold was discovered there, an impetus was given to explorations elsewhere, Queen Charlotte Islands being known to contain deposits of the precious metal.

At that time, the boundaries of New Caledonia included the whole region from Peace River and the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, while the southern boundary was defined by the Columbia River, from the outlet of that river on the Pacific Ocean, following its course eastward to Fort Colville, thence along the Kootenay and Flathead Rivers to the Kootenay pass in the Rocky Mountains. The northern boundary was usually defined as reaching the Russian possessions on the north-west. Subsequently, an Imperial proclamation of the 2nd August, 1858, constituted British Columbia a colony, and declared the boundary on the south to be the frontier of the United States of America; to the east, the main chain of the Rocky Mountains; to the north, Simpson River and the Finlay branch of Peace River; and the west, the Pacific Ocean, including Queen Charlotte Islands, but not the colony of Vancouver Island. In 1863, minor changes took place in the definition of the boundaries of British Columbia. Subsequently, (1866) the union of British Columbia and

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Vancouver Island was consummated. New Westminster had been proclaimed the capital of the colony of British Columbia in 1859, but upon the union of the colonies, the City of Victoria (1868) was chosen to be the seat of government.

While these internal changes were taking place, miners who accumulated money in California, and some who had been unsuccessful, were affected by the rumour that employees of the Hudson's Bay Company had found gold on the banks of the Thompson, and between 1858 and 1860 the trading post of Victoria witnessed the arrival of at least 18,000 or 20,000 adventurous discoverers. These hardy men roughed it over trails and tracks; climbed precipitous mountains; forced their way through dangerous gorges and trackless forests; disputed with semi-hostile Indians the right to invade their hunting-grounds, and to gather "fine" and "coarse" gold on the lower reaches of the Fraser. As year followed year the restless pioneers continued their researches, until the Cariboo country, some 400 miles from the sea, was reached. Then began an era of gold gathering surpassing anything that had been known, even in portions of California. The "placer" mining in the channel of Lightning Creek produced gold amounting to $200 to each running foot of its length, while portions of Williams' Creek, far up in Northern Cariboo, yielded over $1,000 for each running foot of its length. The record shows that from Steele's claim, 80x25 feet, over $100,000 worth of gold was obtained; from the Diller claim, in 24 hours, 200 lbs. weight of gold, valued at $38,400 was raised, and in 1863 twenty claims produced from 70 to 400 oz. of gold per day. This was the "golden year" on Williams' Creek, and many will remember the celebrated "Cariboo Cameron" of Glengarry, who amassed much wealth, lost it all in speculations, and returned to be buried near the spot whence he had obtained a fortune.

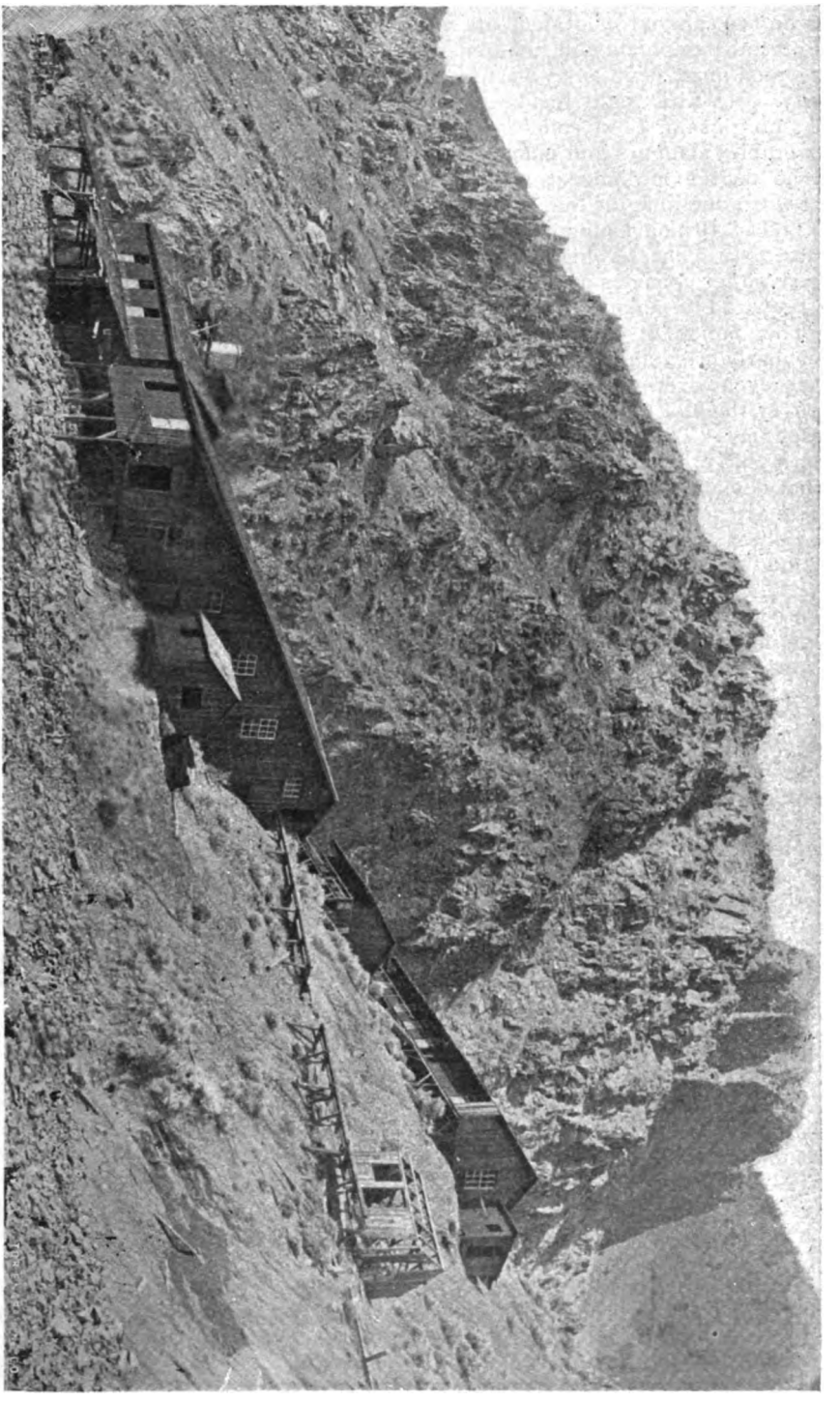
Great development followed in other parts, until, in 1870, the Butcher claim on Lightning Creek yielded 350 oz. of gold a day; the "Aurora," 300 to 600 oz.; and the "Caledonia," 300 oz., and, up to the present time, the old valleys of Cariboo, the Omenica district, which drains its basin into the Peace River, the Cassiar district in latitude 58°, prove that those portions of British Columbia still possess rare deposits of alluvial gold, the lowest estimate of the total output, since working commenced, being $54,000,000; fully justifying the expectation that, as the gold obtained has been mingled with the quartz of the parent veins, quartz mining has yet to introduce a second golden epoch in the far North, more particularly as the great streams tributary to the Yukon (an unorganized district in the North-west Territories), such as the Stewart, Hootalinka, and other rivers, are now yielding immense quantities of the precious stuff; while recent reports from Forty Mile Creek prove beyond doubt that quartz veins richer than the Treadwell mine exist throughout the Yukon country.

This then, in brief, is the story of British Columbia's earlier experiences. The Province produced able men, these being devotedly attached to her interests; in fact, if there is one thing above another which impresses the observer, it is the pride all classes manifest towards native institutions. The people rolled up history in a hurry; a Fur country, a Crown colony, an Independent colony, a Province of the Dominion, every phase within a quarter of a century! Could a more suggestive and significant object-lesson be found elsewhere? Is there a community prepared to dispute the claim of British Columbia to a foremost place in the galaxy of Provinces forming the Dominion? Is there a Canadian, is there a British subject, unwilling to recognize the sterling qualities of those who control the Empire's Golden Gateway to the Orient? Surely not.

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One thing is certain, British Columbia has been honest with the outside

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A MINING CAMP IN LILLOOET DISTRICT.

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world. There is a marked contrast between the candour of statements made in official pamphlets and the generally accepted impression as to western veracity. No El Dorado has been painted; no gloss or loud colouring is discoverable; dangers and difficulties are in no degree minimized; all are told, "Let no one imagine that he is certain to find in British Columbia ample and immediate scope for his abilities. He must rather consider what sacrifices he is prepared to make!"

The policy of British Columbia is peculiarly creditable, in view of the fact that even over-eulogy would fail to convey the full idea of her economic resources. The enquirer aims at forming a just opinion of the coal product; what does he find? That in Nanaimo there are 200 square miles of deposits; in Comox, 300 square miles, the latter estimated to yield 16,000,000 tons to the square mile. Then in the vicinity of Field, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, large deposits exist, while in the Crow's Nest Pass district twenty seams are exposed, with an average thickness of 120 to 140 feet, much of it resembling Scotch "Boghead," rich in disposable hydrogen, and yielding 40.19 per cent. of firm, lustrous coke. And iron! Let those desirous of gaining practical knowledge of the fact go to Texada, an island in the centre of the Gulf of Georgia, north-east from Nanaimo, and, if he is dubious as to the quality, visit the smelter at Port Townshend. Again, at Sooke, in the southern extremity of Vancouver Island, and away to the north, large deposits of magnetic ore exist, and the day may not be far distant when the iron and steel works of British Columbia will be a recognized institution throughout the Dominion. Is lumber required? Let the visitor go to New Westminster district, with its scores of mills; to Vancouver, Yale, Cariboo, and even as far as Cassiar. Of course, the proportions of the Douglas fir are known to be phenomenal, and fully eighty or eighty-five per cent. of the cut is from this timber. In the Comox district, it is stated on unquestionable authority, a firm of loggers cut and measured 508,000 feet of timber off one acre of forest. And seal hunting, salmon canning, deep sea and coast fisheries, these flourish throughout the Province, while the fur trade is usually remunerative and active, including the skins of the black, brown and grizzly bear, the beaver, silver fox and sea otter, besides minor pelts of various kinds. It is, indeed, a heritage to be proud of.

It must not be imagined that only one gold area has been discovered or worked in British Columbia. The writer has referred to northern placer mining; it is also carried on in East Kootenay at present. A glance at the map conveys an intelligent idea of the various divisions. Cariboo comprises Barkerville Division, Lightning Creek Division, Quesnellemouth Division, and Kerthly Creek Division. Cassiar comprises Laketon Division, McDame Creek Division, and Liard River, and Kootenay comprises the Eastern and Western Division. The others are Lillooet Division, Yale Division and Osoyoos, which includes Okanagan, the Boundary country, and all that section south of Vernon. Lillooet has produced free milling quartz, the "Golden Cache" being phenomenally rich, so far as operations have extended. Some properties have been abandoned, and some worked to advantage. The Yale Division has been far-famed for Boston Bar and other placer deposits. In fact, the gold and silver area apparently has no limit north, and occupies a belt of fully 200 miles between the East and West. Some of the ore, both gold and silver, is low grade, but as a general thing tonnage assays yield very satisfactory results.

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Presuming the traveller to be going directly south, he arrives at Revelstoke on the Canadian Pacific in the afternoon, changes cars at the Station, and takes the Columbia and Kootenay road, operated by the Canadian Pacific, to Arrowhead on the Columbia River; secures passage on the navigation Company's steamer, and in winter,

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consequent upon shallow water, when reaching Robson moves bag and baggage into a smaller craft, and about one o'clock the next day is at Trail, where he walks a plank, mounts a gangway, and looks about him. Trail, with a population of 1,800, is prettily situated on the banks of the river.

A tramp up the hill to the great smelter is one of the "things" that must be done. It is very creditably managed, all the officials being young and devoted to their duties. Several promising gold properties are being worked on Lookout Mountain, in the immediate vicinity, amongst which the "Sawbill," "Sovereign," "Joker," "Sultana," "Red Point," "St. Charles," "Debbs" are prominent. Consequent upon proximity to the smelter much interest is taken in their development, and, judging from progress made, these mines promise to rival the very best in other localities.

So much for Trail. The tourist is anxious to proceed; and he can drive from Trail to Rossland, or take the Columbia and Western Railway destined for the same point. By rail, with its zig-zag, "switch-back" twists and turns, and jumps and bumps, the route is about 12 or 13 miles; the time occupied in the trip, from one to five hours, depending upon the weather. Sometimes the passenger prefers walking, or it becomes imperative, as the locomotive, or a car, leaves the track, or snow blocks the entire "outfit." Then pedestrianism follows.

Well, the traveller has arrived at Rossland; he can choose the Allan House in the centre of the town, or the Windsor, or the Butte, or the Lancaster, or the Kootenay, or the Pacific, or the Clifton, or the Grand Union, all comfortable hostelries, some with sleeping apartments and no dining-room, others with both. Then the traveller can go to bed, sleep peacefully, fearing no evil, for law and order are supreme, and spend the night dreaming of far-famed Golconda and its fabulous productions.

Any of the substantial mining managers grant permits to responsible parties to visit their claims; horseback is the usual method of locomotion, and so long as the tourist is careful no accident need happen. At times an animal slips, the rider rolls off, and his cayuse goes down hill; strange to say it seldom sustains serious injuries.

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On Columbia Avenue, in 1890, where now for half a mile buildings of every description have been erected, but one unpretending edifice could be seen. It was the cabin, or "shake," or "shack," of Ross Thompson, an Ontario boy from Bruce, who, having roughed it in Manitoba and the Western States, sought, and for the time being found, solitude in this region. None appeared anxious to disturb him, nor did he intend that they should. He came and went, prospected and hunted, was cheerful at times, despondent at times, his log shanty was his castle, his settlement being ironically called "Ross's Land." Meanwhile a few stragglers arrived from Montana and Idaho, gold was discovered in paying quantity, and Ross Thompson came to the front. So much has been written about the early development of Trail Creek and its tributaries that the reader may well be spared further infliction. Suffice it to say, Rossland townsite was surveyed in 1894, and in March, 1895—not two years ago—the coming city of the Kootenays began its rapid strides. The old log cabin was moved to the rear of Columbia Avenue, to make way for a commodious drug-store and other buildings; then the pioneer workers, with Ross Thompson, drew up and had their likeness taken, with the old log cabin in the background. They were all present except one, and his absence the writer discovered from a pioneer settler, who, looking at the photograph, exclaimed, "Say, Boss, Austin should be in that 'ere picter!" As there was no time to introduce Mr. Austin, the only method of remedying the omission is to chronicle the fact.

The town has an electric light-

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DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

AT THE MOUTH OF A MINE.

ing system, water-works — yet to be greatly improved—capital hotels, and stores of every description. The fire system has not yet been perfected, although a good force exists. There is a hospital, where the Sisters are, indeed, ministering angels, and where many an injured miner has found a haven of rest and comfort. When the railway system of Southern Kootenay is completed Rossland will be a centre from which many roads will radiate, including the Columbia & Western, the Columbia & Red Mountain, the Crow's Nest (to be commenced this year), and eventually, perhaps, the proposed line through the Hope Mountains into the Okanagan country, and east. Thus it will be seen that those who should know, those most interested, have faith in the permanency of Rossland's gold output.

The opening of the Boundary Creek country will in no manner injure Southern Kootenay, although new towns will spring up at Grand Forks, Greenwood City, Anaconda, and other points. Grand Forks is situated at the junction of the North Fork and Kettle River, about three miles north of the boundary, and it is stated that the Spokane & Northern Railway contemplate constructing a narrow-gauge road from Marcus, in Washington, to the former point, eventually connecting with a line from the Pacific coast. There are now daily stage routes from Marcus and from Penticton to Okanagan Lake. Up to recent date the postal facilities were wretched, a poor building and paucity of attendants being particularly noticeable. No doubt the Government of the day will see to it that the local officials are supplied with the necessary assistance, for it is sadly required. The Canadian Pacific and Western Union Telegraph

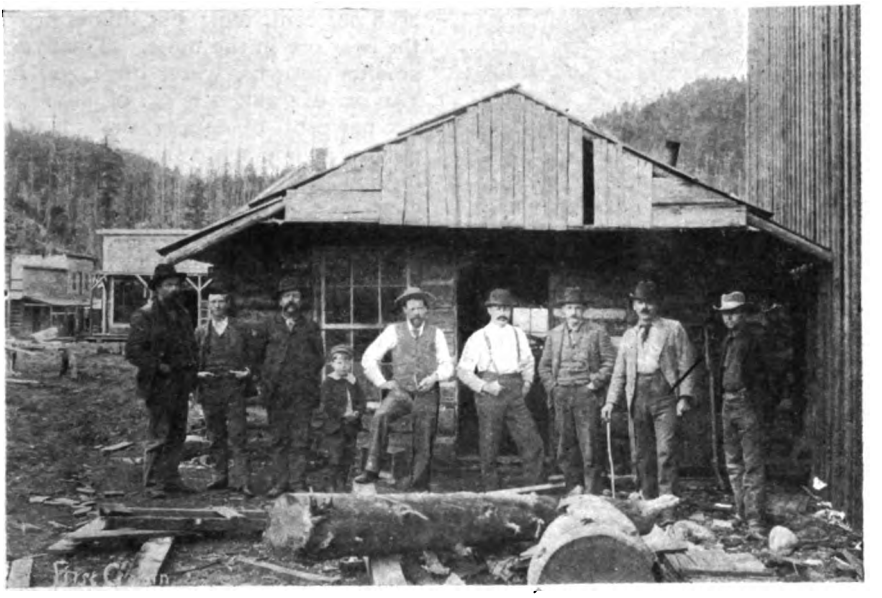


ROSS THOMPSON.
(The First Owner of Rossland.)

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systems have offices on Columbia Avenue, while four newspapers are published: the *Miner*, daily and weekly; the *Record*, daily and weekly; the *Rosslander*, weekly; and the *Review*, weekly.

Rossland's educational system keeps pace with the progress of the town, there being accommodation for between 150 and 175 pupils at the public school. The Bank of Montreal and the Bank of British North America have branches in the town, both being kept busy from an early hour in the morning until late at night. The Bank of British Columbia will also open this spring, and, no doubt, others will follow.



THE FIRST CABIN IN ROSSLAND (ROSS THOMPSON'S).

Despite the natural sociability of miners few are seen under the influence of spirituous liquors; the laws of the country are respected; and a noticeable feature of this cosmopolitan "camp" is the high opinion entertained by people from the United States regarding Canada's constitution and system of government. All classes are busy, hence little time remains for mischief and little temptation to use strong language. In the Western States, unless the atmosphere is kept blue by expletives the miner imagines something has gone wrong! Here the prospector who comes in from a rough week's work behaves himself—if not, John Kirkup, the Chief of Police, sends him to Kamloops to "dig dirt," as the popular local vocabulary describes consignment to prison for a few weeks. These prospectors undergo great hardships and are very prodigal in their manner of living. The poor fellows do not get fair play, for, usually, their work benefits everyone excepting themselves. Some have done remarkably well, however; the writer heard a well-known character who discovered "Volcanic Mountain," in the Boundary country, upon being asked if he had made money, exclaim, "Money! I don't know how much I'm worth—I'm dead rich!"

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One phase of mining experience in all countries is that the men who know the least talk the most. The writer has heard travellers discuss Trail Creek district, and on enquiring found that they had never been so far south, but visited the Slocan country, and *vice versa*; and the next thing was to

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read in newspapers interviews with gentlemen concerning both "camps," based upon scraps of information gathered from passengers on a through trip over the Canadian Pacific! No matter whether their opinions were eulogistic or condemnatory, it was not just to the public nor to the mineral districts. Service, experience, exploratory knowledge have been baffled both



PANNING.

in Ontario and British Columbia regarding the existence of various ores, and the only method of knowing is to see. Certainly the Kootenay country possesses many attractions even apart from the gold and silver deposits. At Rossland one is in the centre of a cosmopolitan metropolis: South Africa, California, Australia, Montana, Idaho, Colorado, Mexico, Wales, and all the Provinces of the Dominion are represented. An evening with the social element there assembled is, in reality, a revelation. On the occasion of the visit of the Hon. A. G. Blair and Colonel Domville, M.P., an object lesson of mining hospitality impressed itself upon the observer. The people talked plainly, but were not self-assertive; they were courteous without being obsequious; and in return their visitors met them heart to heart and eye to eye. The same feature is characteristic of business gatherings and social entertainments.

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But to return to more important subjects: According to William A. Carlyle, Provincial Mineralogist of British Columbia, a gentleman whose industry is remarkable, the first-class ores in Trail district consist mainly of massive fine-grained pyrorthite and copper pyrites, sometimes with a little magnetite or mispickel, with more or less quartz and calcite. In this class of ore, as found in the lowest workings of the Le Roi, the amount of quartz is much higher, the smelting returns giving 41 to 52.8 per cent. silica, and 20.6 to 26.8 per cent. feo.; but this is proving the best ore in the mine. The average smelter returns were, on 1,200 tons, 2.6 oz. of gold, 1.8 oz. of silver, and 2.5 per cent. of copper, or $53.05 net, per ton, while some shipments went as high as 4.06 oz. in gold. The second-class ore, and the bulk of the ore of the camp shipped will probably be of this character and value, is a diorite, with a comparatively small percentage of these sulphides, but the value is still very good; 1,800 tons of the Le Roi second-class yielded, by smelter returns, an average of 1.34 oz. of gold, 1.4 oz. of silver, and 1.6 per cent. of copper, or $27.97 net per ton.

The fact must not be overlooked that, although mining supplies are dear enough, as roads are opened and competition increases the cheapening process will follow. Machinery and appliances, measured by prices a few years ago, have been greatly reduced in cost, and if miners and foremen, and all employed in the performance of manual labour, receive the benefit, the world will be happier and toilers more contented. The following prices for labour are, as nearly as possible, correct: Miners, $3 to $3.50 per eight and ten hour shifts; trammers and topmen, $2.50 per ten hours; engineers, $3.50 to $4 per ten hours; foremen, $4 to $5 per day. The cost of driving tunnels or drifts depends much upon the nature of the ground. In exceptional places, where the ground is much

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broken, the cost is from $7 to $10 per foot, but in solid, tough diorite from $10.50 to $15.50 per foot. Shaft sinking depends upon the size to some extent, but costs from $18 to $23 per foot. The prices of timber, lumber, wood and other supplies are reasonable. The cost of these services, however, will vary according to the character of the rock.

Increased gold output is not solely the result of greater discoveries, but low-grade, refractory ores can be mined economically, the "tailings" can be saved, air-drills have been perfected, and the cyanide process has enabled the miner of certain ores to gather substance from what was shadow. Rock cutting, except under exceptional conditions, has dropped from $12 to $16 per foot to as low as $4.50; "stopping," or breaking the ore after the tunnels have been excavated, can be performed for 75c. per foot, as compared with $3 under the primitive system. In short, supplies are cheaper, mechanical methods more perfect; while the cyanide process, where it can be applied, has worked a practical revolution. In South Africa, where mining was abandoned in 1884, the ore was refractory and low grade, but now, with values ranging from $8 to $22 per ton, immense dividends are being declared, and the Transvaal contributes nearly $43,000,000 per annum to the world's golden treasury. What full returns for 1897, from South Africa, will be only time and official statistics can reveal. Certainly, the outlook is not promising for shareholders, despite the fact that immense quantities of the valuable ore undoubtedly exist. Bayonets and bullets do not belong to modern mining itinerary. If indulged in, even gold could not carry the extra financial burthen.

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What of the future of Southern Kootenay? Some render judgment upon mines according to the district in which they or their friends are interested; that is human nature the world over. It happens, however, in the entire Kootenay country discoveries have been so numerous, extending over such large areas, that, be he scientist or layman, no one would care to jeopardize his reputation by a definite pronouncement antagonistic to the Trail district. Long ago that accomplished scientist, Doctor G. M. Dawson, C.M.G., Director of the Geological Survey of Canada, a gentleman whose indefatigable efforts in this direction entitle him to high honours, pointed out that the Cordilleran belt, or Rocky Mountain region of North America, forming the wide western rim of the continent, had, whenever adequately tested, proved to be rich in precious metals as well as baser ores, comprising throughout a metalliferous country; that alluvial gold deposits or placer mining invariably indicated the existence of quartz ores, and that the more permanent phase of mining invariably followed the construction of



AN OLD PIONEER.

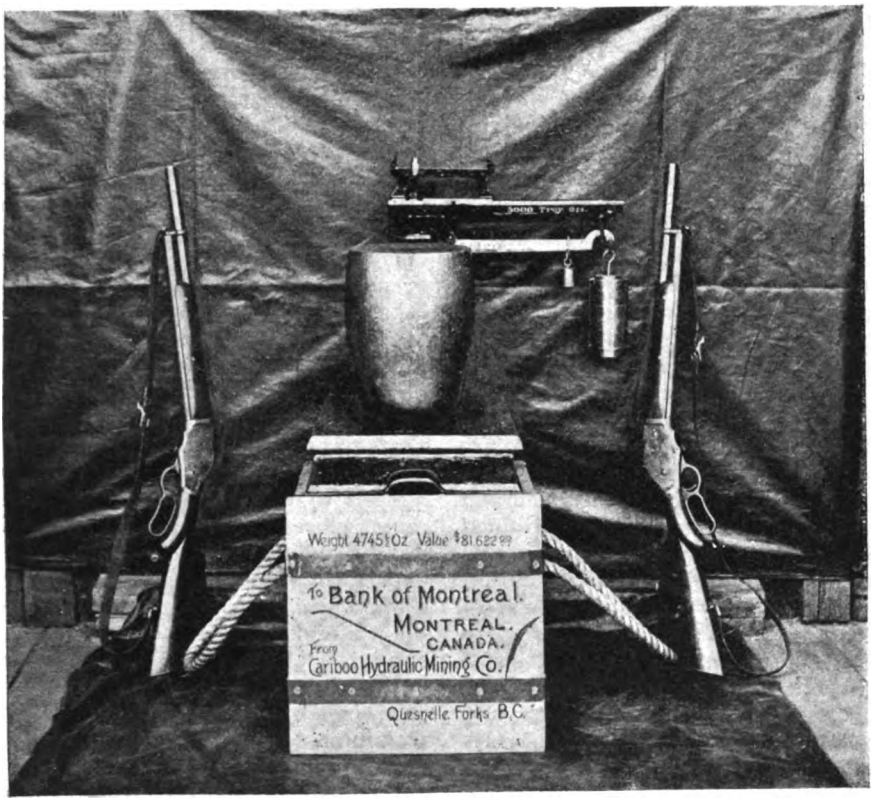
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railways and roads. The Province of British Columbia, from south-east to north-west, including as it does a length of over 800 miles of the Cordilleran region, and with the further extension of the same comprised within the boundaries of the Dominion of Canada, aggregates over 1,200 miles, being identical with the whole length of the region contained within the United States from its Southern boundary with Mexico to its Northern with Canada. Doctor Dawson considered that, being a mountainous country, the development of the resources of the Pacific Provinces would necessarily be slow; but once preliminary obstacles had been overcome, an era of prosperity, difficult to foresee the extent or the end of, would be experienced. His opinion was, indeed, prophetic, as is proved by the rich auriferous quartz reefs now under development, not only meaning wealth to the miner and to the nation, but stimulating every branch of agriculture and commerce.

This is the field now open for the display of Canadian energy. It must be remembered that several of the prolific mines of to-day were abandoned and condemned not very long ago, just as were some of the best South African properties in 1884; just as were many of the promising prospects on the Seine River and Lake of the Woods in Ontario. The oldest miners confess that the greater their experience, the less confidence they feel in rendering a final opinion. In fact, five years ago the mines between Nelson, Kaslo and Slocan were almost unknown, and, if known, generally discredited, wiseacres even venturing to cast the horoscope of failure in connection with the "Silver King." Then, again, the "Slocan Star," "Galena Farm" and many other rich claims, all were to rapidly exhaust themselves, and had the opinion of a few prevailed, patient toilers would have given up hope, lost heart, and abandoned not only those, but many other valuable locations. They had faith, which was infinitely better than the random opinions of very random experts. The same with Trail Creek country; had Durant, and Turner, and Clark, and Galusha, and Warren, and Burke, and Moynahan, and many others, surrendered their judgment to the keeping of those who "knew it all," Rossland would never have been heard of, and Ross Thompson would be sitting in his log cabin cheered by the howling of the wolves, and enlivened by the companionship of grizzlies.

Supposing both to start upon a legitimate basis, probably as much money is lost in commercial as in mining ventures; but the man who pays for calico must not expect to open the box and find velvet, and the man who purchases a mine must spend money to find gold or silver, unless bare rock or iron capping would satisfy him. The ore does not grow on trees, and he who wants must send after it. This was done in the "Le Roy," "War Eagle," "Poorman," "Iron Mask," "Virginia," "Centre Star," "Idaho," "C. & C.," "Columbia & Kootenay," "Josie," "Monte Cristo," "St. Elmo," "Mayflower," "Colonna," "City of Spokane," "Georgia," "Red Mountain," "Jumbo," "O. K." "Great Western," "Enterprise," "Evening Star," "Iron Horse." It is being done in the "Sovereign," "R. E. Lee," "Maid of Erin," "Home Stake," "Lilly May," "Crown Point," "Nickle Plate," "Deer Park," "Commander," "Palo Alto," "San Joaquin," "San Juan," "Spotted Tail," "Caledonia," "Consolidated," "Mugwump," "Nest Egg," "Silverine," "California," and many others covering large areas on Red Mountain, the South Belt, and Look-out Mountain. Probably twenty or thirty of these will be shipping ore during 1897, and three times that number in 1898; and who shall venture to question the probability of greater discoveries, or doubt that within a reasonable period cheap transport, local smelters, and perfected machinery will vouchsafe a profit on ore at present remaining on the "dumps"? The writer emphatically repeats that two requisites are indispensably necessary: cheap trans-

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FROM A PHOTO. AN INGOT OF GOLD READY FOR SHIPMENT.

portation to the smelter and railways to convey the various mixed ores for smelting purposes. Happily, the mines of the Slocan produce every variety, and it is probable that, within a few months, the Trail smelter will be turning out gold bricks instead of sending the matte long distances.

Readers must not imagine, by the foregoing details, that life in a mining camp is all "beer and skittles"; scores of chances have to be taken, scores of obstacles must be encountered and overcome. Clouds as well as sunshine exist; blows as well as caresses. Fortune is just as fickle on the mountains and in the gulches as in the more refined walks of life, be they commercial or professional; there is a bright and a dark side to the shield, and he who is not willing to think and to work might better remain at home. The writer has striven to present an unprejudiced statement with reference to British Columbia, but more, he would impress upon the public men of Canada the fact that they, too, must assume responsibilities, not only for the construction of a southern line from what is called Crow's Nest Pass, but branches and feeders from points of supply. He would impress upon those who have capital the opportunities for utilizing it. There are some who would prefer seeing all the profit remain in British Columbia. Such policy would be penny wise and pound foolish. Outside capital built Denver and Butte and Tacoma and Seattle and scores of other mining cities, just as outside commercial capital assisted in the growth and prosperity of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Toronto, Montreal, and other centres of business.

Then, again, some object to mining companies disposing of shares at low

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figures. Why? The same argument regarding outside capital is applicable to these minor subscriptions; they assist development, while the investment, without jeopardizing the individual contributor's fortune, concentrates his attention upon enterprises of local consequence. Practical men are confident that the financial aid afforded by cheap share issues will result in important discoveries in the near future. Of course it is not presumed that men invest with closed eyes. If they do, then the chances are they will lose their money. Be that as it may, one thing should not be overlooked—national encouragement to those who are developing the Kootenay district. Our people should not be handicapped and then asked to compete with trained athletes. Naturally enough it reduces pluck to find foreign rivals securing the cream of the business, to hear of United States magnates meeting to discuss the advisability of erecting a smelter at Northport; to be forced to ship ores to Seattle and Tacoma, and to exchange the product for necessaries of life purchased from dealers across the border!

It is plain that the practical immigration policy would be to prove that Canada is able to progress without undue dependence upon the outer world. The Dominion has capital and capitalists; unfortunately, many who possess wealth close their purse-strings, imagine they have done enough in their time, and call on the younger element to show what is in them, by taking their chances. Age, after all, is of comparative signification. The bloom of youth never forsakes the man who is active, vigorous, and sympathetic towards his generation, and decrepitude only begins when mental and physical energies are permitted to lie dormant. A Gladstone at eighty-seven years of age is a standing reproach to the middle-aged individual who allows himself to drift into reminiscent currents, closes his counting-house, ties up his money-bags, and prepares to depart in peace. Let some of these think again, and, so thinking, emulate the example of the race whence they sprung. The Kootenay country requires men of capital, men of experience, men of probity and energy. The Dominion possesses them—if they will but come out of seclusion and unite in accomplishing something worthy of manhood

C. H. Mackintosh.

TWO LIVES.

ONE struggled up the rugged road of life
With slow, unwilling feet, that longed for rest;
The path he trod with cruel thorns was rife,
And frowning clouds hung ever in the west;
His sad eyes sought the Haven of Release
That lay afar; "O, give me rest," he cried!
But Death locked fast the golden gates of Peace,
Nor turned the key until Life's eventide.

Another danced along the selfsame way,
O'ershadowed by the sunshine's golden wing;
Soft laughter kissed the throbbing lips of day,
And he was happy as the birds of Spring.
"Life," cried the youth, "Ah! clasp me to thine heart,
Hold thou me close, and leave me not, I pray."
But Death called him and flung the gates apart,
Ere Noon had swept Morn's dewy steps away.

Lizzie English Dyas.

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GOLD IS KING.*

A GENERAL REVIEW OF CANADIAN MINING.

GOLD is King! Such appears to be the dominant idea in the minds of Canadian people to-day, and through its influence we have the welcome sight of a people at last awakening to the knowledge that there is a possibility of acquiring riches from beneath the sod, from the miles upon miles of "barren" rocks so common throughout parts of our great country. We have been too long a race of money lenders, afraid to venture a cent unless another one is placed upon it.

I have known a man controlling a great financial institution such a poor political economist as to contend that more money is put into mines than ever comes out of them; therefore, forsooth, people should let their money lie at 1 or 2 per cent. interest in his bank! Surely every piece of metal taken from the earth is that much absolute gain to the community, even though it should send twice its value into circulation to obtain it. For example, the yield of gold in Nova Scotia is some $400,000 a year, and this includes about 6 per cent. profit on the average; therefore some $370,000 are put into circulation, and a creation of $400,000 takes place each year from gold which, so far as the uses of mankind are concerned, never existed before.

Gold is not the only mineral in Canada, though some people appear to think so just now. Many persons would be surprised to know that during the past decade there is, perhaps, no mineral in the country which has yielded similar profits to the asbestos of the Eastern Townships.

The tone of my article up to this point might be taken to mean that I hail with delight the formation of the thousand and one mining companies to work gold mines in Ontario and British Columbia. That is a somewhat different matter. Most of these companies have for their object the working of a mine, generally in the neighbourhood of some other mine, which is well known to be producing pay ore.

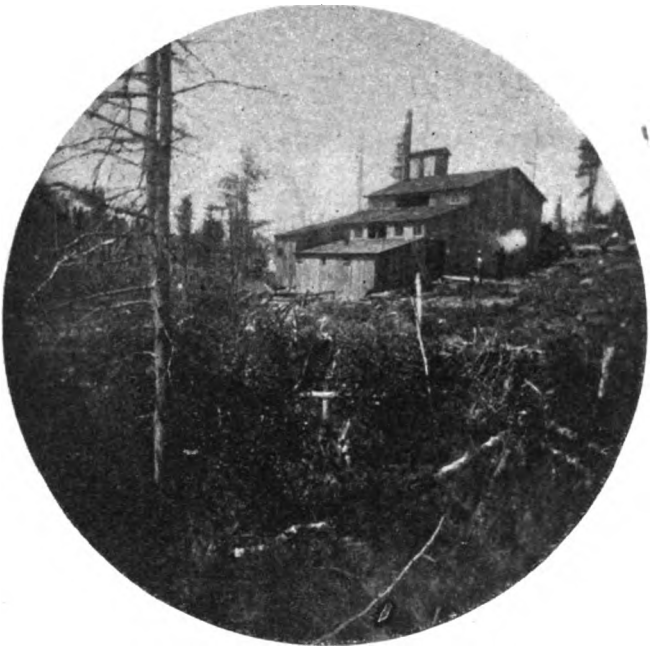
The majority of the people who invest believe that they are taking stock in a *mine*, and that within a short time they will be receiving dividends. I fear in most cases, however, they are supplying money to enable the owner of an undeveloped prospect to put a gang of men on to prospect and see if by chance there may be ore on the property, also to pay for advertising largely, to cover all expenses of vendor and broker, and perhaps to give both some cash for the property—the chief chance of profit to vendor and broker, however, generally lying in reserved blocks of stock, and therefore depending on something of value being haply struck. Sometimes the vendor will supply a report by a Mining Engineer, but for this class of property an engineer who will not make a good report is not wanted, and is left severely alone. A very little colouring, or elementary arithmetic, will make all the difference.

In the Old World, or in the United States, where mining has been carried on for years, no syndicate or company will dream of acquiring property and asking the public to invest money in it, without a confirmatory report made in their interest.

The point we come to after this digression is that the majority of people who are now investing in undeveloped locations, acquired by mining companies with a small amount of working capital, on the representations made by the vendor, or an engineer procured by him, will, in nearly all cases, lose their money. That will make them very sad, if not very angry. In the unrea-

*The illustrations are from photographs by the writer.

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A PIONEER STAMP MILL, LAKE OF THE WOODS DISTRICT, ONTARIO.

sonableness of their feelings they will say: "All men are liars, and particularly those who have to do with mines," and they will all with one accord warn their friends never to put a cent in a mine if they do not want to lose it.

The way the "knowing ones" out west "size up" the situation in Toronto is that the shrewd Yankees of Spokane are unloading their "wild cats" on the innocent Agriculturists of Ontario.

I alluded to trouble arising from too small an amount of working capital. A prospecting and development company may very properly organise on a limited capital, that is to say, in comparison to the amount necessary to open up and equip a mine.

As an example of this fact I recall a conversation I had with an English mining engineer on our way down the Cariboo road in British Columbia. I was telling him that the original operations in the Lake of the Woods had been for the most part killed by the small capitalization of the operating companies. The first little difficulties met with exhausted their capital and the whole district received a black eye. My friend observed that old firms with experience were rarely caught in this way. As a case in point, Mr. John Taylor, firm of John Taylor & Sons of London, of world-wide reputation, always insisted on sufficient working capital being provided on the start. He had done a good deal of work for the firm in different parts of the world, and in one case where he had been making an examination for them, Mr. Taylor asked him how much they should put down to open and equip the mine. My friend replied: "I suppose about £50,000." "Well," said Mr. Taylor, "that may be enough, but I like to to avoid going back to the shareholders and throwing a wet blanket on the enterprise, so let us say £70,000." And £70,000 it was.

Every case, of course, is different, and the above is merely an example.

It will, however, suffice to illustrate the fact that it is doubtful whether we can yet raise money for a great many legitimate mining enterprises on a sound financial basis in Canada. What we can do is to form combinations for testing not one but many prospects, and if the combination is *well managed*, and the prospects *judiciously chosen*, some of them will turn out well enough to justify their purchase by mining companies with enough capital to develop them successfully. Private individuals have been doing this already.

The best rule that can be applied in this class of development work is to limit the expenditure on any one property to a fixed amount, depending on the capitalization of the company, thereby a known number of properties can be operated on and the shareholders will

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know how many chances they are running of striking something good. As in any other business, the success will largely depend on the management and the judgment exercised in the choice of properties, but under ordinarily good management the chances, in our unprospected and undeveloped country, are greatly in favour of any such organization.

Let us for a few moments take a somewhat general view of the condition of mining to-day in Canada and the possibilities which exist for its expansion. Down by the "Sounding Sea," as politicians love to call it, at the very Land's End of Canada, splendidly conducted coal mining operations are carried on in Cape Breton Island. Beds of bituminous coal of immense area and high grade exist there, as well as inland in the Pictou and Springhill areas.

The gold areas of Nova Scotia have been worked for many years. The successful mining operations have been, as a rule, on rich small veins running with the formation in slate, or between beds of slate and quartzite, small mills crushing the ore, and the free gold only being saved. Now, however, larger low-grade veins are receiving attention and being worked to a greater depth than has been the custom in the past, and with bigger mills. Nova Scotia has been the only province in the Dominion producing any quantity of iron, for making which she has both the coke and the iron ore near each other.

The iron and steel producing capabilities of Canada can, however, never be properly developed until we make our own steel rails, which are at present supplied by England and the United States.

Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are also blessed with immense deposits of exceptional gypsum, which supplies most of Canada and a large portion of the eastern part of the United States, whither it is exported in the raw state.

In the Province of Quebec the copper and sulphuric acid operations are, perhaps, the most important at the present moment, though asbestos mining, also in the Eastern Townships, is still remunerative.

The production of chrom-iron ore in the same district promises to be important. Apatite or phosphate mining, once so flourishing, has been snuffed out for the time being by Florida.

Mica mining is still in its infancy. Iron is smelted by charcoal from bog iron ore in one medium and one small furnace. And gold exploration is said to be going on in the once productive alluvial workings of the Eastern Townships. This last-mentioned district is an example of conditions which have produced a certain amount of rich placer gold, but where the country slates (Cambrian) have never yet re-



A GIANT QUARTZ-VEIN, SEINE RIVER, RAINY RIVER DISTRICT, ONTARIO.

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A GOLD-BEARING QUARTZ-VEIN, SEINE RIVER, RAINY RIVER DISTRICT, ONTARIO.

vealed a quartz vein which was high grade enough to work.

In Ontario, a quiet production of salt, petroleum, gypsum, and an intermittent output of iron in the eastern, and of silver in the western part of the Province, has been going on for years. Lately, the building of a well-equipped blast furnace at Hamilton has given fresh hope to the iron interests. The splendid results obtained by Mr. Caldwell from his operations at the Sultana mine, and the excellent prospects being opened up in the Lake of the Woods, Seine River, Wahnipitae and Marmora districts, all point to the fact that Ontario is likely to be an important gold-producing Province.

The Sudbury district is not turning out as much nickel and copper as it did some years ago, the Canada Copper Company being the only active producer. Much disappointment has been experienced that steel manufacturers have not yet, to any extent, availed themselves of the additional strength given to steel by nickel, and therefore its use is still limited, but the high price of nickel, owing to expense of production, is probably the chief reason for the tardiness of the steel maker. There is an interesting similarity between the Sudbury nickel ore and the Rossland gold ore in physical character. If they were mixed, it would seem that they could not possibly be separated. Their occurrence is, however, somewhat different, though the country rock in both cases belongs to the greenstone type.

Passing west we find important beds of coal in the territories which attain the qualities of a very high grade Lignite at the Galt mines, a bituminous coking coal at Bow River Mines, a semi-anthracite at Canmore, and a good anthracite at the place of that name near Banff.

To the north there are great areas of petroleum and salt.

In British Columbia, of recent years, the coal output of Vancouver Island has exceeded in value that of any other mineral. Large areas of high grade bituminous exist there at Nanaimo, Wellington and Comox. Inland, the Crow's Nest and Nicola Valley areas both produce coking bituminous coal.

In the early sixties gold was once before "the king." In 1863 about four millions of dollars' worth was produced in Cariboo, that district having yielded some $60,000,000 up to the present, with plenty more left there. During the past season the Cariboo hydraulic mine has yielded some $120,000 in bullion, and several other large placer schemes, on a modern basis of working, will ere long add to the general output. Gold is very widely distributed in the Province from Rossland, Camp McKinney and Fairview,

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along the International boundary line, via Lillooet and Cariboo clear up to Cassiar and the Yukon.

The former place is at present the largest producer from its smelting ores, but profitable free milling operations are carried on in the West Kootenay, at the "Poorman," near Nelson, and at the "Cariboo" mine at Camp McKinney.

The development is not confined to the main shore, but Vancouver Island is producing gold and the Victorians are very hopeful.

Dredging the river beds for concentrated gold is a very attractive "proposition," but owing to large boulders and rapid current it has not been successful on the Fraser or the Quesnelle. Large schemes in this direction are still being undertaken, and the lessons to be derived from the successful New Zealand operations may be profited by and lead to paying dredging work in British Columbia.

Silver mining has been very profitable in some instances, especially in the Slocan. A permanent industry in this direction may confidently be expected, both from silver-lead ore and from silver-copper ore. Smelters have already been built, one of which has been running on the former class of ores at Pilot Bay, and another on the latter class at Nelson. There is a third smelter operating in the Province at Trail, on the copper-gold ores of the Rossland district.

Copper seems to be as abundant in British Columbia as in the adjacent State to the south (Montana). This State produces nearly half the copper output of the United States, which for 1895 was $38,682,347,—more than the whole combined metal and mineral production of the Dominion of Canada! The only mercury mine under the British flag is being operated at Savonas, on the Shushwap Lakes.

Lead is too abundant to be considered, and more or less of almost every mineral is found in the immense stretch of mountain ranges traversing British Columbia from the American boundary to the Arctic.



BULL PINE TREES IN THE BUNCH GRASS COUNTRY OF THE OKANAGAN, B.C.

Regarding the possibilities of the future, the United States produced metallic and non-metallic substances in 1895 of a value of $622,230,723. Amongst these pig iron, chiefly the product of the east, was $105,198,550, the ore coming from ranges that run in some instances into Ontario. The chief output of silver, $72,051,000; gold, $46,610,000; mercury, $1,337,131, was in the west, and about two-thirds the production of copper, above mentioned, would also be from the continuation of those ranges, which

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FREIGHTING UP THE CARIBOO ROAD, B.C.

continue directly through British Columbia, and where somewhat similar results may be expected as the result of exploration and the judicious investment of capital. A large proportion of the $10,655,040 yield in lead is also from the west.

This is to say the same mountain ranges that run through British Columbia produce, in the United States, in about a similar extent of country, about $150,000,000 per annum from silver, gold, copper, mercury and lead.

The last available report of the mineral output of Canada (for 1895) gives the total production of metallic and non-metallic substances at $22,500,000.

It does not require another statement to carry conviction to any ordinary minded person that a disparity exists which is by no manner of means justifiable—that there must be latent possibilities for mineral development from the Atlantic to the Pacific of which advantage has not been taken.

Whether from a lack of patriotic policy on the part of the government of the country, as in the case of steel rails, or a lack of interest and faith in



A VIEW DOWN IN A SHAFT. THE LIGHT-COLOURED ROCK IS THE GOLD-BEARING VEIN.

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the possibilities of their country on the part of a land speculating and money lending people, the minerals of the Dominion of Canada have been neglected by Canadians. Up to the present the foreign investor has, as a rule, been deceived or disappointed by taking undeveloped prospects for mines. We should take a little of the risk ourselves, try the prospects, spend some money on them to see if they will justify their development into mines, and when they are proved to such an extent that their worth is undoubted, and that it is only a question of capital to open up a mine and erect a plant, their sale will be justified, and disappointment and "black eyes" to the whole mineral prospects will not be so numerous as in the past. Therefore, Canadian development Companies, acting under the most conservative and experienced advice, can do good work for the future of the mineral production of Canada.

Wm. Hamilton Merritt.



OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN.

TEACH us, dear Lord, all that it means to say
The words "Our Father" when we kneel to pray;
Our Father Thou, then every child of Thine
Is, by the bond, a brother, Lord, of mine.

Teach us, dear Lord, all that it means to say
"Thy will be done" when we do kneel and pray;
Thy will be done, then our proud wills must break
And lose themselves in love for Thy dear sake.

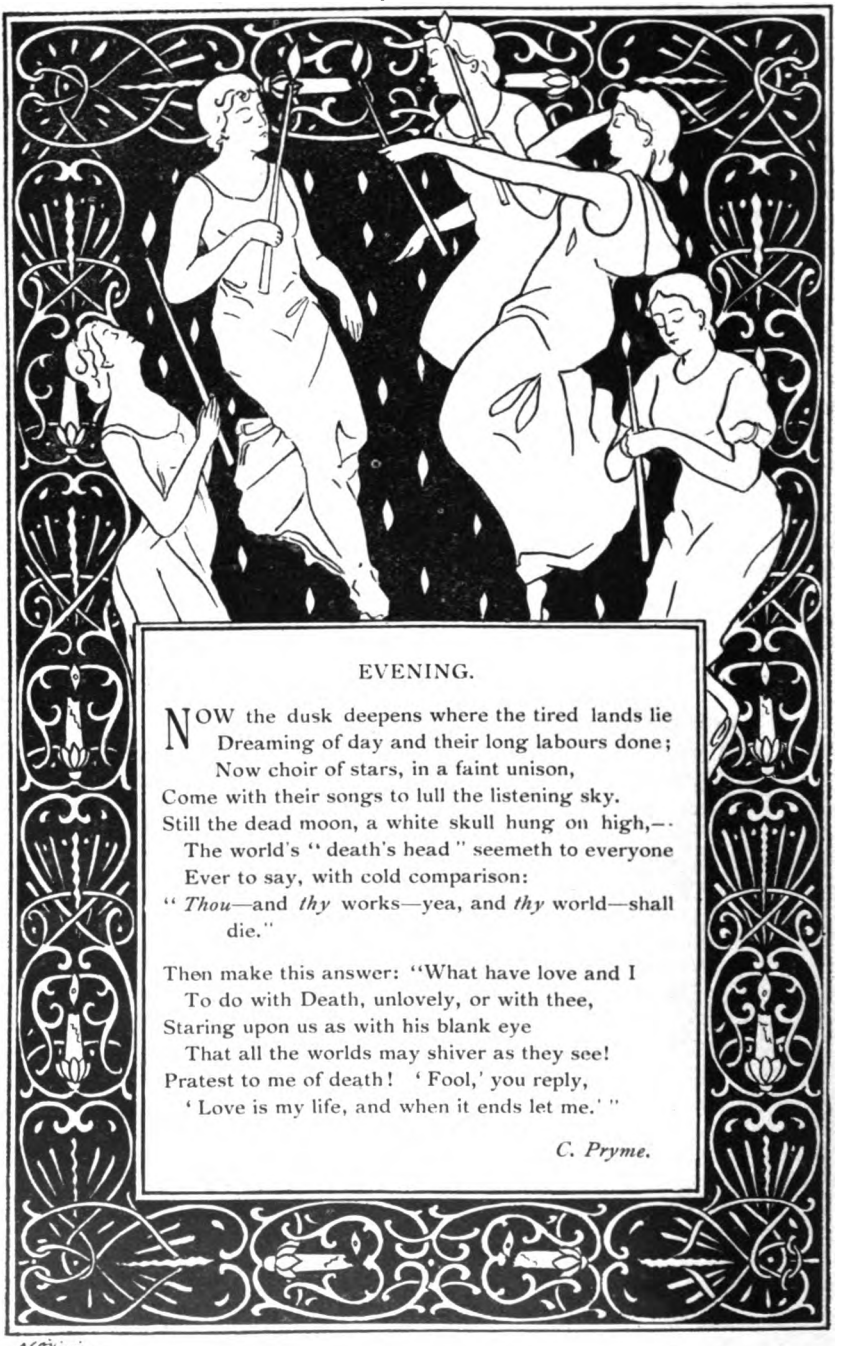
Teach us, dear Lord, all that it means to say
"Give us our daily bread" when we do pray;
We will be trustful when we understand,
Nor grasp the loaf from out a brother's hand.

Teach us, dear Lord, all that it means to say,
"Forgive our trespasses" when we do pray;
Forgive! the word was coined in Paradise,
And this world's hope and trust within it lies.

Teach us, dear Lord, all that it means to say
This prayer of Thine when kneeling day by day;
For when we know—and live—its meaning deep,
No hearts will need to break, no eyes to weep.

Jean Blewett.

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EVENING.

NOW the dusk deepens where the tired lands lie
Dreaming of day and their long labours done;
Now choir of stars, in a faint unison,
Come with their songs to lull the listening sky.
Still the dead moon, a white skull hung on high,—
The world's "death's head" seemeth to everyone
Ever to say, with cold comparison:
"*Thou*—and *thy* works—yea, and *thy* world—shall die."

Then make this answer: "What have love and I
To do with Death, unlovely, or with thee,
Staring upon us as with his blank eye
That all the worlds may shiver as they see!
Pratest to me of death! 'Fool,' you reply,
'Love is my life, and when it ends let me.'"

C. Pryme.

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SIR WILLIAM C. VAN HORNE, K.C.M.G.

A Character Sketch.

EVERY land has its national honour roll, though differing widely as to who compose it. One country gives preference to heroes of the battlefield, or of the sea; another emphasizes the names of its empire makers. Italy remembers her men of artistic and literary genius in monument and statue, in Pantheon and Santa Croce; France, her illustrious men of letters; Germany, her rulers and liberators. Great Britain has crowded Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's with memorials to her kings and queens, soldiers and sailors, nobles and statesmen, artists and poets.

With the advent of a more democratic age, especially in western lands, these rolls of honour contain chiefly the names of leaders of commercial and industrial enterprises. The industrial revolution of the century has evolved leaders who are justly honoured for what they have accomplished. The names of Bessemer and Faraday have been inscribed on the roll of the generation to which we belong. The name of George Stephenson has not yet been erased from memory. He who first navigated the Atlantic in a steam-propelled craft, he who conceived the Suez Canal, he who tunneled the St. Gotthard, or built the Bell Rock lighthouse, or thought out the Forth Bridge, he who harnessed the mysterious forces of electricity, he who discovered an anæsthetic for pain—these are among the honoured ones of this age.

Canada has her Roll of Honour, with not a few worthy names thereon—men who have made an impress on the country by their achievements; and if it is not essential, as it should not be, to await a man's death in order to award him his honestly won place in the esteem and regard of his fellowmen, then the name of Sir William C. Van Horne should be counted worthy of honour. Some men's achievements mock them, as did those of Troilus, but a man who has stood by at the birth of a great trans-continental railway, who saw the first sod broken and who witnessed the last rail spiked, who passed through the years of storm and stress that intervened between these two events, with all they recall of tests of faith, temporary reverses and hills of difficulty, and who to-day can travel over 3,500 miles of railway under his controlling hand—such a man is stamped as great by his work, and such an accomplishment calls for recognition from all who admire definite and great results.

Sir William Van Horne has made his home in Montreal, where the head offices of his Company are located, and the occupant of the substantial stone mansion on Sherbrooke Street, surrounded by the art treasures and the home comforts that good fortune and good taste have enabled him to accumulate, must experience a well-earned pleasure in living over again the varied events of his fifty-three years of life, reaching back to his boyhood days in Illinois, when he occupied his first responsible position in life as a chainbearer during the survey of the Central Pacific Railway. He no doubt remembers, too, his occasional visits to town—always an event in a lad's life—Joliet being the nearest centre of population, where he made many friendships, which still last. As a youth he mastered telegraphy, a knowledge of which he has always advised railway juniors to acquire. Then followed his rapid series of promotions, until the little Illinois lad became a Canadian railway magnate, with a comfortable salary and a title from the Queen. Sir William's Dutch ancestors played a not unimportant part in laying the foundations of Manhattan, and from them he

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doubtless derived some of the sterling qualities that have enabled him to fulfil a remarkable career comparatively early in life. He is, however, but one of scores in the railway service of this continent who have risen from the ranks to positions of eminence. The general manager of the New York Central Railway was once a trainman ; the president of the Lake Shore line served as chain-bearer to an engineer; and the president of the Union Pacific once pushed a truck on the Omaha platform.



FROM AN EARLY PHOTO.

SIR WILLIAM C. VAN HORNE.

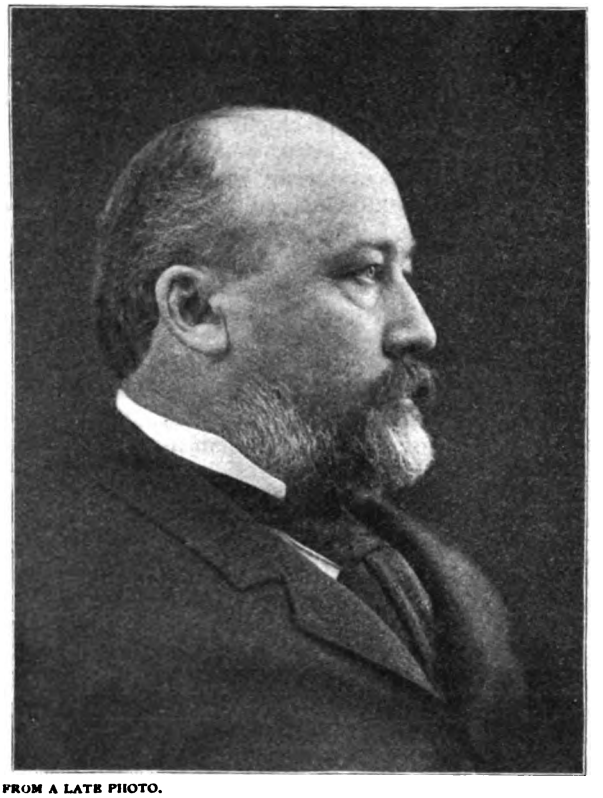
After having mastered telegraphy, the future head of the Canadian Pacific was employed by the Illinois Central Railway, and by several other western lines in succession, through all the grades of railway officialdom up to the very highest. In 1882, the time and the task called for a man to take charge of the projected Canadian Pacific line, and luckily there was one to be had. At first Mr. Van Horne, for the "Sir William" had not then appeared, was appointed general manager ; two years later vice-president, and finally president, with unusually wide powers and privileges. Among the secrets of his success is the fact that he brought to the task of building the great steel highway a practical knowledge of almost every department of railway work, from the building of a bridge or the laying of a curve to the management of an extensive system. He is something of an engineer and draughtsman, and, as one has said, "knows every tie in the road. His knowledge is simply encyclopediac. He can draw a sketch of a siding, a switch, a culvert, or any special portion of track at a moment's notice. With him an inspection of the line is not a perfunctory operation ; he knows his business thoroughly."

When the celebrated British Columbia arbitration between the railway corporation and the Dominion Government, in reference to the construction of the line through the mountain passes, was heard, the investigation lasted off and on for four or five years, commencing in 1889. The arbitration counsel and witnesses spent many weeks at a time along the line of the road, often holding court at way stations or sidings. The President of the Company was naturally the chief witness, and, as such, was subject to the most searching cross-examinations by the leading legal lights of the Dominion. Intellectual battles royal often resulted, in which Sir William usually held his own. During the most interesting of these inquiries the witness illustrated a dual mind by not only replying to the questions and following closely the trend of the investigation, but by sketching on a sheet of paper lying in front of him the chief characters forming the scene. On one occasion he made a sketch of the whole court, including an excellent

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portrait of Chancellor Boyd. At another time Mr. B. B. Osler was surprised to find, at the conclusion of a long cross-examination, that his witness had produced a striking picture of the legal quizzer.

Let us now visit the home of Sir William, the Railway Knight. It is generally recognized that Montreal is our chief Canadian art centre, and its millionaires have brought to their palatial homes not a few Old World masterpieces. Those who are privileged to see within the walls of the Van Horne residence will speedily recognize in its owner one of Montreal's leading art connoisseurs. Besides being a museum, his home is a gallery of art. The walls of almost every apartment, from the reception-room to the attic studio, are covered with canvases, many of them bearing such world-known names as Sir Joshua Reynolds, Corot, Daubigny, Maas, Valasquez, Cuyp, Dore, Diaz, Delacroix, Ribot, George Innes, and many others of renown. A visitor's enjoyment of Sir William's pictures is enhanced by his own evident and justifiable pride in and love for them. As books to a book-lover are his canvases to the picture-lover; they are his friends, his choice companions.



FROM A LATE PHOTO.

SIR WILLIAM C. VAN HORNE.

The library—a cosy, inviting retreat—contains two of his rarest possessions, a small canvas by Velasquez (a full-length view of Christ on the cross), and a quaint old portrait of an old man with high, white ruff and broad black hat, from the brush of Franz Hals.

The walls of the billiard-room and dining-room hold a score or more of larger pictures, bearing the magical names of Constable and Reynolds; a life-size portrait by, it is supposed, a pupil of Rembrandt, and other valuable productions. Some of the pictures in these fine apartments bear no name, but if you venture to charge your host with being their author, you may wring from him a deprecatory acknowledgment of the fact. The spacious halls and drawing-rooms are also utilized as galleries.

The second flight of steps leads to the studio, another apartment well suited for its purpose, with easels and walls covered with complete or partially finished works. Here one finds that the railway president is an artist as well—practically a self-taught one. One of his pictures, which hangs in the billiard-room, is a rare gem—a Manitoba harvest-field with the gold on the grain brought into striking relief by a passing thunderstorm. Those

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qualified to express the opinion assert that if Sir William had pursued art instead of railroading he would have made a high name as a painter. He rarely, if ever, sketches from nature, but paints from memory, and his studio shows a large amount of work in its initial stages.

The President of the Canadian Pacific is not only a lover and collector of good pictures, but an enthusiastic gatherer of other art treasures. As a result, therefore, his home is a veritable art museum, the collecting of whose contents must have cost a goodly sum. His cabinets (in themselves both rare and costly) are chiefly filled with Japanese ware—saku and tea cups and saucers in great variety, magnificent satsuma bowls, and vases, and rare bronzes. The Japanese of to-day have practically lost the art of producing their satsuma wares, the consequence being that such choice specimens as Sir William possesses are sufficiently rare to greatly enhance their value. His collection of Chinese pottery is no less interesting and valuable, and he is fond of placing them in contrast and comparing their points. On one shelf is placed a Chinese, an American and an English vase, showing at a glance the superior workmanship of the first, and the inferior imitation of the last two.

His private collection of both Japanese and Chinese pottery is beyond question the finest in Canada, if not in America. He has many influential friends in both these countries, who, no doubt, assist him in securing choice prizes from time to time. In addition, he has an extensive assortment of old Japanese arrows and spear-heads and sword-hilts, remnants of old-time war methods. Quaint old models of ships hang suspended from the ceilings and add variety to the contents of this princely museum.

The pottery, or "old china craze" as the Philistine would call it, has seized on many notable men. It raged with much fury with Mr. Gladstone. Just as he was often deep in politics or in theology, just as earnestly has he been deep in china until he had filled many cabinets with precious specimens. One of his vacations was devoted to the study of Sêvres, Dresden and Dutch ware. It was while he was in the midst of his researches that a political colleague, visiting his chief, in an unlucky moment mentioned home politics. Then, it is said, the eagle eye flashed fire, and the Grand Old China Collector burst forth: "For heaven's sake, leave politics alone here!"—the beauty of the Sèvres vase for the moment swelling larger than the British ship of State. In the same manner, I imagine, it would be dangerous, while our Canadian collector is fondly exhibiting a saku cup or a costly ceramic specimen, to suddenly exclaim: "By the way, what about the complaint as to the high freight rates in the Northwest?" He, too, would reply, at such a critical moment: "For goodness' sake leave the C.P.R. alone, at least while I have this saku cup in my hand. Don't you know it is the only one of its kind in existence, and that it cannot be duplicated?" The only difficulty about this surmise is that of ever imagining the president of our across-continent highway demanding, under any conceivable circumstance, that it should not be referred to, for it is in truth the apple of his eye and the source of many of his pleasant dreams.

Sir William's other tastes have by no means crowded out the library. In this department one soon perceives his wide range of reading. There is no surprise at seeing richly-bound and expensive art books, nor a goodly collection of works pertaining to railways, but lying on the table were such widely-divergent books as Dr. Parkin's Canada and a book of chafing dish recipes (for its owner has the reputation of knowing how to cook).

The interior of the house is finished in Canadian woods, and it is a striking evidence of the rich effects that may be secured by their use. The dining-room is finished in British Columbia woods, coloured to resemble rich mahogany.

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Sir William is a firm believer in the Young Man. Possibly he may not object to still be classed as one himself. This belief on his part explains the well-known fact that the C.P.R. is, in the main, manned by young men. He is a strict disciplinarian and demands the best service his staff can give him, and the army of employees have always given a hearty loyalty to the president, for they are proud of their executive head and proud of what he has accomplished. Comparatively few strikes have occurred on the line, and, so far as the public can judge, there is the best of feeling between the president and his subordinates. He is, or has been, no exception to the rule of hard work which he has required from his staff. During the constructive period, five or six in the morning found him ready for a long day's work. His correspondence would be cleared off early in the forenoon, and the afternoon was thus free for other duties. Midnight was his retiring hour—an example of long-sustained effort, perhaps, not to be generally recommended. Now that the line is successfully running, its head takes life more easily, and has wisely relegated many details to his competent officials. When questioned as to his future plans, Sir William falls back on an old habit that has always stood him in good stead—a sudden deafness that prevents him from hearing the prying query; but one is at liberty to prophecy that he will now carry out some long-cherished plans of travel with special reference to studying foreign art. He has not travelled very extensively. Only once, I believe, has he visited Europe, and he has never yet used one of his own round-the-world tickets *via* the Pacific and the East.

Two features stand out prominently in Sir William Van Horne's personalty: his force of character and his self-control. He carries men with him, he leads them without their always knowing it; and he is not long one of a group of men without exhibiting this trait. It stood out more clearly, perhaps, in the dark days of the road, when only those who were at the helm knew of the rocks in the channel—the financial fogs, the engineering difficulties; but the young manager, by his optimism and pluck, cheered the men who had their fortunes at stake to success and further fortune.

His self-control has been shown in many a situation of danger, sometimes when the wires carried bad news, as when a landslide on the north shore of Lake Superior carried away a portion of track and a valuable lot of steel rails. The message was handed to him at his desk, but a mere lifting of the eyebrows and a low-toned exclamation was all that told of a loss of many thousands of dollars. On another occasion, when a friend was in jeopardy in a small sail-boat in a squall, the subject of my sketch only betrayed his intense anxiety by pacing the pier and smoking his cigar furiously.

He is at times the essence of terseness, as when a caller, noticing a drawing of a cantilever bridge on his desk, asked: "What is the limit of the chasm you can bridge by this engineering method?" the laconic reply was, "Money!" and money, backed by brains, has certainly been a miracle-worker on the C.P.R.

Sir William's holidays are frequently enjoyed at his retreat at St. Andrew's, where he is monarch of a goodly domain, and the rustic Van Horne cottage is seen in some of the canvases of the artist-president. While a hard worker when on duty, he is a thorough believer in enjoying the good things of life both in nature and art, in the home and "on the road"—a philosophy not belied by his own appearance.

Frank Yeigh.

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MY CONTEMPORARIES IN FICTION.*

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

III.—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

IN the scheme of this series, as originally announced, Thackeray's work should have formed the subject of the third article. But on reflection I have decided that, considering my present purpose, it would be little more than a useless self-indulgence to do what I at first intended. There is no sort of dispute about Thackeray. There is no need for any revision of the general opinion concerning him. It would be to me, personally, a delightful thing to write such an appreciation as I had in mind, but this is not the place for it.

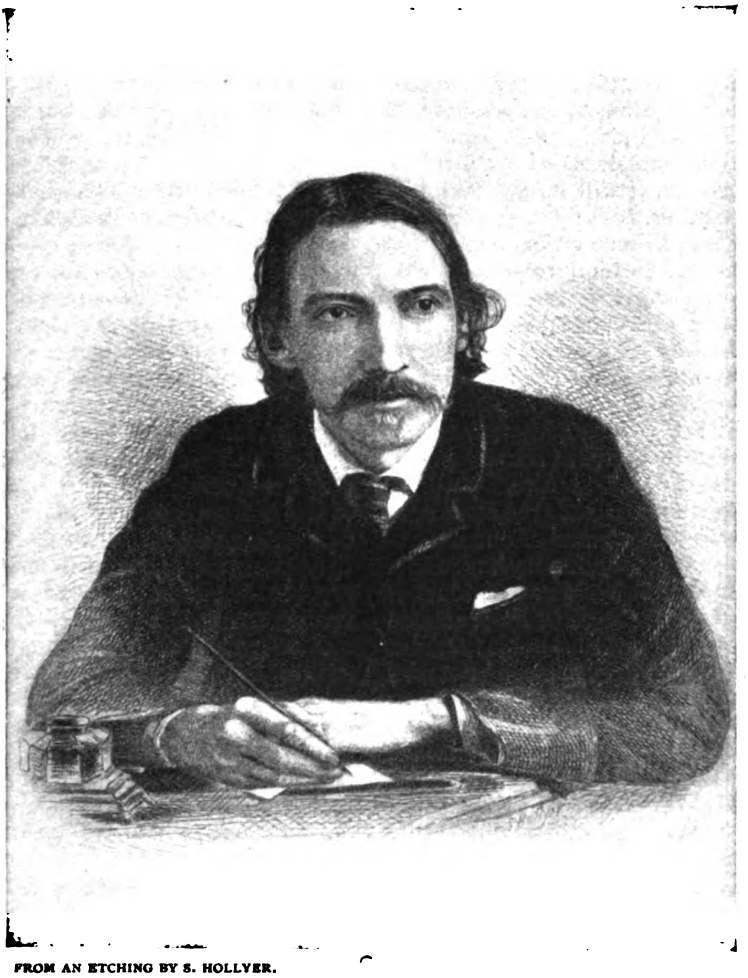
Let us pass, then, at once to the consideration of the incomplete and arrested labours of the charming and accomplished workman whose loss all lovers of English literature are still lamenting.

I have special and private reasons for thinking warmly of Robert Louis Stevenson, the man; and these reasons seem to give me some added warrant for an attempt to do justice to Robert Louis Stevenson, the writer. With the solitary exception of the unfortunate cancelled letters from Samoa, which were written whilst he was in ill-health, and suffered a complete momentary eclipse of style, he has scarcely published a line which may not afford the most captious reader pleasure. With that sole exception he was always an artist in his work, and always showed himself alive to the finger-tips. He was in constant conscious search of felicities in expression, and his taste was exquisitely just. His discernment in the use of words kept equal pace with his invention—he knew at once how to be fastidious and daring. It is to be doubted if *any* writer has laboured with more constancy to enrich and harden the texture of his style, and at the last a page of his was like cloth of gold for purity and solidity.

This is the praise which the future critics of English literature will award him. But in this age of critical hysteria it is not enough to yield a man the palm for his own qualities. With regard to Stevenson our professional guides have gone fairly demented, and it is worth while to make an effort to give him the place he has honestly earned before the inevitable reaction sets in, and unmerited laudations have brought about an unmerited neglect. His life was arduous. His meagre physical means and his fervent spirit were pathetically ill-mated. It was impossible to survey his career without a sympathy which trembled from admiration to pity. Certain, in spite of all precaution, to die young, and in the face of that stern fact genially and unconquerably brave, he extorted love. Let the whole virtue of this truth be acknowledged, and let it stand in excuse for praises which have been carried beyond the limits of absurdity. It is hard to exercise a sober judgment where the emotions are brought strongly into play. The inevitable tragedy of Stevenson's fate, the unescapable assurance that he would not live to do all which such a spirit in a sounder frame would have done for an art he loved so fondly, the magnetism of his friendship, his downright incapacity for envy, his genuine humility with regard to his own work and reputation, his unboastful and untiring courage, made a profound impression upon many of his contemporaries. It is, perhaps, small wonder if critical opinion were in part moulded by such influences as these. Errors of judgment thus induced are easily condoned. They are, at least, a million times more respectable than the mendacities of the pub-

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FROM AN ETCHING BY S. HOLLYER.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

lisher's tout, or the mutual ecstasies of the rollers of logs and the grinders of axes.

The curious ease with which, nowadays, every puny whipster gets the sword of Sir Walter has already been remarked. If any Tom o' Bedlam chooses to tell the world that all the new Scottish novelists are Sir Walter's masters, what does it matter to anybody? It is shamelessly silly and impertinent, of course, and it brings newspaper criticism into contempt; but there is an end of it. If the writers who are thus made ridiculous choose to pluck the straws out of their critics' hair and stick them in their own, they are poorer creatures than I take them for. The thing makes us laugh, or makes us mourn, just as it happens to hit our humour; but it really matters very little. It establishes one of two things —the critic is hopelessly incapable or hopelessly dishonest. The dilemma is absolute. The peccant gentleman may choose his horn, and no honest and capable reader cares one copper which he takes.

But with regard to Stevenson the case is very different. Stevenson has made a bid for lasting fame. He is formally entered in the list of starters

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for the great prize of literary immortality. No man alive can say with certainty whether he will get it. Every forced eulogy handicaps his chances. Every exaggeration of his merits will tend to obscure them. The pendulum of taste is remorseless. Swing it too far on one side, it will swing itself too far on the other.

In his case it has unfortunately become a critical fashion to set him side by side with the greatest master of narrative fiction the world has ever seen. In the interests of a true artist, whom this abuse of praise will greatly injure if it be persisted in, it will be well to endeavour soberly and quietly to measure the man, and to arrive at some approximate estimate of his stature.

It may be assumed that the least conscientious and instructed of our professional guides has read something of the history of Sir Walter Scott, and is, if dimly, aware of the effect he produced in the realm of literature in his lifetime. Sir Walter (who is surpassed or equalled by six writers of our own day, in the judgment of those astounding gentlemen who periodically tell us what we ought to think) was the founder of three great schools. He founded the school of romantic mediæval poetry; he founded the school of antiquarian romance; and he founded the school of Scottish-character romance. He did odds and ends of literary work, such as the compilation and annotation of "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and the notes to the poems and the Waverley Series. These were sparks from his great stithy, but a man of industry and talent might have shown them proudly as a lifetime's labour. The great men in literature are the epoch makers, and Sir Walter is the only man in the literary history of the world who was an epoch maker in more than one direction. It is the fashion to-day to decry Sir Walter as a poet. There are critics who, setting a high value on the verse of Wordsworth or of Browning, for example, cannot concede the name of poetry to any modern work which is not subtle, profound, metaphysical, or analytical. But as a mere narrative poet few men whose judgment is of value will deny Scott the next place to Homer. As a poet he created an epoch. It filled no great space in point of time, but we owe to Sir Walter's impetus "The Giaour," "The Corsair," "The Bride of Abydos." In his second character of antiquarian romancist, he awoke the elder Dumas, and such a host of imitators, big and little, as no writer ever had at his heels before or since. When he turned to Scottish character he made Galt, and Robert Louis Stevenson, and Dr. George Macdonald, and all the modern gentlemen who, gleaning modesty in the vast field he found, and broke, and sowed, and reaped, are now his rivals.

Do the writers who claim to guide our opinions read Scott at all? Do they know the scene of the hidden and revealed forces in the Trossach glen—the carriage of the Fiery Cross—the sentence on the erring nun—the last fight of her betrayer? Do they know the story of Jeannie Deans? But it is useless to ask these questions or to multiply these instances. Scott is placed. Master of laughter, master of tears, giant of swiftness and terror, crowned king, without one all-round rival.

One of those astonishing and yet natural things which sometimes startle us is the value some minds attach to mere modernity in art. An old thing is tossed up in a new way, and there are those who set more value on the way than the thing, and are instantly agape with admiration at originality. But originality and modishness are different things. People who have a right to guide public opinion discern the difference.

The absurd and damaging comparison between Scott and Stevenson has been gravely offered by the latter's friends. They are doing a beautiful artist a serious injustice. You could place Stevenson's ravishing assortment of cameos in any chamber of Scott's feudal castle. It is an intaglio beside a cathedral, a humming-bird beside an eagle. It is anything exquisite beside anything nobly huge.

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Let any man who may be strongly of opinion that I am mistaken conceive Scott and Stevenson living in the same age, and working in complete ignorance of each other. Scott would still have set the world on fire. Stevenson, with his deft, swift, adaptive spirit, and his not easily over-praised perfection in his craft, would have still done something; but he would have missed his loftiest inspiration; his style would have been far other than it is.

As a bit of pure literary enjoyment, there are not many things better than to turn from Stevenson's more recent pages to Scott's letters in Lockhart's "Life," and to see where the modern found the staple of his best and latest style.

The comparison which has been urged so often will not stand a moment's examination. Stevenson is not a great creative artist. He is not an epoch maker. He cannot be set shoulder to shoulder with any of the giants. It is no defect in him which prompts this protest. Except in the sense in which his example of purity, delicacy and finish in verbal work will inspire other artists, Stevenson will have no imitators, as original men always have. He has "done delicious things," but he has done nothing new. He has, with astonishing labour and felicity, built a composite style out of the style of every good writer of English. Even in a single page he sometimes reflected many manners. He is the embodiment of the literary as distinguished from the originating intellect. His method is almost perfect, but it is devoid of personality. He says countless things which are the very echo of Sir Walter's epistolary manner. He says things like Lamb, and sometimes they are as good as the original could have made them. He says things like Defoe, like Montaigne, like Rochefoucauld. His bouquet is culled in every garden, and set in leaves which have grown in all forests of literature. He is deft, apt, sprightly, and always sincerely a man. He is just and brave, and essentially a gentleman. He has the right imitative romance, and he can so blend Defoe and Dickens with a something of himself which is almost, but not quite, creative that he can present you with a blind old Pugh or a John Silver. He is a *litterateur* born—and made. A verbal invention is meat and drink to him. There are places where you see him actively in pursuit of one, as when Markheim stops the clock "with an interjected finger," or when John Silver's half-shut, cunning, and cruel eye sparkles "like a crumb of glass." Stevenson has run across the Channel for that crumb, and it is worth the journey.

Stevenson certainly had that share of genius which belongs to the man who can take infinite pains. Add to this a beautiful personal character, and an almost perfect receptivity. Add again the power of sympathetic realization in a purely literary sense, and you have the man. Let me make my last addition clear. It is a common habit of his to think as his literary favourites would have thought. He could think like Lamb. He could think like Defoe. He could even fuse two minds in this way, and make it, as it were, a composite mind for himself to think with. His intellect was of a very rare and delicate sort, and whilst he was essentially a reproducer, he was in no sense an imitator, or even for a single second a plagiarist. He had an alembic of his own which made old things new. His best possession was that very real sense of proportion which was at the root of all his humour. "Why doesn't God explain these things to a gentleman like me?" There a profound habitual reverence of mind suddenly encounters with a ludicrous perception of his own momentary self-importance. The two electric opposites meet, and emit that flash of summer lightning.

Stevenson gave rare honour to his work, and the artist who shows his self-respect in that best of ways will always be respected by the world. He has fairly won our affection and esteem, and we give them ungrudgingly. In seeming to belittle him I have taken an ungrateful piece of work in hand. But

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in the long run a moderately just estimate of a good man's work is of more service to his reputation than a strained laudation can be. It is not the critics, and it is not I, who will finally measure his proportions. He seems to me to stand well in the middle of the middle rank of accepted writers. He will not live as an inventor, for he has not invented. He will not live as one of those who have opened new fields of thought. He will not live amongst those who have explored the heights and the deeps of the spirit of man. He may live—"the stupid and ignorant pig of a public" will settle the question—as a writer in whose works stand revealed a lovable, sincere and brave soul and an unsleeping vigilance of artistic effort.

The most beautiful thing he has done—to my mind—is his epitaph. There are but eight lines of it, but I know nothing finer in its way:

"Under the wide and starry sky
Lay me down and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will!
This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the Sailor, home from sea,
And the Hunter home from the hill."

Sleep there, bright heart! In your waking hours you would have laughed at the exaggerated praises which do you such poor service now!

(To be continued.)



BURNS.

THE blue skies palled on me; the rolling sea,
So pleasurable when I viewed it first,
Now wearisomely rose and fell. A thirst
For novelty and friendship grew in me;
I paced the heaving deck impatiently.
Then like a breath blown from a mellower clime,
In cadenced numbers and in frequent rhyme,—
The British tongue come to maturity,—
I heard a Scottish maiden speak. Of Burns
I sadly, sweetly mused; mankind discerns
Its faults and virtues in his gen'rous soul.
O, Scotland, land of rills and heathery braes!
In him, while men shall pass and years shall roll,
Thy fame is safe, for thee in him we praise.

New York. *John Stuart Thomson.*

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DOES MISTRUST GIVE STRENGTH TO AUTHORITY?

A Criticism of Republicanism.

BEGINNING with the English writer, Hobbes, of the 16th century, who turned to the reverse side of the mantle of Empedocles, it is with him virtuously considered that war, the result of human distrust, is the condition of man in a state of nature. He, as the most gifted author who regards underground suspicion as the basis of national organization, begins after this manner:

The natural condition of man is to desire. He is born with a faculty of attempting to satisfy his desires, and proceeds to the task, each according to his own idea.

Material by which to live, having been gained, must be protected from others in search of the same. He who has not makes an assault on him who has, to get what he wants. He who has takes arms into his hands to defend his goods. Thus war is declared immediately when men meet in a state of nature.

Alliances were first made for plunder, then for protection. It is within the bosom of such alliances that ordinances were first instituted to guarantee to each member protection of goods from every other member. Physical power was conferred on some commander to enforce these ordinances.

Whatever may be brought to bear on the position of the commander influences the administration of these ordinances. In proportion as his position is independent his administration is more difficult to influence. If his period of control is limited by a term of years, those who have the means of adding to this term have the loudest voice in the administration, until, continued in this manner, a weak and periodically formed government becomes anarchic in its tendencies, and is entirely managed by faction. It must be acknowledged, then, that the ordinances being first formed to protect the citizens against each other's avarice and iniquity represent the dominance of Force to keep them straight. All the while there are bodies of men expecting to be benefited by the perversion of a just administration, and who are continually trying to persuade the administrating power to act with them. It is Fraud conniving to reduce Force to his own behests.

So soon as government loses its independent authority and is limited by the connivance of faction or majorities, then does fraud begin to manifest itself by using the primary ordinances for a one party purpose. Actual violence gives place to class legislation. A man is no longer knocked on the head and deprived of his goods, but is robbed by being in the minority, by the exaction of a majority in power. If he is poor, the rich man or corporation electing a judge beats him in the courts and turns the law inside out by interpretations, based on fallacies, for the sake of the most influential party in politics. Politics, with a weak government, is then the power in the name of Fraud

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that controls the elections in the State. It is only when the government is strong, the rulership determined and independent of the people, that an unbiased judgment and administration can be rendered. Those who then dispute this imperial authority do so at their peril. At the same time, the imperial authority holds its own in maintenance of the original statutes, which prohibit the citizens plundering each other either by fraud or force. This maintenance is done by force.

Force is elevated as a barrier against Fraud after the original compact of social cohesion has been settled. Overthrow this force in the government or make it subservient to faction: take away its imperial authority and Fraud is at once triumphant.

These two deities are mutually exclusive. One or the other must rule. The battle is between them alone. When Force commands, Fraud flies away; and Fraud is tolerated in power only when Force cannot drive it out.

An imperious and successful commander relies on the complete subordination and discipline of those beneath him. He enforces obedience by the law. The virtues spring up—for loyalty is by him rewarded, treachery is punished as a crime. Honesty and ability in his service are recognized; dishonesty is severely condemned with horrid cruelty, and to be unable is almost criminal. The cowardly fear to be fraudulent. Those who attempt it die the death. Those who are ambitious for honourable distinction know there is but one road to it, and the means of attainment are in loyal service, bravely and ably performed.

Thus, according to Hobbes, from the well-ordered premises of his memory, founded on historic facts, and in belief in the underground savagery of human nature, despotism is the purest government, the one best calculated for the welfare of the people. Force, then, keeps Fraud at bay.

The statutes of the realm being framed to keep the people in obedience and from plundering and distressing each other, if these things happen collectively by faction, or individually by influence at the court, the imperial authority is broken; the despotism insulted in its stronghold yields to the disentergrading influence until it, decentralized, discoördinated, is lost finally in the convulsions of anarchic democracy.

It is the consolidation of power in the hands of an independent ruler that prevents the exhibition of abnormal instincts in the community.

"There was a time," says Cicero, "when men wandered in the fields like brutes, feeding on prey like wild beasts; when the blind, unrestrained passions ruled tyrannically in the midst of error and ignorance."

"When men first began to crawl," says Horace (Satir. lib. L. Sat. 3), "they were only like a herd of brutes and speechless animals, contending with their nails or their fists for a few acorns or a den. They afterwards contended with sticks and such arms as experience taught them to invent. At length they discovered the use of swords to express their thoughts. Gradually they became weary of fighting, and built cities and made laws to prevent theft, robbery and adultery. If you consult the origin of things you will acknowledge that laws have been made in apprehension of injustice."

The majority of mankind is wicked. Although the single ruler also may be wicked, yet he is responsible. A majority whose members constantly are shifting is not responsible; the responsibility can not be laid definitely to any particular group. Therefore, allowing that the single ruler is equally as wicked as a majority, he is checked by the direct responsibility of his acts. The majority is unchecked, unrestrained.

Perhaps the most illustrious precepts which have been prompted by this sentiment of universal suspicion are presented by Machiavelli in his "*Instruction to the Prince*": "A private individual may attain sovereignty by the favour of his fellow-citizens and without violence or treason. This is called a civil principality, and is not to be acquired either by merit or

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fortune alone, but by a lucky sort of craft."

"A struggle between the rich and poor must always end in establishing either a principality, or a free government, or in downright licentiousness."

"Men are more inclined to submit to him who makes himself dreaded than to one who merely strives to make himself beloved. Such a character will be useful to him by keeping his troops in obedience and by preventing every species of faction."

"A prudent prince cannot, and ought not, keep his word, except when he can do it without injury to himself, or when the circumstances under which he contracted the government still exist. I would be cautious in inculcating such a precept if all men were *good*. But the *generality of men are wicked*, and ever ready to break their words."

"The Prince" for whom these instructions were honestly meant for sound advice was the celebrated Lorenzo di Medici of Florence, who lived in the 15th century. Machiavelli counsels the prince to choose *good, faithful and able ministers;* to cherish them as rare gems *unexpectedly* found in the midst of a multitude of cheap and fraudulent imitation.

The formation of the government of the United States was on a line with Hobbes. In the formula of 1787: "Individuals entering into society must give up a share of liberty in order to preserve the rest." In the Virginia convention of 1788, Mr. Madison said: "On a candid examination of history we shall find that turbulence, violence and abuse of power by the majority tramping on the rights of the minority, have produced faction and commotion, which, in republics, have more frequently than any other cause produced despotism. If we go over the whole history of ancient and modern republics we shall find their destruction to have generally resulted from these causes."

In the *Federalist*, No. X., it is written: "When a majority is included in a faction the form of popular government enables it to sacrifice to its ruling passion, or interest, both the public good and the rights of other citizens."

In Elliott's Debates, Vol. VIII., p. 109, Mr. Madison is accredited with the following: "Perhaps it will appear that the only possible remedy for these evils and means of protecting the principles of republicanism will be found in the very system which is now exclaimed against as the parent of despotism."

"The majority in the United States," says de Tocqueville, "exercises a prodigious actual authority, and a moral influence which is scarcely less preponderant. No obstacle exists which can impede or so much as retard its progress, or which can induce it to heed the complaints of those whom it crushes on its path."

In the Constitutional convention of 1787, George Mason of Virginia said: "I go on a principle often advocated, and in which I concur, that a majority, when interested, will oppress a minority." Mr. Grayson of Virginia, of the same convention, added: "We ought to be wise enough to guard against the abuse of such a government. Republics, in fact, oppress more than monarchies."

Jefferson set himself to work, being influenced by an underground suspicion of the integrity of human nature, to devise "checks," "constitutional checks" to factions, demagogues and intrigues in the republic. But anything beyond the strong arm of the responsible imperator has ever been found valueless. Even that has failed at times, when in the imperator's government there has been permitted a liberty to fraud, which had previously weakened the power of the imperator, and crushed him afterwards beneath the responsibility.

There is really no example in history of a government upheld entirely by the suspicion of its members. In Russia, a type of the despotism, a great number of the people call the Czar their "Great Father." They believe that what God and the Czar ordain is for their good, future if not present. They believe that any irregularity or hard-

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ship is due, not to the fault of the Czar, but to the wickedness and cruelty of his officers, and if the great father only knew of these bad doings he would correct them with vigorous authority.

It is the same in Turkey, where the Sultan, in the eyes of the faithful, is the official representative of Mahomet. Indeed, in all governments of regal description it is said: "The king can do no wrong."

In history the form of government which approaches nearest to this theory of suspicion is the republican, wherein unchained ambition and unrestrained appetite prompt their possessors to think the most evil of their fellows, and to be constantly on guard against the pretensions of rivalry. But even here the abstract sovereignty of State furnishes a theme for patriotism, for those who are young and inexperienced. After experience and knowledge of the manner of living under such a form became universal there grows up a contempt for that patriotism, which is founded on a substance so shadowy as an abstract sovereignty. The age then craves a real sovereign—one who can with vigour repress demagogues and prop himself with men of merit. The recommendation for a sovereign such as this is for the imperious upholding of the law. If this craving is not listened to in those who feel the natural want, the State goes on disintegrating through the growth of suspicion in its members, until anarchy finally ends in the total destruction of the civil community.

De Fronsac.

BOSTON, MASS.



GLOOSCAP.

DIM name, yet grand, that ever winks serene
In the red fagot's light, and like a ghost
Hovers above these rancous tides, this coast,
Wreathing weird webs of arrowy salts and keen!
Under the black blue night's unrolled screen
The loon is calling to the fiery host,
And yet no answer comes to keep thy boast,—
For years their mellow thunders roll between.

Divinest of the red man's race and name,
Fulness of Hiawatha's dawning day,
Giver of laws, priest, prophet, all confest!
Thou'lt come again, appeased thy wrath and shame,
Thy speed in all thy limbs, up yonder Bay
On white canoe from out the naked west.

Minas Basin. *Theodore H. Rand.*

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IS THERE A LIMIT TO DEMOCRACY ?

A Study in American Politics.

THE recent crisis through which the United States people have passed is a subject well worthy the attention of all thinking Canadians. This last chapter in the history of democracy should stimulate thoughtful men, who have the interests of free institutions and sound government at heart, to examine carefully the phenomena revealed in the campaign which culminated on the 3rd of November last. To Canadians it should be instructive, as similar phenomena may ere long present themselves for the consideration of Canadian statesmen.

In watching the progress of democracy, the Canadian people are favourably situated, for their political status brings them into close touch with the United Kingdom—the mother country—on the one hand, while their geographical position is one of immediate contact with the United States—one-time sister colonies—on the other.

Canada may therefore be said to occupy a high vantage ground from which to observe the phenomena of nineteenth century democracy in the two great centres of Anglo-Saxon civilization.

Some time ago, while listening to a lecture by a prominent Englishman, these words attracted my attention: "We in England have been thinking for some time whether there is not a limit to democracy." This remark impressed me at the time, and that impression has been deepened by the events of the recent campaign, and the lessons which they teach.

I.

Like so many words in popular use, the term "democracy" signifies something quite different from the hazy and indefinite meanings given to it by the ever-increasing host of ultra-radicals, and something far enough removed from the ideas of socialism and nihilism which, in its name, are promulgated among the masses by demagogues and factious agitators. Democracy is a principle which has been disclosing its true nature through many ages, and almost countless mutations of time and circumstance. As a principle, it has been said to entitle each citizen, in common with every other, to an equal interest in the State. Many of the so-called evils of democracy are not those which inhere in the principle itself, but are due to the attempt to apply it to a society essentially unfitted for popular institutions—whether through insufficient development, as in the case of India, or the ignorant and irresponsible character of the commonality, as in many other communities.

The principle, as such, must therefore be carefully distinguished from the governmental machinery devised at various times, and by various peoples, to carry the principle into effect.

Democracy presupposes certain conditions for its successful application, and among these are right reason, education, independence, honesty, sincerity, general integrity of character and citizenly qualities in every individual upon whom its powers and privileges are conferred. If the citizen has not faith in the integrity of his fellow-citizens, and if they be not such as to inspire and justify that faith, you will look in vain for a successful democracy under those conditions.

Again, the principle is said to confer upon all, and to recognize as the rights of all, "liberty" and "equality." These words, too, have been tortured into impossible meanings and, strange as it may seem, assertions are not wanting of the belief that, roughly speaking, "one man is as good as an-

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other." All men are not born equal; nature has not endowed men equally; and history is ever repeating the story of the greatness and the littleness of its personages—the inequality of men.

But though men are wont to use these terms—liberty and equality—with glibness of tongue, they are strangely reticent when called upon to define what they mean by these words, and when they attempt it they usually find they do not know. The attempt, however, develops this fact, that these words cannot be taken in their full extension—they must be restricted. It has been wisely said that the "liberty" which the true Democrat desires is the liberty to do right, and the "equality" which he claims is the equality of opportunity.

Nor is democracy revolution, as the radical imagines. It is but "the level of every-day habit, the level of good national experiences, and lies far below the elevations of ecstacy to which the revolutionist climbs."(1) Perhaps no better illustration of this fact can be found than in the contrast between the healthful and gradual growth of the principle in English government and the unnatural, abrupt, and spasmodic attempts to establish it by revolution, which constitute so large a chapter in the history of modern France.

At the outset let it not be supposed that the American Constitution is "a type of an experiment in advanced democracy," for, so far from being that, it is very evident from the writings of Hamilton, Jay, and Madison(2) and other prominent thinkers of their time, that it was "simply the adaptation of English constitutional government"(3) to the conditions of the new republic by men who so far distrusted the competency of the people—the community—as to expect, from this quarter, a danger requiring a constitutional safeguard. Against this danger they did attempt to provide by introducing into the constitution that mysterious body known as the "College of Electors," the ostensible intention being to secure a body whose members should be characterized by superior judgment and intelligence, in order that through them greater wisdom might be ensured in the choice of the nation's chief magistrate—the President. The process by which the College of Electors has degenerated to a mere body of delegates, subject to the instructions of their constituents, which they carry out mechanically and without the slightest exercise of independent judgment, is an interesting feature in the history of democracy as developed under the American Constitution.

Democracy, then, in the United States has been a growth. That it has been a rapid one is due to a variety of causes—the wonderful energy and progressive spirit of the people, the absence of an aristocracy, a great industrial prosperity and a more general and equal dissemination of wealth; while the mental attitude of the people has been powerfully influenced for democracy by the brilliant generalizations of Jefferson's philosophy of "life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness," the rights of the people, and other abstractions pervading the Declaration of Independence and his other writings, and by the ceaseless iteration of this theme in varying keys by the Henrys, Clays, and Websters during the age of oratory in the Republic. These extravagancies may well be excused when we remember that they proceeded from the enthusiasm of a youthful nation, and the intensity of that sovereign-worship which arose when the "Divine right of King George III." had been supplanted by the "Divine right of King Demos"—the sovereign people. All the influences at work pointed with unerring aim to democracy as the Utopia of their political future.

The democracy of the United States is not the creature of the constitution builders; nor is it the creature of revolution, as that resulting from the French Revolution, which Burke so aptly described as a "deviation from the high-road of nature." It is an orderly and gradual evolution in obedience to the

(1) Woodrow Wilson, An old Master and other Essays.
(2) The Federalist.
(3) Woodrow Wilson, An old Master and other Essays.

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laws of progress and the march of thought.

II.

I have attempted to point out roughly the elements or characteristics of society essential to the successful operation of popular government. Whether the principle of democracy has not in many cases been pushed too far; whether in other cases the character of the electorate has not deteriorated—relapsed into a former ignorance—are the questions to which attention is invited.

Since the people are to be sovereign, democracy requires of them the possession and exercise of sovereignly qualities and a sense of public order. Democracy, "far from being a crude form of government, therefore . . . is possible only in the peoples of the highest and steadiest political habit." (1) —the character of the society limits the possibilities of successful popular government. This is especially so as regards the characteristic of *steadiness;* a flighty and unstable people may as safely tamper with popular government as a child may play with fire.

Before returning to the recent campaign let us examine two former instances which have materially to do with the character of the electorate as we find it at the commencement of that contest. They throw much light on the forces at work on both sides, and the character of the various issues, and the canvasses of the contending parties.

The first is the influx of ignorant immigrants who early began to pour into the country from all the capitals of Europe—people of varying traditions, custom, temperament, moral and political habit; a motley throng of humanity; for the most part promising subjects for strict and regenerative discipline, but entirely unfit to be entrusted with the wielding of political power. The naturalization laws which stood as a wholesome barrier against this evil were, in many cases through the connivance of an elective judiciary, itself the creature of the popular vote, set at nought; and these poor people, fresh from scenes of European ignorance and squalor, and for the most part ignorant of popular government, were made the recipients of the powers and privileges of American citizens. The majority of these immigrants were doubtless capable of becoming in time excellent citizens, but they required to be thoroughly schooled in the habits of political thought and the spirit and workings of popular government in the country of their adoption before being given a voice in its affairs. They have in more than one instance constituted a menace to the liberty they came to enjoy, while their enfranchisement materially lowered the character of the electorate.

The second instance is afforded by the outcome of the civil conflict between the North and South—the emancipation of the negro. Though the chains of slavery had been broken in British dominions many years before, and men had come to recognize the rights of man irrespective of colour or creed, in America they were still unbroken, and it was not until after the preacher, the statesman and the soldier had thrown their combined forces against it, and until after the violence of civil war had spent its fury, that they were rent asunder. Then, as is usual when excessive enthusiasm smothers judgment, victory was carried to its extreme; the negroes were enfranchised. A people "utterly and childishly incompetent," unfitted by their traditions, their ignorance and their habitual surveillance, were immediately invested with the privileges, powers and responsibilities of American citizenship and expected to perform the duties of popular sovereignty. A people who had groped for years in the thick darkness of slavery, fettered, driven, hunted with bloodhounds, were brought at one stroke into the blinding light of the highest freedom—the freedom of democracy—were thrust upon the throne of popular sovereignty, and there, bewildered and dazed, were expected to lay aside the bended attitude of the slave and with head erect to assume that of the sove-

(1) Woodrow Wilson. An Old Master, and other Essays.

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reign people. It was a forlorn hope, as we shall presently see.

What were the immediate results flowing from these two errors? If bodies of ignorant and incompetent men are given powers which they do not know how to use, it is perfectly right and logical to take them in charge —so reasoned the political parties; and since one vote is as potent as another, the greater number of such votes I can control the greater my political power— so reasoned the political adventurer. The doctrine that "when the hour calls, the hero appears" has an unpleasant corollary in that "when opportunity invites, the Devil appears." So it was. In the city of New York exists an organization whose history is co-extensive with that of the Republic, and which has come down to our day as one of the most stupendous and unique organizations devised by the wit of man. This body takes its name, 'tis said, from an Indian Chief named Tammanend, or Tammany, and appears to have been organized after the tribal ideal of its Indian prototype. It possessed its "Sachems" or "Sagamores" and its "Braves"; and although its early character was social, it soon became political. Perceiving a fruitful field of operations among certain of the immigrant classes, it perfected and extended its organization, "stretching forth its tentacles on every hand" among these poor and ignorant people; and by various means it brought them under its influence and control.

This was the unclean beast that laid hold of the newly-arrived immigrants, helped to procure their enfranchisement by adroit evasions of the naturalization laws, schooled them in the lore of its "Sachems," drilled them in the noble arts of political chicanery, marshalled them, and marched them to the polls where, at the word of command, they voted en masse.

Next we have the negro. The South was at this time beyond the sway of Tammany, but the circumstances were too inviting to enjoy immunity from the presence of some evil genius. Almost immediately upon their enfranchisement the negroes became the prey of unscrupulous adventurers from the North known as "Carpet-baggers," and the subsequent history reveals "a grotesque parody of government, a hideous orgie of anarchy, violence, unrestrained corruption, undisguised, ostentatious, insulting robbery such as the world had scarcely ever seen."[1]

In addition to all this, there early set in the policy of extending the franchise in various other directions, and this policy, as de Tocqueville pointed out, when once entered upon, leads directly to universal suffrage.[2] These various extensions and gifts of the franchise have undoubtedly weakened the character of the electorate on the one hand, and strengthened the influence and power of the political boss and party machine on the other.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the better class of men have been driven out of politics; that the boss has become in effect "the people," that "the machine" has become the great dictatorial power.

These things, rightly regarded, are but an unwholesome excrescence upon democracy; they are no part of the principle itself; nor are they inevitably connected with it by the inexorable necessities of party government. Let the issue be serious enough and the sleeping conscience becomes aroused. A great crisis like the Civil War is capable of evoking an exalted patriotic action, worthy the highest admiration.

III.

Let us now turn our attention to some features of the recent campaign.

When it became known that the Democratic party assembled in convention at Chicago had adopted a platform containing as its main plank the foolish scheme of the "free coinage of silver," other planks of a constitution-tampering nature, such as the reconstruction of the Supreme Court Bench of the United States and expressions of hostility to "government by injunc-

(1) Leckey, Democracy and Liberty. (2) De Tocqueville. Democracy in America.

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tion," as the decision of the Supreme Court growing out of the Chicago strikes was termed, and still others betokening unwarranted antagonism against capitalists, bankers, employers and manufacturers generally—a mild consternation seized the financial world; and when it appeared probable that Mr. Bryan—the Presidential Candidate of the party and a young and inexperienced man who professed to stand upon every plank in the platform—might succeed at the polls, Lombard Street vied with Wall Street in the interest excited by the situation. The result of that convention is well known. A portion of the old Democratic party, finding themselves outnumbered at Chicago, withdrew, held a convention of their own, put up candidates, and entered the fight as "Sound Money Democrats," while the Chicago party for obvious reasons became known as the "Popocrats." From thenceforth waged a contest between the "Goldbugs" and the "Silverbugs"—a contest in many ways the most remarkable in American history.

As the contest took more definite shape and the smoke of the first charges cleared away, this remarkable fact became more apparent: on the one side appeared to be grouped a majority of the manufacturers, capitalists, bankers, millionaires, railway kings and merchant princes, the clergy, the learned professions, the political economists, the faculties and students of colleges and universities generally, the leading journals and newspapers,—constituting a formidable array of the intelligence, culture, thrift and wealth of the country; while on the other side appeared to be grouped a majority of those whom we may be pardoned for classifying as socialists, demagogues, schemers, faddists, theorists, revolutionists, malcontents and grumblers, a motley throng of ignorants and incompetents clamouring for political power and the overthrow of everything that did not agree with the tenets of their interesting propaganda. All this portended danger, and that danger increased when it was found that a great many of the ordinary, quiet-going, industrious folk of limited vision and experience—honest and sincere labourers and plodding farmers—were, by reason of party ties or through want of enlightenment, supporting the "free silver" party.

But this was not all; a considerable number of men of more than average intelligence and influence were found to be supporting the party and giving vigourous and effective assistance to it in its canvass.

What was to be done? A "campaign of education" was commenced. The great centres of intellectual thought and action, the pulpit and platform, the magazine and daily journal, and business men generally, contributed their quota of enlightenment to the popular mind, while with prophetic instinct many of the great colleges and universities held elections of their own toward the close of the campaign and inflicted on Mr. Bryan and his party an overwhelming defeat.

The speeches delivered by Mr. Bryan in his vigourously-conducted campaign, those of his lieutenants, and the campaign literature, bear abundant evidence of the dangerous character of the doctrines, political fetichisms, financial day-dreams, and economic fallacies which characterized their policy, and of their tendency to stir up and inflame class hatred. The magnetic influence which Mr. Bryan exerted over large numbers of the electorate was a factor of no small importance and, when coupled with the highly rhetorical character of his platform addresses, a ready eloquence and a hearty Hibernian wit, a facility in the coining of suggestive campaign cries of the "cross of gold and crown of thorns" type, and withal a real generosity of heart well calculated to inspire the admiration and following of the work-a-day classes, did much to set fanaticism in operation, to create hostility between labour and capital, to fire the ambitions of the socialist, and generally to create glowing and exorbitant hopes in the breasts, not only of those of populistic and socialistic tendencies, but also of a

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great number of otherwise peaceable and contented citizens.

But let us not be too severe on the Silver Democratic party and its leader. They are the natural fruit of the tree which bore them. There is much justice in the outcry against rich men, against corporations, against combines and monopolies. The history of tariff legislation has confirmed with wonderful exactness the prophetic vision of its future which McDuffie of South Carolina painted years ago (See Goldwin Smith's Polit. Hist. U. S., p. 189). If the high protection party by the granting of special favours, by undue protection to individuals and corporations, and by the shutting out of foreign competition and the crushing of healthful commerce, has encouraged and made possible the formation of these combines and monopolies, which must always and ever be at the expense of the body of the people and the sacrifice of their interests and just rights, some thanks is due to that party for helping to bring about the state of discontent apparent at the time of the recent contest. Measures which give undue facilities to some for accumulating wealth, while denying it to others, breed a sense of injustice. Men resent injustice, and if they cannot get justice through the law-givers, they will take the law into their own hands. The same causes which impel them to lynch the individual will impel them to lynch (politically) the classes by whom they deem themselves to have been oppressed.

IV.

The election, however, is over, and the smallness of the majority shows how narrowly a great danger has been escaped. The character of that danger is, as we have already seen, that of political predominance of the lower classes, which is "Mobocracy."

There is always a possibility of democracy degenerating into this, and what may be said under this head will apply with equal force to the democracy of England and the Colonies.

Let it not be thought that no evils accrue until the lower classes are actually in the ascendant. Long before they reach this point they constitute a balance of power which, as we have seen, may be thrown toward the one side or the other to carry an election for that party which as a matter of bargain will reward them for their support by the biggest bribe. Under the system of party government, candidates bid for support. One candidate says to his constituents, "Support me and I will give you this." The opposing candidate says "Nay, but support me and I will give you this and that." Thus the bidding continues, the zest of conflict and the hope of victory and power ever supplying an incentive to unscrupulousness and exciting the faculties of invention in finding and devising "political commodities" in the shape of offices, bonuses, subsidies, public works, special grants, favours, and other little matters of a similar kind, not hesitating to purchase support at the rate of $5, or even $1 per head, even dispensing rum in those communities where its effectiveness in "enlightening the electorate on the issues" is known.

But this is not all. The "Land of Promise" is pictured to the wondering and greedy eyes of a dishonest constituency. There is scarcely a promise which the ordinary politician will not make under the pressure of local demand if thereby he may gain the coveted support.

The lower the character of the electorate the lower the character of the party appeals to it. The larger the number of that shiftless body of ignorant and unscrupulous voters who form the balance of power, the greater the scope for the exercise of those influences which alone appeal to it; and strong indeed is that man who, in the heat of conflict, does not experience some moment of weakness in which his conscience is hushed under the pressure of political necessity.

Are the dangers here indicated real; or but wayward fancies? An eminent English historian, reflecting upon the question, writes: "One of the great

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divisions of politics in our day is coming to be whether at the last resort the world should be governed by its ignorance or its intelligence." (1). He combats vigourously what he regards as a mistaken tendency of the times, as did Sir James Fitzjames Stephen more than two centuries ago, (2) and designates the theory that "the ultimate source of power, the supreme right of appeal and control, belongs legitimately to the majority of the nation told by the head—or, in other words, to the poorest, the most ignorant, the most incapable, who are necessarily the most numerous," as a theory which "assuredly reverses all the past experiences of mankind."

This is not reassuring. But it must be admitted that there is very much in existing conditions to call forth such statements. Times have changed. To get the best example of blind, unquestioning faith in democracy it is necessary to look back to Jefferson, who, with implicit confidence in the people, "intently listened for the popular will, and surely caught its every whisper." (3). But in strange contrast to his bright, optimistic faith are the sombre forebodings of a number of recent thinkers and writers on the subject"(4).

While, however, the tide of people worship is far less strong than in older days, there is, perhaps, an equally unhealthy tendency to despair of the future. All agree that democracy is here, and here to stay—from it there is no turning back. The attitude of a people, as of confidence in or distrust of their institutions, is of great importance as regards their successful working; and the tendency to bewail the future outlook is due rather to a morbid fancy than a clear and just perception of existing conditions.

How to grapple with those recognized dangers which really menace democracy is the question. It is easier to extend the suffrage than to restrict it; and though something can be done in this latter respect, especially in refusing to extend it further, much more can be done by well-directed endeavour to enlighten and educate the electorate—not neglecting in the meantime to instruct some public men in the first principles and duties of statesmanship. Both require to be placed on a higher and sturdier moral plane.

This process must commence in the "little red schoolhouse"; it must continue through the college and the university, especially in extended and better instruction in history, political economy, and social science.

Especially is there need of a regeneration of the press. Let journalists cease to be the hirelings of this or that faction in the interests of those lying doctrines they spend their energies in proselytising their readers. Let the newspapers cease their existence as mere garbage-pots of public gossip—the purveyors of distorted, sensational and scandalizing rumour. Let them reflect truthfully and faithfully that which is worthy the name of "public opinion," and in turn react upon that public with something of truth and knowledge for its enlightenment and guidance.

The extent to which the views of a great number of the plain, every-day people, especially in the rural districts, are formed and controlled by the "party paper," is perhaps greatly underestimated; for in many cases, perhaps the majority, it is their chief literature. When such a paper is nothing but "the servile mouth-piece of a party" whose columns are continually filled with mean party bickerings, misrepresentations, falsehoods and unbecoming recriminations, which take root in the minds of the readers, blossom in the squabbles of the corner grocery, and come to their fruitage in an ignorant party vote on election day, it is easy to see whence comes so much of that political "wrong-headedness" which intelligent, thinking men are wont to deplore. The press is a powerful agency; but, alas! this is as true of a corrupt press as of a pure one—in many cases more so.

(1) W. E. H. Leckey, in a recent work, "Democracy and Liberty," Vol. I., p. 25.
(2) "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity."
(3) Goldwin Smith, "Unit d States Political History."
(4) See especially Brooks Adams, "The Law of Civilization and Decay."

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At the very outset it is necessary that the very best men of known integrity and recognized intelligence should be chosen as representatives of the people. A corrupt politician and a corrupt constituency are two forces which, like the Indian and the brandy, react upon each other to the demoralzation of both.

In the next place, let journalism awaken to a sense of its responsibility and its true mission in the world, and let it arouse and keep alive in the electorate that puritan integrity of character that will refuse to bribe its representative and will not suffer itself to be bribed by him.

Let the number of "political commodities"—the chief instrument of the "spoils system"—be reduced in number to the fewest possible by the extension of wise measures of civil service reform.

And, finally, let the heresy that the present evils are the inseparable and necessary incidents of popular government be eradicated; for, when that misleading idea has possession of men's minds, there is no error, however corrupt and dangerous, that may not creep in under its mantle to gnaw at the heart of free institutions.

There is every reason to believe that democracy is still in the process of evolution: there are very weighty reasons for believing that we may with confidence look forward to greater perfection in free institutions than we find in them at present. Nor is there any good excuse for being numbered among those who maintain that the ripeness of our present civilization borders on its decay; that we have arrived at the turning-point, as did the old Roman world; and that some future Gibbon will trace in saddened lines the story of the "Decline and Fall" of the Anglo-Saxon race.

The unseemly excrescences which disfigure modern democracy will at length be loosened and tumble from it by their own weight.

Ithaca, N.Y. *James Harris Vickery.*

ACADIAN WINTER NIGHT.

The moonbeams sweetly fall to-night
Across the vast expanse of snow,
That spreads away in silver light
To where the blue sky dips below.

The blushes of departed day
Behind the tree-tops linger still;
And out across the inland bay
Doth fall the shadow of the hill.

How silently the myriad stars,
Far worlds above this spectre scene,
Doth bathe in gold the crusted scars
Of hanging cliff and 'berglet green.

'Tis good to stand alone, and hear,
Across the creaking snowbanks white,
The snowshod feet, the voices clear,
Of youthful trampers out to-night.

And with the frosty tramp of feet
There ring the sleigh bells loud and wild,
As happy lovers, down the street,
Sweep past the happier coasting child.

J. T. Bryan.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.

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JACK.

With Two Illustrations by Kahrs.

THAT is what he was usually called —Jack, sometimes supplemented by "the mule boy," but the supplementation was seldom used except as a term of distinction. An establishment furnishing employment to from five to six hundred pairs of hands is almost certain to have more than one Jack on its pay-roll, and so it was at the mill.

"The mill" is understood to embrace all within the confines of the great wall—the yard, warehouses, coal sheds, scrap sheds, sand bins, etc., as well as a great barn-like building with its score or more of chimneys and smoke stacks—a smoke-emitting, fire-vomiting forest.

Jack the mule boy he was and, apparently, always would be. His early surroundings had been such as to dwarf both mind and body. Incapable of performing the duties of a man as men worked at the mill, he became a fixture. Apparently he was contented with his monotonous existence, an existence that would seem indeed monotonous to one possessing the shadow of an aspiration; year in and year out the same unchangeable programme; from the weigh scales to the scrap bins; from the scrap bins to the weigh scales. If the scrap was not arriving sufficiently fast to supply the muck mill, or if it was arriving too fast, it was a trip to the stock pile. As punctual as the mill whistle and as steady as the clock—were Jack, the mule and the buggy. To see one was to associate it with the other two. One cannot wonder that his step became spiritless and his eyes expressionless. He seemed to live entirely within himself, never speaking unless by a word of direction to the mule or in answer to a direct question.

It was sometimes necessary for the buggy gang to work overtime. The mule objected to such an arrangement, and it generally needed considerable persuasion to induce it to continue its labours after the mill whistle sounded. On one of these occasions Marshall (the yard foreman) conceived that a piece of chain properly applied might render the argument more effective. The administration of the first blow called forth such a torrent of verbal abuse from Jack that the whole gang were struck dumb with amazement. Taking advantage of the suspension of operations, Jack unhitched the mule from the buggy and was half way to the stable before Marshall recovered himself sufficiently to order him back; but notwithstanding that the order was very emphatic Jack paid no attention to it. Marshall swore he would "have the young beggar sacked," and proceeded to lay complaint before a higher court; but evidently the verdict was given "against the plaintiff," as Jack was in his usual place next morning.

The affair was a revelation to the gang, however. They learned that Jack was capable of being teased, on one point at least, and almost daily the mule would receive some real or fancied indignity which would never fail to produce the desired result.

From this grew a spirit of companionship, and even if the object of Jack's contentions was only an old mule it awakened in him an interest outside himself. It is true it developed his profane propensities and spoiled his temper, but who should judge such as he?

* * * *

A long winter had passed. The roll hands were beginning to forsake the mill between heats and come outside to smoke their pipes and tell stories instead of huddling around the furnaces to keep warm, as they were wont to do in the colder weather. Jack had made his last trip for the morning and was leaning on the buggy waiting for the whistle to sound for twelve o'clock, and watching a rat tugging at a piece of suet which the oil man had dropped on

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his way to the rolls. He was roused by a pleasant girlish voice enquiring:

"Can you tell me where I can find Mr. Phillips?"

Jack was somewhat surprised. Not that it was uncommon to see girls at the mill at twelve o'clock, for there were quite a number who brought dinners to father or brother, but they all called him "Shorty," or "Sawed-off," and he invariably avoided them. It was so seldom that he was addressed pleasantly that such a circumstance created an impression, an impression that could scarcely be called favourable, for had it been so the chances are the fair questioner would not have been answered.

"Be it Phillips, th' new puddler, ye' want?" queried Jack, and being answered in the affirmative he bade her follow him.

They entered the mill, passed along in front of the battery boilers and, dodging the telegraphs to the plate and bar mills, finally reached the puddling furnaces.

The dinner delivered they retraced their steps. It was only then that Jack perceived that his companion was of a different stamp to the girls who frequented the premises on similar errands. Evidently her experience inside a rolling mill had been very limited, for the heat from the furnaces and iron, and the numerous noises peculiar to the place seemed to strike terror to her soul. The rumble and rattle of rolls, pounding of engines, grinding of shears, whirring of glass fans, escaping of steam, etc., seemed to tax her nerves to the utmost tension, and when all this combined racket was pierced by the shriek of the bar-mill saw making its way through a large round, or the explosion of a cinder as a box pile passed through the rolls, she seemed to be terrified beyond expression. The vast quantities of heated metal, which seemed to pass in all directions indiscriminately, did not tend to reassure her.



DRAWN BY C. H. KAHRS. JACK.

Even Jack, with his dulled perceptions, noted her state of mind and questioned himself as to why Phillips compelled the girl to bring his lunch. It occurred to him that he could relieve the fair messenger, in a degree at least, and he found himself making a proposition

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which was a surprise even to him.

"Say!" he ejaculated, "I ken kerry th' dinner from th' gate t' yer dad every day if ye' like."

The transformation of her countenance was visible even to Jack. Her inherent bashfulness prevented her from demonstrating her gratitude verbally, but she was indeed grateful and Jack knew it

This was the first kindness to a fellow-mortal Jack had ever attempted, and the reward was sweet. The satisfaction was very similar to the sensation he experienced after a successful battle for the rights of the mule, but it was infinitely deeper and more lasting. The chords of human sympathy within him were touched for the first time and the music was a surprise and a delight to his soul.

So it was that Jack carried the dinner from the gate to Phillips every day, receiving with the dinner a smile and "Thank you," or "You are very kind," for his trouble, and it was ample recompense. It seemed to him that the mornings were whole days, they passed so slowly; and when the hour drew near when he might expect her, how eagerly he would peer around the corner of the mill to see if she was waiting for him as he neared the gate.



DRAWN BY C. H. KAHRS.

"THAT PHILLIPS GAL."

Then came a week that seemed absolutely endless to Jack. Phillips was on the night turn. But old Time generally compensates for deferred pleasure by increasing the quantity and quality anticipated (if pleasure may be so measured), and so it was with Jack.

The arrangement of the first week was repeated every alternate week during the entire summer. Sometimes she would arrive a little late. This proved somewhat disastrous in the first few instances, as the mule invariably attempted to make its way to the stable at the blowing of the whistle at noon, and if Jack was in the mill it generally succeeded in getting itself into trouble before his return. But a few cases of this kind were sufficient for the mule; it seemed to understand the condition of affairs and governed itself accordingly.

The heat of the summer became intense at the mill. Between heats the roll hands endeavoured to lower their temperature by bathing their hands and faces in the large bosh outside the mill. Jack pursued his daily round of toil with the same unvarying

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regularity. A careful observer might have detected a more intelligent expression and a more elastic step—evidences of an aroused intellect. Was the God of Circumstances to favour this dwarfed bit of humanity? Who can tell what possibilities lay within his reach even at so late a period in his existence? True sympathy and unselfishness go hand in hand and unselfishness invariably bears sweet fruit. It is hard to say what this newly-awakened human interest might have done for Jack; but Fate was against him.

There came a Monday morning in early fall when Jack, on his way to the mill, noticed by the smoke stacks that the puddling furnaces were cold. Possibly the furnaces were being repaired; but that was disappointing, as he could not then expect his fair visitor for several days at least, as Phillips would of necessity be laid off. Watching his opportunity he slipped into the mill to ascertain the facts, and found the masons busy at the furnaces. Enquiring of Wiffen, the head mason, as to how long the furnaces would be under repair, he was astounded by the intelligence that the furnaces were being re-constructed for scrap. The puddling had simply been an experiment, and not having proved profitable was being abandoned.

Jack could not comprehend the full significance of this at first. No puddling! What would Phillips do, and when would he start work? He considered the matter all morning, and finally approached Marshall on the matter. It was then he learned that Phillips would leave town in a few days.

Phillips leave town! Why *she* would as a matter of course go with her father. He could not realize what it would mean to him. His disappointment was very great when he learned that he would not see her that day as usual; it seemed as if the whole day, nay, as if the whole of the previous week, had been wasted. It was as if he had conscientiously done penance for a sin, and the absolution had been denied. Now it was worse than that. He had nothing to look forward to; absolutely nothing but the same old life, with the resting-places removed. He could not approach a comprehension of what the old state of affairs would mean to him. It seemed to him that some terrible disaster had befallen him; so terrible that he could not estimate the result.

That afternoon the mule was without a driver—a circumstance unprecedented since Jack's assumption of duty in that capacity. No serious compli cations resulted, however, as the mule seemed to appreciate the additional responsibility, and pursued its rounds with the utmost regularity. Next morning Jack was at his post as usual. Some of the men chaffed him about "takin' an afternoon off t'see that Phillips gal," but if such was the case, he kept his own counsel.

The old monotony was resumed. If possible, the step became more spiritless, and the eyes more expressionless, than ever; there seemed a dominant spirit of hopelessness in all his movements. All interest became extinct; he never spoke unless it was absolutely necessary.

He was destined to a cruel awakening. He had become so oblivious to all surroundings that he did not notice that the mule was failing in strength. The abuse of the men waned with Jack's interest, and the loads grew lighter almost daily. One day Marshall felt compelled to report the mule as incapable; it was so old it could not masticate its food properly, and the want of proper nourishment obviously weakened it. The manager sentenced it to be shot as soon as another could be procured to take its place.

When this reached Jack's ears he was appalled. At first he thought that the men were at their old tricks and that they were joking him; but all the evidence sustained their statements and he was convinced. Then he braved the terrors of the Manager's office to make intercession for the life of the faithful old servant, but the Company had no room for idle mules, and to let it pass out of their hands was to have

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it subjected to possible cruelties. No. To shoot it was the greater kindness.

How carefully Jack looked after the wants of the mule now, and how he despised himself for fancied neglect. All too soon the day arrived when another mule stood in the familiar stall; and it was found necessary to get a new mule boy as well. The old buggy, as if to make the annihilation of the trio complete, collapsed. It may be that the collapse was occasioned by overloading in order to test the strength of the new mule.

. . . . . .

The undertaker had instructions to conduct everything on as cheap a scale as possible, and he carried out his instructions to the cent. No one accompanied the humble casket to its last resting-place but the officiating clergyman and four of the buggy gang who were detailed to assist in the last offices.

No regret was felt or expressed by anyone except when the usual tax of 25 cents was imposed to cover the expenses of the funeral according to the laws of the benefit society of the mill; then some of the men cursed the benefit society and cursed Jack for "steppin' out" while employed at the mill.

Why did fate mock him by giving him a glimpse of a higher, truer life, only to close the door of usefulness to him before his eyes had recovered from the brightness of the view beyond? Who can tell?

A little life it was—so very barren; so very narrow.

G. L. Drew.

THE HUNGER OF THE HEART.

THE red end of a cigarette winked in darkness at the gate, and Miss Lucy, at the window, knew it was his, and ran out of the front door and met him half way between the house and the gate, on the path. He thought her verve, which he was sure was quite unaffected, and the bell-like ring in her voice as she scolded him playfully for not having been punctual, very charming. He suppressed, with much difficulty, a wild desire to kiss her. He told himself that he had never seen her looking so brilliant.

"You are perfectly incandescent tonight," he cried delightedly.

"Am I?" she asked, laughing. "I am looking forward with much pleasure to the nice skate we'll have. See, there is the moon."

He looked over his shoulder and saw the rim of a great gold moon showing above the woods on the sky-line.

It was seven of a very cold but windless December night. They meant to skate ten miles up the river, which ran through the village, to the house of a mutual friend.

They passed out of the gate, chatting gaily, and in a few minutes reached the river and bound on their skates. Miss Lucy put on hers unaided, having refused her companion's offer of assistance. Then she gave him her hand, and together they swung forward steadily. The ice rang musically as they swept over it, and feathery flakes of snow spun from their skate-blades.

The moon clomb higher and threw a strong, white glare over the glossy, smooth ice, and the numberless stars grew pale.

She looked at him, her heart thumping, and commented to herself, "What a handsome boy he is!" as she often did, and he looked at her and mentally approved of her tall, lithe figure and the grace of its forward swing, and of her beauty, which was in his sight the beauty of a goddess, as he had done a hundred times before.

They had been particularly good

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friends for a year, and were very much in love with each other. But each had remained ignorant of the other's affection, for each had perversely taken pains to conceal it. Many times she had asked herself, "Does he love me, or not?" And he told himself every day, "If I spoke to her *now*, it might cost me her friendship; she may learn to love me afterwhile; wait, my heart."

And to-night while she waited, wrapped and with skates slung on arm, for his coming, she had made up her mind to do an unmaidenly thing (for the first and last time in her life.) Her heart-hunger had been more poignant of late, for they had been oftener together than ever before. She would in some way make him speak his mind, and give her an opportunity to speak hers. She tried not to think of the bitterness which would be infused into her life-cup if she found that he did not love her. And five minutes before she had seen the glow of his cigarette at the gate a most adroit scheme for compelling him to speak had come into her bright womanly brain. It was her confidence in its efficacy that had made her so radiant.

In a little time they came to a place where the river widened to the diameter of a small lake, in the middle of which some young country people had built a huge fire and were holding carnival around it. Here they paused and were welcomed, for both were known to many of the skaters, and they got down upon a log close to the fire, and he lit a pipe.

"Now," she whispered softly to herself, "is the time."

And disregarding his comments on the beauty of the night and the merry scene about them, she turned to him with a different look in her eyes from any he had ever seen there before—a look that made his heart leap.

"Harry," she said, gravely, and paused. It was the first time she had ever called him "Harry," and he started.

"Harry," she repeated, and paused again. It is very hard for a good girl to be bold. She felt that she could not carry out her plan—she could not force herself to utter the words which she now mentally rehearsed—the words she had meant to say.

But it was unnecessary, for by a strange chance her heart was laid bare to him in that very minute, and he saw that she loved him. A great joy inflamed his face. Taking her hand he said, gently:

"We have been friends a long time."

"A very long time," she acquiesced.

"I'm afraid we cannot be *friends* any longer."

She remained silent.

"But cannot we be *more* than friends? Cannot we be lovers?"

She bowed her head. The movement might have been mistaken for an acquiescent nod.

He went on.

"Do not you love me a little, dear?" He had lowered his voice; it had a faint ecstatic ring.

"Perhaps," she whispered out of quivering lips.

"Come, dear," he commanded, and half lifted her to her feet. They glided out of the circle of firelight. Suddenly she stopped herself by slightly lifting the toe of a skate and letting the heel drag.

"Harry," she cried," "you foolish, foolish boy! Why did not you speak weeks—months ago?"

And with a quick movement she lifted her head and kissed him on the lips.

Marry Marstyn.

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THE LAND O' DREAMS.

BEHIND the old moon's silver rim
A way runs down to the Land o' Dreams,
A gentle land, all sweet and dim,
With silent woods and falling streams
That singing go.

As flowers wash their souls in dew,
So men drop off the stains of day,
When Slumber comes to lead them through
Her pearly gate adown the way
To Land o' Dreams.

There is a valley, cool and far,
That runs by winding ways to greet
The pale horizon and a star—
For earth and heaven do sometimes meet
In Land o' Dreams.

And one comes singing up the way
So kingly-strong, so flower-fine:
My Dream-Love, never seen by day—
My Dream-Love, mine; yet only mine.
In Land o' Dreams.

How speed the hours in soft delight,
And yet a round eternity
Lies slumbering 'neath the lids of night;
The Was and Is and the To Be
All starry bright.

O Love, to stray in this dim land
Is worth the jagged wounds of day.
Here, with my hand in your strong hand,
There is no need of words to say
In Land o' Dreams.

For heart is intertwined with heart,
Our blood flows singing in our veins,
From shams and shames and griefs we part,
And nothing but sweet truth remains
In Land o' Dreams.

Behind the old moon's silver rim
A ray runs back from Land o' Dreams,
But all the way I think of him,
And so the rude day gentler seems
For Land o' Dreams.

Laura Harris.

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FAITHFUL.

An Illustrated Story.

I.

PEACE reigns. The Sabbath afternoon sun shining through the windows of the little chapel attached to the great St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary falls like a benediction upon a kneeling congregation composed entirely of men, who, save for the clergyman and guards, are all clothed alike in the sombre garments accorded to them upon the day of rest.

Those troubled breasts seem for one brief moment to have found that sweet and happy peace, even as the rushing, turbulent wave of the ocean flows calmly at last away up on the smooth, sandy beach.

Near to the front, kneels one differing slightly in appearance from the smooth-shaven face and closely-cropped hair of those around him. His beard is now of quite respectable growth and his hair gives signs of wavy luxuriance, signifying that for him the term of his imprisonment will soon be over.

Now they sit again and listen to the words of the venerable man who talks to them even as a loving father would to his children, and as there are no personalities where all are more or less bound up in each other's troubles, his words are phrased with a tenderness and feeling for him who shall so soon pass out from among them. Finally, all are asked to kneel and offer a prayer for that new life ; that strength may be given this man to walk as an upright man before all men and pleasing in the sight of God.

At an early hour of the morning, two days following the Sabbath, the prison gate was swung slowly open, and just within the portal a man stood hesitating for one brief moment. Beside him stood the old Chaplain, who clasped his hand tightly within his own as he gave him his blessing with a few parting words of kindly advice. Again the gate swung upon its hinges, the bolts rattled to their places, and there upon the roadway, with all the world before him, was one who had passed the last five years within those walls.

The man paused for a moment, then set off at a brisk pace determined to reach the well-known road from the Back River to Montreal.

Avoiding as much as possible the village of Sault au Recollet, he was making straight for the city when, realizing at last that he had not the courage to enter by daylight with every chance of meeting past acquaintances upon the well-known streets, he resolved to wait about until darkness should fairly set in. Accordingly he entered, not without some timidity, a small hotel which stood by the roadside.

The afternoon had well advanced when he rose to depart, and as he passed out, the host, who had regarded him attentively and with that " know-

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ingness" so becoming to all heads of country hotels, made remark :

"Our friend there, bet you two to one, has just concluded a lengthy visit to the Queen's free apartments up yonder," jerking his head in the direction of St. Vincent.

"You don't say!" exclaimed a bystander. "How do you make that out?"

"Easy enough," drawled the host. "They don't happen this way very often ; generally they're sent to Montreal by train, but when they do come I know 'em."

The man, all unconscious of this little dialogue, had set out again upon the road, and at last, weary and hungry, entered the city by way of St. Lawrence Main Street, turning off immediately into a side thoroughfare to escape the numerous lights and crowds of people.

Continuing on, his head bent forward in deep thought, his steps becoming slower and slower, he finally came to a complete standstill at the head of a little narrow street. For a moment he gazed about, then, as if by some irresistible impulse, he moved forward again and drew near to what was once his happy home.

With muffled steps he approached the well-known gate, paused, and pushing it open crept stealthily towards a window from which proceeded a soft ray of light, and where he was able to peer in through the slightly folded shutters.

He saw the same neat room he had left five years ago ; the old-fashioned carpet upon the floor ; the mantel-shelf and the wooden-case clock with its painted door. There, too, the yellow chairs and the four-legged round table with its simple green cloth.

All these passed before the eyes of the man like a flood of thought, but his attention was really fixed upon the form of a woman, clad in a simple black gown and sitting in the old rocker drawn close to the table.

There was just a touch of grey in the rich brown tresses, and lines of care traced themselves upon a sweet, sad face. Beside her knelt a little child, clothed in a night-dress of spotless white, her hands clasped together and eyes cast reverently down.

The man at the window watched, and listening heard that prayer so familiar to himself in childhood days :—"Now I lay me down to sleep," and on to the end, followed by a few lisping words asking a blessing upon the father's head.

With difficulty he stifled the groan that rose to his lips. What misery he



"Crept stealthily toward a window."

endured in that brief moment. The weary years of his prison life were as nothing compared to it. There sat the wife he had promised to love and protect ; there knelt his babe—but one year when he left—now six years old.

He turned away with the hot tears blinding his eyes and coursing their way unchecked over his face. What would he not have given could he but have swept those five years from his

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life. Leaning against the wall he resolved that this should indeed be the commencement of his life, that he should make amends to those dear ones, that the past should be redeemed. Then straightening himself up, he walked calmly to the door and entered.

No need to ask for welcome. In an instant she who had suffered so much for him was by his side, as she clasped his hand within her own and passed one arm around his neck. Looking earnestly into his face all her sorrow was lost in his grief, and without speaking a word she drew him gently to his chair.

Long into the night he sat with arms clasped about wife and child. Once only he lifted his face, and, touching his lips gently to the head that lies upon his bosom, he kissed the wavy tresses as he murmured—"Faithful, faithful."

II.

Father Time works upon the hearts of all and much is laid to his door for good in healing old sores and much for evil in forgetfulness of past lessons.

It was now two years since Richard Copestalk had left the prison gate of St. Vincent de Paul. During these years he had regained much of his old time spirits, and now looked back upon that period somewhat as if it had been a nightmare.

Richard Copestalk was an engraver by trade and a good one at that. Many times lately his services had been sought, for it happened that about this time forged Dominion of Canada notes began to find their way among commercial and banking circles, causing considerable uneasiness among the business community. Copestalk's judgment upon these bills whenever placed before him, in all cases gave evident satisfaction and proof beyond doubt of his knowledge of the genuine art.

Detectives had been detailed to work upon the case, but it appeared to be a hopeless task, and as yet no clue had been obtained.

About the hour of ten o'clock upon a night in dark and dreary November, the rain descending with a ceaseless wetting influence, there stood staring vacantly about him on the corner of Craig St. and Victoria Square a short, insignificant man with shabby hat and hands in pockets of a closely buttoned-up coat. He appeared to see little and to think less, watching in a sort of absent manner a small stream of water working its way out from the street car tracks and down to the gutters.

While thus employed, there suddenly brushed past him a man in dark and dripping garments, who, drawing well into the shadow of the buildings, hurried along Craig Street.

The insignificant man, without changing his position, inclined his head ever so little and watched.

The stranger kept on his way until he reached the corner of Little St. Antoine Street. Here he stopped, searched the street with anxious eye, looked up and down Craig, then dove into the narrow thoroughfare.

The other now turned and sauntered carelessly up the street. He, too, stopped at Little St. Antoine, and apparently without any purpose whatever peeped down the dark enclosure.

The foremost man had by this time arrived at St. James Street, where, by the light of the gas, he could plainly be seen to turn and peer anxiously about, finally moving on as before.

The follower now came down the street at a quick pace, but when he reached St. James nobody was to be seen. Hurrying across the road, he glanced cautiously down Roy Lane, and there at the corner of Notre Dame he observed the man pursuing the same tactics as before and disappearing almost immediately.

"Oh, ho!" he soliloquized, "something up, eh?" and winking one eye hard, he kept it closed for an instant, then aloud—"Well, here goes!"

When he reached Notre Dame, the other, well in advance, could scarcely be seen moving along to the westward, avoiding light wherever possible.

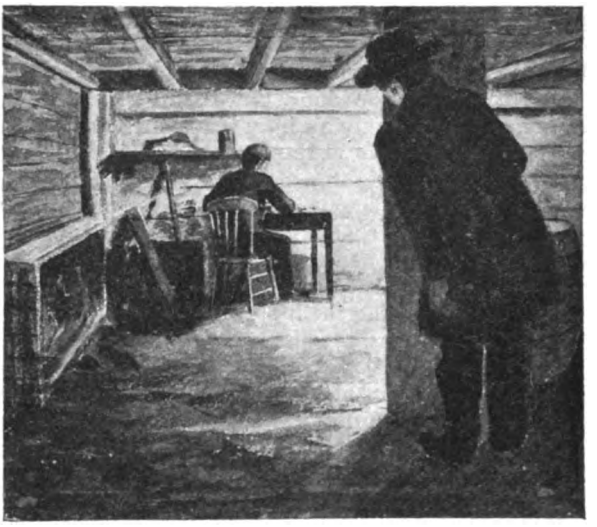
Like a cat watching his prey, so this insignificant man followed on, up one street, down another, through lanes

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and dark spaces, keeping always his victim in view.

At last the foremost man appeared to be nearing his destination; lower he crouched into the shadows, peering cautiously about, and more than once leaned against the wall with bowed head as if meditating a change of plan. Finally, as if with an effort, he flung himself into a dark alleyway and disappeared.

The other came down the street at a quick pace, looked into the alleyway, and with gleaming eyes stole up the enclosure. Searching carefully about he came upon a narrow door, closed and locked. Groping along the wall again, he spied a low grated window, through which, though heavily barricaded, from a very small hole, there proceeded a faint ray of light.



"The man at his work never moved."

Stooping down he peered through and watched until his eye became accustomed to such a narrow focus, then, apparently satisfied, he raised himself, rested a moment deep in thought, and immediately turned out into the street.

Two minutes later the detective—for so indeed he was—returned with a couple of blue-coated officers, and, drawing them noiselessly to the door, he extracted from his pocket a large bunch of keys. After many trials he succeeded in obtaining one which turned the lock, then, giving his companions a few directions, he opened the door, entered, and closed it after him. Removing his heavy boots, he descended a short flight of steps and stopped.

There, away at the other end of the low cellar, his back to the intruder, his head bowed over his task, the centre of one bright light swinging from the ceiling, casting his form in shadow wider and fainter along the rough board floor, until lost in the darkness enshrouding the entrance, sat the man at his work.

Not a sound was heard save the low rumble of a passing vehicle on some distant street. It was a scene to make the heart of even a detective beat faster, yet it was only for a moment that he hesitated.

Down the centre of the cellar at regular distances extended a row of heavy wooden supports. Using these for cover, he began to steal forward. Nearer and nearer he drew, each post gained bringing him closer to his victim. At last, only open space separated them—the man at his work never moved. One step more and the detective stood looking over the workman's shoulder, straight down upon the unfinished engraving of a Dominion note.

"A fine piece of work, my friend!" burst from the detective in low but distinct tones, though an electric shock might not have produced so startling an effect.

With a wild unearthly yell the man sprang from his stool, knocking it over right upon the feet of the detective, who, as he made a dash forward, became entangled in the legs of it and measured his length upon the floor. The man in a terrible fright rushed like

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a demon down the cellar and bounded up the steps.

Outside, the policemen having caught the alarm opened the door, but their eyes being met by only an inky blackness, their movements were paralyzed.

Immediately the frightened man was upon them, and seizing the foremost one by the throat rushed him backward, bringing the head with terrific force against the stone wall opposite; then violently throwing the lifeless form into the arms of the other, dashed out into the street and was gone.

Quickly depositing his burden upon the ground, the second officer was just about to follow when the detective appeared, and taking in the situation at a glance, exclaimed: "Never mind him! He is as good as captured! See to your comrade! Gracious, how he bleeds! Get assistance at once!"

In a short time the wounded man was being conveyed to the hospital, and the others, after a short consultation, hurriedly separated upon their own special duties.

At home in her little front room, upon this evening, the wife of Richard Copestalk sat sewing diligently. The hour was getting late, and she was thinking her husband would soon be at home, when suddenly, with something like a crash, the door was burst open and Richard stood before her.

His clothing was soaked with rain and splashed with mud; his hat was gone and hair all bedraggled hung over his forehead. His face was pale, and he gasped for breath.

While husband and wife stand staring at each other they are startled by the noise of wheels upon the roadway, hurried feet across the pavement, and in an instant they are confronted by two detectives.

"You are wanted, Richard Copestalk!" exclaimed one.

There was a pause—Richard Copestalk said nothing.

"What is he wanted for?" faltered the wife.

"Forgery! and well for him if it's not murder!" was the reply.

The wife, in alarm, looked at her husband.



"The wife of Richard Copestalk sat sewing diligently."

"Richard!" she cried—but the man never moved, and with a low moan she sank into a chair and buried her face in her hands.

For a moment there was silence, then the officer demanded, "Richard Copestalk, is there anything you wish to say to your wife before you come with us?"

The man raised his head and looked at the bowed figure, then lowering it again muttered, "Nothing."

A loud bang of the hall door echoed through the house, and Richard Copestalk, closely guarded, passed out into the night.

III.

In a narrow cell of the old Montreal jail Richard Copestalk sat waiting the

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hour of his trial. Bitter days and long weary nights had passed over his head since he became an inmate within those walls. Again and again he dwelt upon the folly of his act, and how he might have avoided it. His ears rang with the solemn and anxious warnings of the old chaplain, and his brain whirled with agony at the thought of his dear ones at home bearing upon their innocent heads the shame and sorrow of his sins, until, almost crazed, he cursed himself and all mankind.

As time passed on and preparations were being made for the trial, it began to be freely stated that a very vigourous defence would be put in, and that a most interesting case would be the outcome, so that many were already looking forward to it. Richard Copestalk was jubilant. In fancy he saw himself a free man again, and hoped that Providence might deal kindly by him. It never occurred to him that he should confess himself a guilty man, but determined by every means in his power to aid at the trial in covering up his crime.

Upon the last day which preceded the taking of the evidence, a well-known figure approached the entrance of the jail, and, being admitted, was directed immediately to the cell of Richard Copestalk.

It was the old Chaplain of St. Vincent de Paul.

He greeted the prisoner kindly, and after conversing for some time upon topics which might interest him, he finally endeavoured to engage the man in earnest conversation regarding his own case, but Richard appeared to be in easy, confident spirits.

"Your position is a serious one, my son, and I expected to find you in sorrow for the deed."

"Serious, sir? Why, there is to be a defence—an able defence! Have you not heard?"

The old chaplain regarded him sorrowfully for a moment.

"A defence, Richard? Defence for what?"

"Why——for me, sir!"

"And, my son, in that last great trial of all will you also prepare a defence?"

The prisoner trembled, his face paled and took on a troubled look, but by an effort he pulled himself together again.

"Oh, what difference does it make!" he cried bitterly. "What good have I got with all my prayers? You told me to trust and trust, and I did trust and trust, and here I am to-day! Why should I not go my own way now?—why not! why not!" and he buried his face in his hands.

The old Chaplain laid his hand gently upon the bowed head.

"Oh! my son! my son! The one you trusted in is the one who has ruined and is ruining its thousands, for you trusted in self—self—self, and you did go your own way."

The man, now thoroughly broken down, sobbed aloud.

The Chaplain well knew when enough had been said, and kneeling down offered up a simple prayer, then pronouncing a benediction he noiselessly withdrew from the cell.

It was an hour afterwards when Richard Copestalk raised his head. He was alone. Looking round, he observed a small open testament with its pages turned down upon the table. He took it up and found the corner of the leaf folded against these words: "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us."

With a cry of rage he dashed the book against the wall in the farthest corner of his cell, then leaning against the bars of his window gazed out upon the free and open world.

For hours he remained in the same position; after a while the stars came out, and the moon reflected a silvery light across the broad St. Lawrence.

Richard Copestalk turned at last, and guiding himself slowly to where the book lay stooped and picked it up, reverently wiped the dust away from the cover and pages, and smoothed out the leaves which had crushed against the wall. He opened at the turned down page, and by the light of the moon read again: "If we say that

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we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us."

Placing the book in his bosom he laid down and slept.

IV.

The court-room was crowded and presented a busy scene; the lawyers bustling about in long black gowns, messengers hurrying here and there, rows of witnesses waiting to be called, and even the judge looking more concerned than usual. All was silence and expectation as the cry rang out, "The Queen versus Richard Copestalk."

Immediately all eyes were turned upon the prisoner, who was now led forward and placed in the dock.

"The jurors for our Lady the Queen present that you Richard Copestalk did engrave or make upon a metal plate a design, purporting to be, or apparently intended to resemble, a bank note, to wit:—a note of the Dominion of Canada of the denomination of one dollar. What say you, guilty or not guilty?"

During the recital of this charge the prisoner gazed about the room to see if he might recognize one friendly face. Would she be there? he asked himself. He did not wish that she would and yet he had hoped that he was not deserted.

His eyes came back as he heard the last peremptory words, and straightening himself up he exclaimed, "Guilty!"

A startled audience—startled lawyers—startled judge. All stared at the prisoner as if he had departed his reason.

"Your Honor," cried counsel, "it must be evident that the prisoner does not understand his position. I beg permission to enter a plea of "not guilty" in order that he may have a fair and impartial trial.

"Prisoner," demanded the judge, "have you anything to say upon the words of your counsel and do you abide by your plea?"

"Your Honor, I thank my counsel for their painstaking efforts and I am sorry to disappoint them, but I again answer, I am guilty!"

The great trial was over and it only remained to proceed with the sentence of the prisoner.

The judge as usual addressed the man in words of stern rebuke, pointing out to him the enormity of his crime; yet he praised him that he had been able to read his duty clearly and honestly plead guilty to a just charge. For that reason the sentence should be lighter than it might otherwise have been, and "the sentence of this court is, that you Richard Copestalk be committed to St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary for a term of twelve years."

V.

Upon the day following the trial a heavy vehicle drove up to the entrance of the prison at St. Vincent, the great gate swung slowly open and Richard Copestalk stood once more upon the threshold.

It was hard to know that all his friends had deserted him, not one had come forward to say a kindly word; but it was bitterness indeed to think that she whom he had loved would care for him now no longer; yet he knew it was just and he made no complaint.

One step more and the gates would close upon him. He turned for one last look upon the world beyond, and in that instant his eyes fell upon the figure of a woman standing a few yards distant, her pale, pleading face raised to his.

The prisoner paused—held out his hands and the woman was in his arms.

"Richard—dear husband!" she murmured, "remember me, think of me—I will be true to you—I will always love you!"

There was one long passionate kiss—the gates swung slowly together and bolted with a clank, but Richard Copestalk knew that she who was left without alone would to him, unworthy though he was, always remain "Faithful."

E. Dowsley.

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CURRENT THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

LITERARY ACTIVITY.

NEVER was there such literary activity in Canada as at the present time. Never were there so many newspapers being distributed among the people; never were there so many new volumes of native poetry and native fiction as are now being offered to the readers in this country; and never was there such an interest taken in the romantic and unromantic events in the history of this fair nation. Our newspapers, with some notable exceptions, are superior to all predecessors, and to most foreign contemporaries; our poets rank among those of the first rank on this continent, and are even now attracting much attention in the Motherland; our writers of fiction, such as Gilbert Parker, Grant Allen, Miss L. Dougall, J. Macdonald Oxley, E. W. Thompson, and Clifford Smith, are in or close to the front rank of English-writing novelists; our historians never were more active, and never met with an equal sympathy and a similar encouragement. Old Canadian books of any merit have doubled or trebled in value in five years; new Canadian books, of a substantial kind, have a readier sale than in years gone by. There is movement and progress all along the literary line.

An evidence of this is to be found in our "Books and Authors" department in this issue, to which some of the most scholarly men in Canada contribute.

But in spite of all this we are, comparatively speaking, an ignorant people. We have a broad system of free education which teaches our children reading, writing and arithmetic, with a few furbelows added according to the fancy of the educational cranks in each province. True, this system needs improvement; but what does not? We have a High School system which has done good work, although at present its attitude is an improper one. We have numerous colleges, although we have no genuine university. Yet in spite of all these, in spite of cheap literature and free reading-rooms, we are lacking in the breadth of knowledge which evidences culture and refinement—we are still grossly and culpably ignorant. Our educational system has been enlarging the ranks of the professional classes, but is not giving us scholars such as they have in England, in France and in Germany. Our statesmen are as ignorant pigmies when compared with those of the leading European countries; they are men who are selling their lives, their opportunities and their ambitions for the momentary and fleeting glories of wealth and public applause, rather than for a permanent niche in the historical edifice now being reared by the Canadian people. Our clericals, Roman Catholic and Protestants, are doctrine-moulding and pot-hunting instead of devoting their whole attention to deepening the religious and intellectual lives of their flocks. We have no

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national art, no national art galleries; we have no national opera or drama, no national opera house; we have no national society of scientists and scholars worthy of the name, because we have no scientists and no scholars.

And yet we might have all these things. We are nearer having them than ever before. If those who have the influence, the power and the opportunity will but use them, and use them *now*, Canada may during the next few years make such progress as will startle the world and herself. As are the individuals, so is the people; as is the people, so is the nation; therefore individual responsibility never was greater.

THE HIGH SCHOOLS.

Our remarks of last month on the effects of High School system in Ontario, have drawn forth considerable protest. One correspondent writes: "I deny that we, as High School teachers, coax boys from the farm into the profession, and I say it is a slander to charge us with teaching that manual labour is unworthy." We see no reason, however, to retract what we have said, simply explaining that we do not accuse these men and women of doing this directly, but of doing it indirectly. Perhaps the greatest cause of it, however, is the profuse distribution of teachers' certificates which the present Minister of Education has inaugurated.

On this point, a High School principal writes to *The Weekly Sun* (Toronto, Jan., 14th) as follows:

"The school of which I am the principal is neither one of the largest nor of the smallest. There is nothing peculiar about its situation. It is more than probable that a similar statement could be made of almost every county High School in Ontario. I have gone carefully over my registers for the last six years. I find that during that period we have had 108 boys from the farm attending this High School. Of this number only ten have gone back to the farm. Of this small number six were in school only a few months and never passed any promotion examination, while of the other four not less than three went back because they failed to pass departmental examinations for teachers. What became of the remainder? About 25 found their way either into the University or into one of the learned professions. About 50 became teachers—some in Ontario, others in Manitoba and the United States. The remainder have become druggists, bookkeepers, clerks, etc. I am sorry that I can't give the exact number that have gone to the United States, as I have no record to help me, but I have tried to recall the names of those who have gone to swell the exodus to that country, and I believe that I am within the mark when I say that not fewer than twenty have gone. My experience is that a farmer's son who attends a High School for one year can very seldom be induced to return to the farm."

BELLA COOLA COLONY.

The most northerly agricultural settlement on the Pacific Coast is Bella Coola Colony, which consists of about 200 persons. The founders were Norwegians, and have a unique Constitution and By-Laws, which are here given in full:—

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.

1. The name of this association shall be: *Bella Coola Colony, British Columbia.*

2. The purpose of this Colony shall be to induce moral, industrious and loyal Norwegian farmers, mechanics and business men to come to Bella Coola and make their homes there under the laws of British Columbia.

3. To take charge of the colonization, the colonists elect one President, one Vice-President, one Secretary, and two other members, who shall constitute the managing committee of the Colony.

The President and Secretary shall also constitute the negotiating commit-

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tee between the Government and the Colony.

4. To become a member of this Colony a petition must be made to the managing committee, and with which must be furnished satisfactory evidence of good moral character, working ability, and possession of necessary means to cover travelling expenses and provisions for one year. The petitioners have also to submit themselves to the rules and regulations of the Colony by signing the same.

5. Every member of this Colony must abstain from import, manufacture, export, or in any other way whatever, the use of intoxicating drinks, excepting for sacramental, medical, mechanical, and chemical uses.

6. Transgression of these rules, when proved before the managing committee of the Colony, shall be punished by banishment from the territory of the Colony, and the colonist's real estate, if any, shall be forfeited to the Government.

These rules adopted and approved September 11th, 1894.

BY-LAWS.

1. All officers of this Colony shall be elected by a majority of the legal voters, and hold their offices for one year until their successors are elected and qualified.

2. The duties of the officers of this Colony shall be the same as the duties of the officers of other similar organizations.

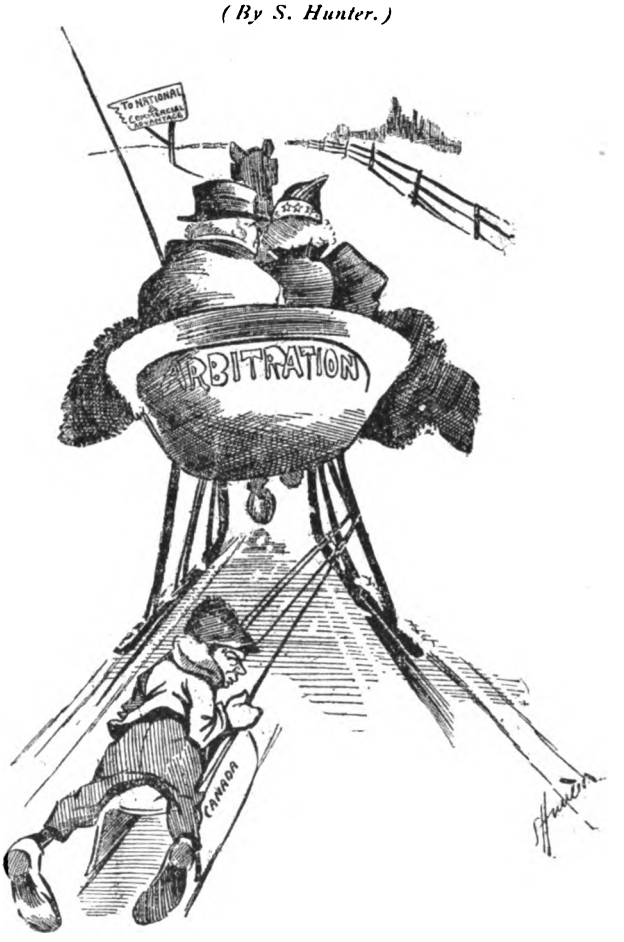
3. An annual meeting of the Colony shall be held on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in the month of June every year.

4. At such annual meeting there shall be entitled to vote every member of the Colony who as such is the holder of and the person mentioned in a free agreement from the Minister of Immigration for the Province of British Columbia.

5. These by-laws may only be altered or amended at the annual meeting, and the by-laws and any alterations shall be submitted to and approved by the Minister of Immigration before coming into force.

WHAT WE HOPE TO SEE.

(By S. Hunter.)



Young Cannuck (catching on behind Mr. Bull and Miss Columbia): Here's hoping they may go on forever and never fall out.

DEMOCRACY AND BOSSISM.

Two articles in this issue are devoted to the study of politics and democracy

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in the Republic to the South. Each article is by a Canadian residing in the United States, and both have been written especially for this publication.

On this point, the following quotations from an article in *Harper's Weekly*, entitled "Two Boss-Ruled States," is decidedly frank:

"Each of the two most populous and wealthy States in the Union is dominated by a political boss. They are not new States. They are as old as the government. In their day they have been conspicuous in patriotic uprisings. They are now not only inhabited by prosperous and intelligent people, but they are centres of education and refinement. In each State are great cities, whose society is adorned by men of learning on the bench and at the bar, in medicine and in the pulpit, and by honourable and distinguished men of business. One of these cities is the metropolis of the county. And both New York and Philadelphia boast of universities which rank among the first in the Union.

"A picture of these two democracies might be truthfully set forth which would induce the stranger to believe that here, if anywhere, the ideals of popular government have been realized. But in reality there is nothing baser or more revolting in modern life than the political conditions of the States of New York and Pennsylvania. The government of the State of New York is controlled by Thomas C. Platt, and that of the State of Pennsylvania by Matthew S. Quay, as completely as if they were mediæval despotisms, ruled by absolute and irresponsible monarchs. So far as Mr. Platt is concerned, he is as yet under no obligation to render an account of his stewardship. In law he is merely a private citizen; in fact, he is the ruler of New York. With Mr. Quay it is somewhat different. He is a United States Senator, and must therefore present himself from time to time for re-election. Perhaps this explains the fact that some opposition to his rule has been manifested in the Pennsylvania Legislature. Despite this opposition at Harrisburg, however, which is ineffective, the laws of these two great States are those which Mr. Platt and Senator Quay dictate. The officers of the States, from the Governors down, are the men whom these two "bosses" appoint. The United States Senators are those whom the Legislature elect at the dictation of the real rulers of the State.

"In these two States the form of popular government is preserved, but the substance is lost. The people do not govern themselves. They do not make their own laws through their representatives. They have no representatives except in name. They are governed by machines, which, in their turn, are controlled by two men of evil character and reputation. In all the history of popular government nothing so utterly abominable and disheartening has been known. Tammany is vile, but its power and influence are limited. Here we have Tammany methods and corruptions spread over these two great, intelligent and wealthy States."

UNITED STATES MONETARY CONVENTION.

The National Monetary Convention, composed almost entirely of members of Boards of Trade throughout the country, was in session in Indianapolis on Jan. 12 and 13. The convention, says *Public Opinion*, adopted the following resolutions with but two or three negative votes:

"This conference declares that it has become absolutely necessary that a consistent, straightforward, and deliberately-planned monetary system shall be inaugurated, the fundamental basis of which should be: First. That the present gold standard should be maintained. Second. That steps should be taken to insure the ultimate retirement of all classes of United States notes by a gradual and steady process, so as to avoid injurious contraction of the currency or disturbance of the business interests of the country, and that in such retirement provision should be made for a separation of the revenue and note

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issue departments of the treasury. Third. That a banking system be provided which should furnish credit facilities to every portion of the country, and a safe and elastic circulation, and specially with a view to securing such a distribution of the loanable capital of the country, as will tend to equalize the rates of interest in all parts thereof."

For the purpose of "effectively promoting" the above objects, a resolution was passed, providing "That fifteen members of this conference be appointed by the chairman to act as an executive committee while this convention is not in session, with full power of this convention." The province of this executive committee is to "endeavor to procure at the special session of Congress, which, it is understood, will be called in March next, legislation calling for the appointment of a monetary commission by the President, to consider the entire question, and to report to Congress at the earliest day possible; failing to secure the above legislation, they are hereby authorized and empowered to select a commission of eleven members." The object of the commission of eleven is "to make a thorough investigation of the monetary affairs and needs of this country, and all relations and aspects, and to make appropriate suggestions as to any evils found to exist and the remedies therefor, and no limit is placed upon the scope of such inquiry."

THE NEWSPAPERS AND SOME WOMEN.

The publicity of the court-room and the freedom of the press—two advantages which the modern world of men and women value very highly—have during the past month revealed two ignoble women to the world, and to what benefit? Column after column of the daily press, the engine of a progressive civilization, has been devoted to Lady Scott and the Princess de Chimay, two women whom to know is to despise. Would it not be better to hide society's sores as you would the physical cancers and tumors and abscesses of the individual? Must we, while benefiting by liberty, be condemned to suffer by the excesses of those who worship at her shrine?

Will the retailing of the ferocious, tigress-like hatred and vengeance-seeking of Lady Scott help to advance the dawn of the millennium? Can detailed accounts of the sad misdoings of a young, wealthy and beautiful woman like the Princess de Chimay, who has deserted her titled husband for many men, the latest a gipsy musician, help to promote right-living and nobility of thought and character? Surely if the Apostle Matthew had lived to-day he would have said that it was easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a newspaper man to help the world to righteousness. The vilest and most brutal pictures of human life are placed side by side by the noblest thoughts and actions of a noble age.

And what of these women? Must we agree with Byron, that

> " . . . their revenge is as the tiger's spring,
> Deadly, and quick, and crushing . . ."

Or with Congreve, that

> "Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turn'd,
> Nor Hell a fury like a woman scorned."

Or with Byron when he said:

> "Men, some to business, some to pleasure take;
> But every woman is at heart a rake."

Or with Shakespeare's estimate of their reasonableness when he remarked:

> "I have no other but a woman's reason,
> I think him so, because I think him so."

In France, when a divorce case comes up in the courts, the newspapers are allowed to simply mention the names of the persons in the divorce court and the fact that they have been divorced. It seems to us that such a restriction on American newspapers, and even on British newspapers, would enable us to keep brighter our faith in the virtue and faithfulness of that sex to which the world owes so much of its nobility and righteousness.

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ORIGIN AND RESULTS OF THE QUEBEC ACT OF 1774.*

MR. VICTOR COFFIN, a professor of history in the University of Wisconsin, is one of those clever young men from the Maritime Provinces of Canada who have been educated in the United States and found a profitable and congenial employment in the intellectual atmosphere of the well-endowed universities of that country. The contribution which he has recently made to English-American colonial history will be read with interest by all students of that important epoch which covers the Quebec Act and the American War of Independence, although there may not be very many quite ready to accept his conclusions as just and sound in all cases. No one will say, after carefully reading this book, that Mr. Coffin is wanting in that critical faculty which is necessary to the modern historian, but at the same time some may venture to think that his criticism generally runs in a too narrow groove and partakes, in fact, rather of the style of the special pleader than of the historian who has a keen insight into the motives of statesmen and is capable of appreciating the conditions of the times of which he writes. Mr. Coffin, however, has the merit of being original ; for he differs on all essential points from other writers of note on the same subject who have preceded him. It is to be regretted that the space at my command does not permit me to follow at some length his arguments which, too frequently, appear to me sophistical in the extreme. He has been, apparently, prejudiced by the scholarly Goldwin Smith, than whom there is no more unsafe guide when it is a question of Canadian development, of a Canadian future, or of French-Canadian conditions.

Mr. Coffin's conditions may be briefly summed up as follows :

That the provisions of the Quebec Act were neither occasioned nor appreciably affected by conditions in other colonies ;

That, far from being effectual in keeping the mass of Canadians loyal to the British connection, the measure had a strong influence in precisely the opposite direction;

That the Act cannot be regarded as a *chef d'œuvre* of political wisdom and humanity, but is really one of the most unwise and disastrous measures in colonial history;

That the Act was founded on the misconceptions and false information of the Provincial officials; that, though it secured the loyal support of the clergy and *noblesse*, it was unpopular among the great mass of the *habitans*, and helped to make them disloyal throughout the American Revolution;

That the *noblesse* and clergy were found to have no influence at the crisis;

*The Province of Quebec and the Early American Revolution. A Study in English-American Colonial History. By Victor Coffin, Ph.D., Madison, Wis. Published by the University, June, 1896.

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That the Act "has been fatal to Anglo-Saxon domination and to political unity in modern Canada,"—and note this sweeping assertion, "through the continued and magnified existence there of an *alien* and *hostile* nationality, rooted in and bound up with an *alien* and *hostile* ecclesiastical domination." It is needless to say that there is a foot-note here to show that these conclusions are suggested by the writings of Mr. Goldwin Smith, whose active pen has been devoted for years to breaking up this confederation and to bringing about a transcontinental union, and who has never yet been able to sympathise in the least degree with the national sentiment, which is assuredly on the increase among the two nationalties that are now labouring to place the Dominion on a secure foundation.

With this statement of the prejudices and influences that appear to sway the mind of Mr. Coffin throughout his carefully-written volume, it might not be necessary to object at length to conclusions which would be already condemned in the opinion of patriotic and fair-minded Canadians who have some accurate knowledge of the history of their country, and are not biased against one or other of the two nationalities that make up the great bulk of our population. It is unfortunate, certainly, that Murray, Carleton, Haldimand, and other Canadian statesmen, who were thoroughly conversant with the Canada of the Quebec Act, that such French-Canadian historians as Garneau and Lareau, and also the leading people of French Canada, who have thoroughly studied their past and been brought up to comprehend the tradition and sentiments of their forefathers of last century; it is remarkable, assuredly, that all these persons should have been under so many delusions with respect to the measure in question until a clever young professor, in the serene retirement of an American University, proved—to his own satisfaction, at all events—their ignorance and credulity. As a matter of fact, no more sweeping assertions, no finely-spun or ingeniously-constructed argument, can conceal the truth that the Act was in its origin one of justice to the French-Canadian people; in the words of the Speech from the Throne at the time, it was "founded on the plainest principles of justice and humanity," and was, in its effect, the saving of the province to England. Even Dr. Kingsford, who has no sentimental attachment assuredly to French Canada, virtually admits its necessity and wisdom under existing conditions. It is true it had no immediate effect on the sentiment of the mass of *habitans*—an illiterate and credulous people—who never saw and could not read a newspaper, the latter a rarity in those days, and were quite ignorant of the meaning and intention of the measure. The danger of the country at that time lay in those English-speaking sympathizers and allies of the American revolutionists who misrepresented the Act among the French, and did all they could to excite them to aid the invaders. All that the *habitans* wanted was peace, to be left alone, and when they were told they were again to be called to military service, as in the days of the French régime when they suffered so much, they became discontented and sullen. When the invaders came they were willing to make all they could out of them, but when they saw they could get only paper money they refused to sell provisions except on compulsion. In fact, the *habitans*, as a mass, were indifferent to the conflict between the English Government and the old colonies, and were misled as to the Quebec Act, if ever they thought of it at all. It is to the clergy—then largely native born—and the leading *seigneurs* of French Canada, that Canada owed her safety. Mr. Coffin underrates their influence in every possible way, and even undertakes to eulogise those English residents of Quebec and Montreal many of whom, in their hatred of an Act intended to do justice to French Canada, were ready to sell the country to the American rebels. If the Quebec Act had not been passed, neither clergy nor *noblesse* would have been on the side of England at this critical juncture, and Carleton could never have held Quebec, where a number of French loyally

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stood by him against Arnold and Montgomery. Mr. Coffin, however, one hundred and twenty years later than those perilous days, serenely suggests the anglicizing of French Canada in 1774, and stimulating discontent and revolt, instead of giving the people a guarantee of justice and security to those institutions which were then, as now, near and dear to them. He would have treated 80,000 or 90,000 people as aliens dangerous to the public welfare, and probably suggested another expatriation like that of the unhappy Acadians. No one can doubt the spirit of justice that prompted the English Government in passing the Quebec Act, though one may question the wisdom of the Constitutional Act of 1791, which "hived" the French-Canadians in one province and the English in another, instead of creating one large province where the two races would eventually be equalised and where opportunities of assimilating customs and understanding each other would have been greater than under the plan that was actually followed. But all this is idle speculation now. We have to deal with facts as they are, and we see that Canada was saved to England when the old Thirteen Colonies became independent. It is on the principles of justice illustrated in the Quebec Act that French and English Canadians have been able to co-operate as members of a growing nation. Our political history shows that Lafontaine, Morin, Cartier, Dorion and Chapleau were as ready in the past as Mr. Laurier in the present to unite with the statesmen of English Canada and build up a great Dominion to the north of the ambitious federal republic on the principles of compromise, conciliation and justice to all creeds and races; and when a writer talks of a "continued and magnified existence of an alien and hostile nationality rooted in and bound up with an alien and hostile ecclesiastical domination," he shows himself animated like his able master by an inveterate prejudice against a people who had the first claims to Canadian soil, and who, whatever their national weakness, have been at least true to Canada and are entitled to every just consideration as co-partners with the English in the working of the destiny of the Confederation. *Jno. Geo. Bourinot.*

OLD REGIME IN CANADA.*

ANY work that is calculated to throw additional light on the history of our country, or to familiarize existing knowledge, is worthy of consideration. Mr. Weir's work, "The Administration of the Old Regime in Canada," is founded mainly upon a study of the "Edits et Ordonnances" of the French kings which were in force in Canada; and in his review of these legal productions, and of associated circumstances, he has presented a commentary on the Administration of the period, of particular interest to the ordinary reader.

The limits to which Mr. Weir has confined himself would appear to have prevented him from doing ample justice to his subject. For instance, in the opening chapter, a sub-division of which is devoted to the consideration of European institutions in America, the author states that "The growth of social and political institutions in America must always possess great fascination for the student of human affairs; for there it is possible to trace the effect of the transplanting of European forms of government and administration, with such modifications as have been adopted of choice or necessity." And again, "It is easy to trace in the constitutions of the United States the conceptions of kingly power and the relations of parliament thereto, that were prevalent during the reign of George the Third." Now, although we assume this statement to be correct, it would be much more valuable if it were supported even by a simple illustration.

In the first division of the book there are some instructive passages on the rights and privileges of French Canadians, and on the distinction of the term "Administrative Law in England and in France."

* "The Administration of the Old Regime in Canada," by R. Stanley Weir, B.C.L., Montreal.

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On page 7 we find a statement which, in the light of a subsequent chapter, would seem contradictory. Mr. Weir refers to the political condition of France as "unmodified by any strong indications towards popular freedom;" power was centralized in the hands of the king, "despot succeeding despot, until the final catastrophe of the revolution was reached." In England, on the other hand, "the dominant tendency towards popular freedom was never long repressed, but asserted itself among nobles and people alike with unswerving persistence." On page 89 the author reverts to this idea and says that the tyranny in France "had burned itself into the heart of the peasantry and proletariat, whose murmurings were soon to be heard."

These descriptions of the conditions prevailing in France picture an extreme situation, and it is consequently surprising to find, on page 91, that the political condition of the French people compared favourably with that of the other peoples of Europe, saving only the English. "In France public opinion was far more potent, and law was vastly more influential than in Germany or Spain or Italy."

After giving a summary of the Edicts and Ordinances published by order of the Legislative Assembly of Lower Canada, in 1854, Mr. Weir terminates his first chapter in these words, which we quote as an example of his literary style:

"As one turns their musty pages, the curtains that veil the past are drawn aside. We see the daring and trepid pioneers who wooed the West to win the East; the dark-robed missionaries who carried the Cross as a torch, amid a people who sat in darkness; the busy traders, by fishing banks and beaver brooks, and in the forests where the moose and martin and sable were found. We see the heroic figures of Champlain and La Salle, of Lallement and Brebœuf and many another, exploring mighty waters and pathless forests, and wonder at the courage and faith that sustained them through fearful nights and days of terror, toil, and danger. We still see Count Frontenac as he stands upon the citadel at Quebec and defies the armaments of Boston; de Maisonneuve, as he proves his courage upon Place d'Armes, and the busy intendants as they carefully pen their ordinances, or wrangle with the governors about questions of precedence, or write complainingly to the minister at Paris. Here, too, flit before us the forms of the seigneur, the *coureur de bois*, the captain of militia, the Jesuit, the Sulpician, the Sister of Mercy, the Iroquois, and the habitant; while over all floats the *fleur-de-lis* of France—symbol of the power that would fain know and control all that happened at this distance of a thousand leagues!"

The second chapter is devoted principally to an Historical division of the Old Regime and to the consideration of some of the great trading companies of Canada. Here we meet with the familiar characters of Jacques Cartier, Roberval, de la Roche, Champlain and others, and are brought face to face with the evils under which the new colony struggled, but which legislation was powerless to check.

In the third chapter Mr. Weir has rendered a service to the student by giving a careful analysis of the charter of the Hundred Associates, and by furnishing a translation of its preamble. The charter of the company is an exceedingly valuable document, and difficult of access to the ordinary reader, which renders this chapter specially interesting. By a typographical error this ancient deed is considerably modernized, 1867 being the date given in the book. The administration of this unfortunate enterprise, the final abandonment of the charter, and the establishment of the Sovereign Council, are treated of in this division.

Amongst other instructive matters in the fourth division, Mr. Weir deals with trade restrictions and monopolies, particularly with the regulations regarding beaver skins, and in conclusion remarks that:

"Out of the beaver trade a *great evil* arose. The young, active and hardy settlers betook themselves to the woods, beyond the reach of governors and intendants and councils. Beneath the brilliant skies and among the leafy shades of the primeval woods, the *coureurs de bois* felt that sense of freedom which was denied them in the settlements. In vain were all the resources of administrative authority exercised against them; in vain did threats of capital punishment even alternate with *amnesties of pardon*. The fur trade was profitable, and the organized life of the colony was intolerable; the *coureurs de bois* accordingly roamed the forests, and the towns remained weak in men."

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This may be true, but sometimes "out of evil good may come." To the *coureurs de bois* Canada owes a lasting debt.

Chapter V. is specially instructive, and throws new light on the true functions of the Intendant. Here we meet with the founder of La Friponne, "who stands pilloried in the annals of his time as a thief."

The administration of justice, the various sources of authority, the Seigneurial System and Criminal Law are carefully considered in Chapter VI. From a glance at the judgments of the criminal courts in those palmy days, we are inclined to think that the dispensers of justice must have devoted considerable of their leisure to the invention of pleasing and instructive instruments of torture. A novelty in this direction, which would serve for the purpose of punishment, and provide for the free advertisement of the symbol of France, is to be found in the following:

"On the 4th February, 1671, the Council issued a curious decree. One Paul Dupuy had said that there was nothing like looking to one's self, and that when the English cut off the head of Charles I. they did a good thing; with other remarks to the same effect. This was condemned as sedition. He was condemned to be led in his shirt, torch in hand, to the chateau of St. Louis, there to beg pardon of the King; thence to the pillory of the Lower Town to be branded with a *fleur-de-lis* on the cheek, and kept in the stocks for half-an-hour; then to be led back to prison till the information against him was completed!"

"Lingua, sile; non est ultra narrabile quiequam." Alas! for poor Paul too many words had already been spoken.

Perhaps the cries of this unfortunate individual are sufficient excuse for the three exclamations with which Mr. Weir brings this chapter to a close:

"What fearful shrieks of pain echo to us down the long years!
"What ghastly visions of blood and horror sweep before us!
"What cruel bondage, what unavailing prayers, what awful agony!"

The seventh chapter is an important one, and is devoted to the consideration of such details of the Administration as the author considers of special interest to the student of to-day.

In the eighth and concluding chapter, Greek and Roman colonization is contrasted with that of France in Canada in a clear and able manner.

In conclusion Mr. Weir tells us that all the political problems of an advancing civilization have not been solved; that the inheritors of freedom are the best equipped to solve them—the inheritors of "that freedom oft in peril, but never lost sight of, which can be traced through many memorable events, in many years of human story, even to the dim borderlands of authentic history."

Arthur G. Doughty.

A NEW CANADIAN POET.*

A FIRST volume of poetry rarely satisfies the reader. He turns to it to see whether he has discovered his promised poet, and with the disappointment his interest dies. He finds the old themes treated in the familiar way of which he is weary, and little ground for hope that the second volume will differ from the first. But Mr. Francis Sherman's first volume interests us more from what it promises than from what it is. We have in it the usual poet's exercises, which interest us in the cleverness of their technique much as the Latin and Greek verses which a clever student can string together. But "Matins" contains some work which suggests that Mr. Sherman's second volume will not disappoint us. In a sense, it is a record of experiments in metrical form and in poetical manner. With the exception of the few sonnets it contains, there are no two poems in the same metre; and the manner changes from the mediæval to the modern. It is probably not a matter of chance that the poem which gives its name to the

* Matins: Francis Sherman. Boston: Copeland and Day.

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volume is the strongest and most distinctive piece of work it contains, but the deliberate consequence of a knowledge as to where his strength lies.

The beautiful little volume as a whole might be called "the ballad of the training of a poet." It contains a record (for those who can read) of Mr. Sherman's ideals. We can trace the influence of his masters, and mark where he begins to outgrow their influence. Naturally there is a great deal which is no very distant echo of what others have said. Morris and Rossetti have been his models, and it is well for his future that they have been. A man who begins by taking Morris and Rossetti as his masters may himself rise to mastery; but the man who begins by adopting the fashions of current poetasters may end—in the gutter. The models whom Mr. Sherman has taken have saved him (if he needed salvation) from the maudlin indecency of much of the minor verse of to-day. He has been given a clean start, and that in itself is a matter of great importance. We can discern, however, that the influence of his masters has already ceased to diminish him. Part of his work, and to my mind the strongest and most real parts of his work, shows scant traces of their influence, save in the simplicity and sincerity of the language and the strength of the metrical movement.

It is, perhaps, regrettable for the sake of the reception of his book that he has included so much of that which was written before an open Kelmscott, and under the picture of the Blessed Damozel. Poems like "The Window of Dreams" and "The Relief of Wet Willows" leave on the mind an impression as of tapestry, which lingers and is not dispelled when we turn to the more actual parts of his work. Throughout the whole volume there seems lack of reality and full-bloodedness; yet Mr. Sherman is at his best when he adheres to his models least closely. It is with difficulty that he shakes off his literary enthusiasm and gives scope to his natural power; but when he does so, the effect is worth repeating. In the long poem to "The Rain," where he writes with an enthusiasm which releases him from the abiding sense of the necessity of metrical correctness, his power appears:

"Did not thy hearing strain
To catch the moaning of the wind-swept sea,
Where great tides be,
And swift, white rain?
Did not its far exulting teach thy soul
That of all things the sea alone is free
And under no control?
Its liberty,—
Was it not most desired by the soul?

"I say
The earth is alway glad, yea, and the sea
Is glad alway
When the rain cometh; either tranquilly,
As at the first dawn of a summer day,
Or in late autumn wildly passionate,
Or when all things are all disconsolate
Because that winter has been long their king."

When Mr. Sherman has learned more clearly that there is more—and less—in life and love than his models seem to know, he will give more like this.

One wise thing he has learned from his models—to avoid the facile poetry of strained and exaggerated epithet. He seldom strains after effect unless it be the effect of simplicity, and there are consequently no instances of that violent obscurity of language by means of which most minor poets strive to persuade us of their originality. His language is so *simplex munditiis*, that is, almost Wordsworthian, but it is always dignified. Take, for instance, these verses from "The Builder":

"Here, moreover, thou shalt find
Strange, delightful, far-brought things:
Dulcimers, whose tightened strings,
Once, dead women loved to touch,
(Deeming they could mimic much
Of the music of the wind!)

"Heavy candlesticks of brass;
Chess-men carved of ivory;
Mass books written perfectly
By some patient monk of old;
Flagons wrought of thick, red gold,
Set with gems and coloured glass."

That his words are sometimes archaic we owe to the influence of William Morris; that his language should always be simple and restrained is his own merit.

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His power and his sincerity, the simplicity and the beauty of his verse, are best shown by quoting a few stanzas from a tender and strong poem where he tells of the availing sorrow of a mother for her lost child:

". . . the things I had
Were only withered flowers,
Because there came not with the Spring,
As in the ancient days,
The sound of his feet pattering
Along Spring's open ways;
And now these unused toys and I
Have little dread or care
For any season that drifts by
The silences we share;
And sometimes, when we think to pray
Across the vacant years,
We see God watching him at play
And pitying our tears."

These strong and human verses make us forget the pageantry of grief which Mr. Sherman likes to display. A young man is often sad from wantonness, as Prince Arthur says of the young gentleman of France; and Mr. Sherman seems to live in an atmosphere of gloom and the comforts of a spectacular religion. Here again we detect the influence of his masters, who, in the endeavour to reconstruct a dead past, could not but people it with dead or dying knights and ladies; but his own note is different. He lives in the "brave" world, and at times he lets us know it. He sings of the spring and the running out of the ice, and rejoices in the glories of the summer in a manner which makes one almost forget the deserted ladies and the stricken knights.

"O season of the strong triumphant sun,
Bringer of exultation unto all,
Behold thy work ere yet thy day be run
Over by growing grain!
How the winds rise and cease,
Behold these meadows where thick gold lies spun—
There, last night, surely thy long hair must have lain!
Where trees are tall
Hear where young birds hold their high festival;
And see where shallow waters know thy peace."

John Davidson.

THE ANNALS OF NIAGARA.

ABOUT 1650 there disappeared from the face of the earth a tribe of Indians, the Neutrals, who have left to civilization but one word of their language. Onghiara, their chief town, was situated on the west side of the Niagara River, where it pours its waters into Lake Ontario, and gave its name to the town of Niagara, which has played so important a part in our history. After the destruction of the Neutrals, the Mississauguas from the North-West claimed and took the land, and an old fort still perpetuates their tribal name. In 1678, La Salle arrived at Onghiara and built a stockade and trading-post. In the spring of 1679, having had a boat built on the bank of the river just above Goat Island, he bestowed upon himself the honour of being the first white man to navigate Lake Erie. In 1685 the Marquis of Denonville visited Niagara and ordered the fort to be rebuilt of stone. Governor Vandreuil built the castle and blockhouse in 1726, and Colonel Pouchot further improved it in 1758. The following year it surrendered to Sir William Johnson, and has ever since been British. During the eighty years of French rule Niagara was held strictly as a garrison and trading-post, and no agricultural settlement grew up around it.

All this and much more is to be found in the first six chapters of William Kirby's "Annals of Niagara,"* a valuable addition to our written history. The author then goes on to give the annals of this historic place under British rule, and a most charming story it is.

The author's work is marred by two faults. In the first place, there are, in a few places, a looseness and a carelessness of style which, to speak mildly, is decidedly objectionable. One or two examples will suffice:

"He was drowned, with his daughter, on his return home after the war, on board the steamer 'North Star,' which foundered at sea,"

*Annals of Niagara, by William Kirby, F.R.C.S., author of "The Golden Dog," "Canadian Idylls," etc. Published by Lundy's Lane Historical Society. Toronto: Rowsell & Hutchison; Montreal: W. Drysdale & Co. Paper, 75 cents.

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"Artillery was brought up and a heavy fire kept up on the island, which, however, being densely wooded and over a mile away, did not damage the rebels much, and who kept up a fire on the militia, which also was inoperative."

The second fact is the lack of impartiality in judging men whose names and deeds have passed into history. His estimate of Robert Gourlay may be placed side by side with what Dent says of the politician, and the comparison shows that the true estimate of Gourlay has not yet been written:

"Gourlay was an impetuous, half-educated man, fluent of speech and ready in writing; ambitious to push himself into notoriety as a popular leader, with expectation of living on and by the party he had created. His writings and speeches were most abusive and libelous of the best people of the district. His arrogance and self-conceit were unbounded. . . . .

"We have had in Canada others like Gourlay, but none with more assurance or less excuse.

"Gourlay carried on the trade of an agitator for two years, making considerable uproar in the district, when his career was suddenly cut short by the action of the magistrates, who had power under one of the early statutes of Canada to stop seditious practices and speeches by the summary banishment of the offenders, a species of ostracism which had lain quiet for some years in the laws of Upper Canada. Gourlay was arrested in 1819 and tried in Niagara before the commissioners, Hon. Wm. Dickson and Hon. Robt. Hamilton. He was, after a noisy trial, convicted of sedition and sentenced to banishment from the province for a period of twenty years. This sentence was at once carried out. Gourlay was taken from the courthouse by a bailiff and constables, conducted to the ferry and sent over the river to the United States, as a proper place of transportation for a seditious man of his kind."—Kirby's "Annals of Niagara," pp. 220 and 221.

"After having defended himself through two criminal trials he (Gourlay) had been cast into prison, where he had languished for more than seven months. During his long confinement he had been subjected to a course of treatment which would have been highly culpable if meted out to a convicted criminal, and which was marked by a malignant cruelty hardly to be comprehended when the nature of the offence charged against him is considered."—"The Upper Canada Rebellion," by John Charles Dent, vol. I., p. 15.

"To what, then, was his long and bitter persecution to be attributed? Why had he been deprived of his liberty; thrust into a dark and unwholesome dungeon; refused the benefit of the Habeas Corpus Act . . . . badgered and tortured to the ruin of his health and his reason? . . . He had displayed a persistent determination to let in the light of day upon the iniquities and rascalities of public officials. He had denounced the system of patronage and favouritism in the disposal of Crown Lands. He had inveighed against some of the human blood-suckers of that day in language which certainly was not gracious or parliamentary, but which, as certainly, was both forcible and true. . . . He had been the one man in Upper Canada possessed of sufficient courage to do and to dare; to lift the thin and flimsy veil which only half concealed the corruption whereby a score of greedy vampires were rapidly enriching themselves at the public cost. He had dared to hold up to general inspection the baneful effects of an irresponsible Executive, and of a dominating clique, whose one hope lay in preserving the existing order of things undisturbed."—Ibid, pp. 16 and 17.

"He obtained the opinions of eminent English lawyers as to the legal aspect of the case. The unanimous opinion of counsel was that his imprisonment was wholly unjustifiable."

"The sentence of the court was then pronounced. It was to the effect that the prisoner must quit the Province within twenty-four hours."—Ibid, p. 37.

It will be seen from the above comparison that Kirby and Dent view the matter from different sides. That Dent's view is more nearly correct is borne out by the subsequent political events of the province and by that valuable official document, Lord Durham's report. To show the spirit of the times, it may be mentioned that in 1818 an Act was passed by the Upper Canada Legislature prohibiting the holding of conventions to discuss political grievances. And to support Dent's view of Gourlay's action, we find that the Hon. W. H. Merritt, father of the sheriff who had charge of Gourlay during his imprisonment, afterwards espoused Gourlay's cause in the Canadian Assembly.

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When we come to details we find a great difference. Kirby says Gourlay was tried before Dickson and Hamilton; Dent says Chief Justice Powell presided, and a jury was empanelled, the names of the twelve being given. Kirby says Gourlay was taken across the border by the sheriff; Dent says he was taken in charge by his friends the Hamiltons, spent the night in their house at Queenston, and next day crossed the border.

Our rulers may sometimes need condonation for their acts, but this will never be secured by mis-statements. Better far would it be to explain the circumstances under which they acted and the spirit of the age in which they lived. Had Mr. Kirby kept this in mind his valuable book would have been more valuable.

John A. Cooper.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Methodist Book and Publishing House has been doing a grand work for Canadian literature and for the Canadian reading public during the past years. Two of their recent books for boys are worthy of especial attention, and both are wholesome tales of life and adventure in the Great North-West. They are "Three Boys in the Wild North Land," by Egerton R. Young, author of "By Canoe and Dog-Train," etc; and "The Warden of the Plains, and other Stories of Life in the Canadian North-West," by John Maclean, author of "Canadian Savage Folk," etc. Both authors are well known, and both have had special facilities for collecting knowledge concerning the particular life of which they write. The books themselves show considerable advance in Canadian book-making. Each has a specially designed cover of striking appearance, and each is profusely illustrated by J. E. Laughlin. Book and magazine illustrating has shown a marked advance in Canada during the past year, and the resultant art-education of the people must have a beneficial reflex on the standard of living which our people maintain.

Another boys' book, exhibiting an even higher standard of illustration, is F. C. T. O'Hara's "Snap Shots from Boy Life," published by Willian Briggs (M. B. and P. House). The cover is decidedly unique, the initial letters and tail-pieces are the best I have ever seen in a Candian book, while the arrangement of the page headings is refreshingly new. The author is private secretary to Sir Richard Cartwright, and, although a Canadian by birth, originally contributed this series of articles to the Baltimore *Herald*. The art work is by Astley Palmer Cooper, one of the cleverest artists on the American press. As to the sentiments in the book, no anxious father or solicitous mother could ask for better, and no boy can read them without having his manhood strengthened.

"Our Strange Guest" is a short story by Wm. McDonell, published in paper covers, and printed by Wilson & Wilson, Lindsay, Ont.

Charles G. D. Roberts' long-expected volume of verse is to hand. It is entitled "The Book of the Native," and is published by Lamson, Wolfe & Co., Boston, and The Copp, Clark Co., Toronto. Besides being a dainty volume it is a valuable one, and in my humble opinion shows that Mr. Roberts has much improved in verse writing during the past three years. The poems are more graceful and more musical, while the sentiments contained are loftier and more real. There is less of a mere photographing of natural objects and scenery, and more of a poetical interpretation of these natural phenomena. But the book is important enough to demand more lengthy treatment, and this will be given later.

"Rhymes of the Kings and Queens of England," by Mary Leslie, is an unpretentious volume for children. The title fully explains the contents, and although the standard of poetry is not high, there is much information for the little ones between the covers. It is published by William Briggs, and is illustrated.

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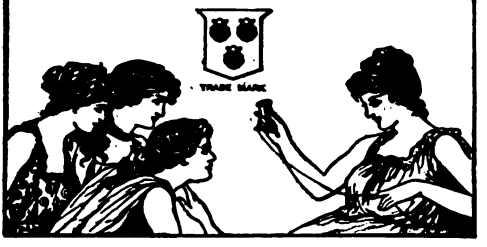
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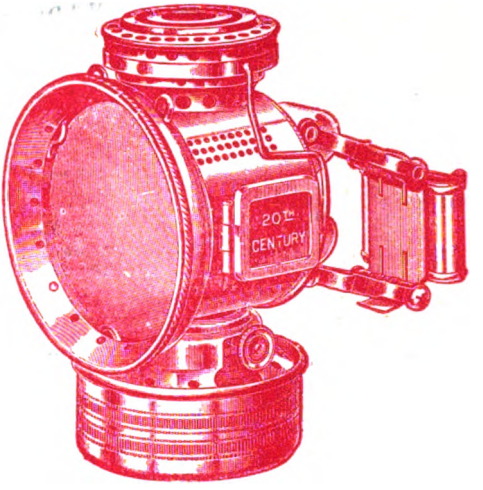
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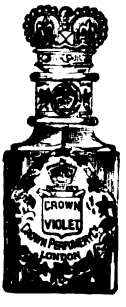
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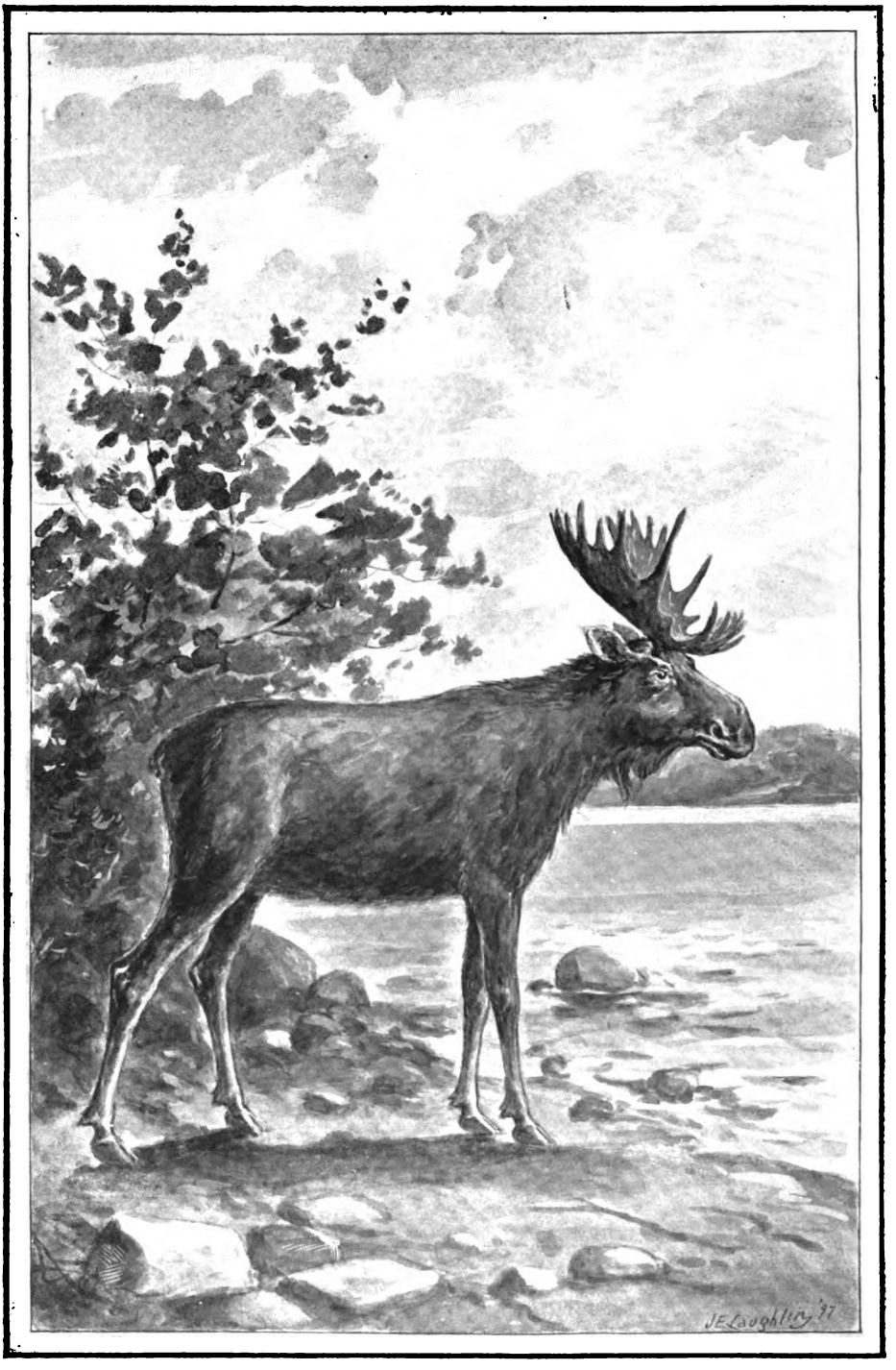
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THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

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WHAT SHALL THE TARIFF BE?

BY THE HON. J. W. LONGLEY, ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF NOVA SCOTIA.

BEFORE very long parliament will be called together, and the most important subject for consideration at the coming session is undoubtedly the tariff. The present Federal Government have got the Manitoba School Question safely off their hands. It did not prove to be a very difficult question to settle, and the terms, in spite of all criticism, will in the main be satisfactory to all classes in Canada. But the crucial question which confronts the government, and which was bound to confront it, is the re-adjustment of the tariff. For more than eighteen years the fiscal policy of Canada has been a well-defined issue between the two great political parties. The policy of the Liberal party has undergone changes and modifications during this long period of opposition, but there has never been a time in its history when the leaders ceased to denounce the principle of protection, or hesitated to avow their determination to entirely change the fiscal system in the event of being charged with the responsibilities of office.

Power has at length come, and with it responsibility. The tariff must be dealt with, and the greatest interest awaits the tariff which is to be submitted by the Minister of Finance in a very short time. No one can undertake to say what the tariff will be. Declarations have recently been made in high quarters that it was not proposed to make it revolutionary. "Vested interests" have been referred to in terms not exactly vague, and the widest differences of opinion as to what the new government will do are to be found in almost every class in the Dominion. The ultimate responsibility must of course rest upon the Ministers. It must be assumed that the most searching light and the most accurate information will be obtained as a basis of any action. It is not amiss, however, to discuss, even in advance, the lines upon which tariff reform ought to proceed.

As a preliminary, and for the purpose of obtaining information, those Ministers who by their departmental offices are most nearly charged with the work of tariff building have been holding enquiries touching tariff matters throughout the Dominion. It is to be noted that they are imitating their predecessors in going to the cities. Sittings in large centres of mercantile and industrial life will inevitably result in extracting opinions of special beneficiaries of the tariff. Only those in the main who have some personal object to serve in the maintenance of the tariff are likely to take the trouble to wait upon and interview Ministers with relation to the tariff. The great mass of the people, it may be safely assumed, were practically without a voice in this tariff enquiry.

The question of free trade or protection is very largely an academic one, and practical statesmen need not of

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necessity worry their brains over the abstract proposition as to which is right and sound and which wrong and vicious. As a matter of fact, we are not destined to have even an approximation to free trade in this country for some time to come. Our revenues are going to be derived in the future, as in the past, principally from duties on imports. A nice distinction is sometimes drawn between tariff for protection with incidental revenue and tariff for revenue with incidental protection.

There is indeed a distinction between these two, an important and far-reaching one, and this leads to the most important phases of the tariff question.

The majority of the Canadian people are not so deeply concerned as to whether the duties imposed upon general lines of imports shall be 20 per cent. or 30 per cent., but they are concerned that they should be fair.

The evil of a system of protection for purely protective purposes is that it is bound to result in special privileges. That was the curse which was beginning to hang over this country as the result of the tariff legislation of the past eighteen years. That is the danger which threatens civilized countries everywhere, that is the octopus which has already fastened itself upon the United States and which it will take decades of unceasing and heroic struggle to destroy.

To illustrate: one concern engaged in the manufacture of a certain article succeeds in getting a high duty imposed upon the manufactured product, a duty so high as to be practically prohibitive. At first the stimulus to domestic production ensures healthy competition and prevents undue profits; then occurs the idea of a combine. "Let us cease our fratricidal war; let us unite," is the amiable suggestion of the ringleaders, and forthwith a Trust is formed. Competition ceases thenceforth. The foreigner is ruled out by a prohibitory tariff, and millions are fleeced to make the members of this privileged guild rich.

This is *special legislation* for the benefit of a *special class.* It is a creation of a *special privilege.* It places a handful of people in a superior position as compared with all the rest of the population.

This of itself would be unfair and vicious. The only condition on which a free people submit to representative institutions, and delegate the law-making power to a parliament, is that the law should be equal and fair. When a law-making assembly can pass a law whereby $1.00 each is taken from one million persons and handed over to one person then the system must collapse, because civil government under such conditions would be impossible.

But not only is special legislation unsound in principle and vicious in operation, but, once tolerated, a myriad of evils follow naturally and inevitably from it. A privilege worth having is worth preserving and *worth buying.* So long as the basis of legislation is even-handed and inexorable justice to all, no motive is presented for appealing to the selfish interests or instincts of legislators. But the instant it is recognized that this delegated authority can pass a law conferring a special privilege upon an individual, a corporation or a class, then the inevitable tendency will be that the individual, corporation or class benefited will exercise every conceivable means to preserve its privileges. Hence corruption; hence the debauchery of parliament, the very fountain of national life.

The government, having granted a special privilege to one class, can scarcely refuse to grant special privileges to other classes, until we have a number of dangerous beneficiaries leaning upon the State, and whose existence and fortunes are dependent upon the law making power. Combined these enormously augment the force which works to secure the perpetuation of privilege.

This struggle is usually one between hundreds on the one side and millions on the other, and yet history demonstrates that the hundreds generally win. The few beneficiaries who are advantaged are united, alert and vigilant. They understand the extent and value of their special privilege, and are pre-

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pared to make a desperate struggle to maintain it. The masses, on the other hand, suffering only by small amounts, are indifferent and unconscious of the aggregate injustice which is imposed upon them. The aggregation of wealth in the hands of a few great concerns centres power in a selfish coterie ; the interests of the people are ignored, and presently a plutocracy binds its fetters upon the nation.

The most striking example of the fruits of a protective policy carried to extremes is found in the United States. There great Trusts have been unblushingly established, and individuals have rolled up fortunes exceeding a hundred millions of dollars, almost entirely the result, not of industry and prudence, not even indeed of foresight and sagacity, but as the result of the power to control national legislation in such a way as to secure special privileges. The election of Mr. McKinley may have destroyed and annihilated the silver party in the United States, but it has not annihilated, and nothing can destroy, the party which stands for uncompromising resistance to special legislation in favor of special individuals and classes. That struggle will never cease until the rights of the masses have been upheld.

Canada is partially free from this, but perilously near to the danger line. Special privileges distinctly came into being under the national policy, and were openly fostered and recognized by the government of the country. Trusts and Combines are at this moment in existence in Canada, and these have practical control over supplying some of the wants of the entire country without competition, and to the palpable detriment of the masses. Whatever differences may exist as to the lines upon which tariff reform should proceed, or the extent to which the tariff reductions should go, this much is clear —these special privileges should be absolutely and remorselessly swept away by the new government.

Reasonable men cannot fail to recognize that it would be unwise and unstatesmanlike for the new administration to inaugurate such radical measures as would jeopardize the legitimate industries of the country. However glibly theorists may talk on the abstract question of free trade, the fact remains that in the history of young countries manufacturing industries have seldom been able to get firmly upon their feet without some consideration in fiscal legislation. But the line should be sharply drawn between legitimate industries seeking by fair means to establish themselves in the country on a sound basis, and concerns animated solely by a greedy desire for illicit profit, and seeking existence by means of special legislation supplemented by a grasping Combine. Wherever the present government find a Trust or a Combine existing in Canada it is their business instantly to destroy it root and branch.

Good men should propagate the sound and wholesome views of absolute equality in legislation and uphold the rights of the unorganized and, perhaps, indifferent masses. Even Cabinet Ministers are human and insensibly influenced by the power of wealth and social prestige. The smiles of the great are pleasant food to personal vanity. The statesman who is truly great would rather have the approbation of history than the transient favours of the great ; would rather do his duty by the masses of the people than merely hold power. But, after all, the surest foundation of national security is to be found in a healthy public opinion in the nation. Statesmen are not all heroes, and not always ready to sacrifice power for the sake of a great principle. What will keep them in the lines of duty is the certain conviction that a healthy public opinion will sustain them in well doing. Above all things let us guard this Canada of ours against the most insidious of all foes to her material prosperity and national honour—Special Privilege.

J. W. Longley.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA.

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TO those who are at all acquainted with Manitoban history it must occur on a moment's reflection that many men bred within her borders, who have borne a prominent part in her affairs, must have had an opportunity of obtaining an education of a superior character, and they will be prepared to learn that in the second and third quarters of this century, when the Red River country was supposed to be a land of wild bison and wilder men, schools were in operation in which the elements of a liberal education were to be obtained. To-day Manitoba possesses a university of no mean reputation, and of constantly increasing importance, the teaching bodies of which trace their history back to that remote antiquity (for this new land) of which mention has been made.

Those who would see the outward and visible workings of this university may, on a bright spring morning, when the glorious Manitoba sun is rapidly giving the country an air of summer, enter a modern and not very pretentious building, which but a few weeks before echoed to the ring of steel and the merry hum of skaters. In this skating rink, with white painted walls, there are rows and rows of temporary tables of planed boards, along one side of which are ranged chairs, placed five or six feet apart. Here, during two pleasant May weeks, over three hundred and fifty students of both sexes, arrayed in college gowns, spend long hours in transferring their thoughts to reams of paper. A platform at one side of the room serves as a coign of vantage from which announcements are made. Up and down the aisles pace the professors of the different colleges, intent on seeing that no improper methods for refreshing dull memories are in use.

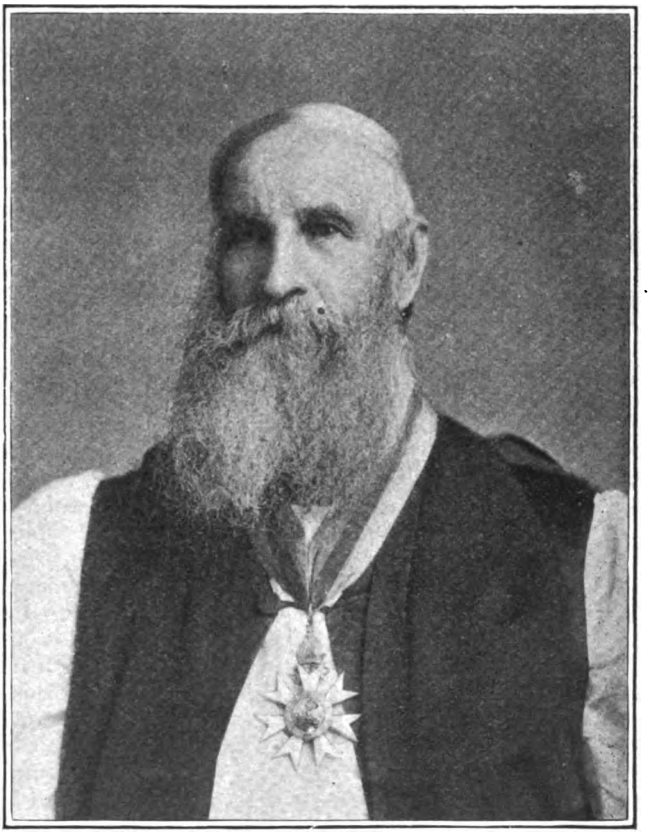
The visitor cannot fail to notice one whose ample gown falls from a form six feet four in height. He will notice the piercing eye, the dignity of the carriage, and the flowing beard setting off a countenance in which firmness and benignity are happily blended. This is

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none other than Dr. Machray, Archbishop of Rupert's Land, Primate of Canada, and Chancellor of the University of Manitoba. Coming in 1865 to a diocese which, though stretching to the Rocky Mountains and the Arctic Circle, contained only a few thousand inhabitants, Dr. Machray now finds himself, after over thirty years of labour, the spiritual overseer of that same territory containing eight bishops and some two hundred clergymen. The masterly skill with which he directed the affairs of his diocese marked him out, on the occasion of the union of the Church of England in Canada in 1893, as the one most fitted to guide the destinies of the United Church. His abilities have been recognized by many bodies in many ways, not the least graceful or least appreciated being the cross of the Prelate of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, conferred some three years since by Her Most Gracious Majesty.

Another notable figure moving about these silent aisles is that of a man who seems to be perpetually bathed in the lambent flame of philosophy, and is yet not consumed. Slight of figure, and with the face of a contemplative philosopher, he is nevertheless one of the most active men to be found within the bounds of this active country. In fact, if ever a man, according to accepted canons, should have died of overwork, that man is Dr. King, Principal of Manitoba College. Not only has he carried on his classes in ethics and metaphysics year after year, but he has also conquered in that stern battle for existence which an educational institution must wage in a new country. Other colleges have their seasons of rest, but the halls of Manitoba College are never silent. No sooner has Convocation Day passed than the classes of the Summer Theological Session assemble; and that this new and important venture in college work is a success, is in no small measure due to the willingness and self-sacrifice of Dr. King and his coworkers.

Then there is a man wearing the cassock and girdle of the Order of Jesuits. His face is clear cut and forceful, and the lines of the mouth suggest logical arguments and sweeping periods. This is Rev. Lewis Drummond, S. J., Prefect of Studies of St. Boniface College.



ARCHBISHOP MACHRAY.
Chancellor of the University of Manitoba.

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REV. LEWIS DRUMMOND, S. J.
Prefect of Studies, St. Boniface College.

Besides being the guiding spirit of higher Roman Catholic education in the West, Father Drummond is one of the most eloquent pulpit orators in Canada, and the announcement that he is about to preach or lecture is sufficient to fill the edifice to overflowing.

There are two other men from whose natures all the rigour of academic training and weight of senatorial dignity have not been sufficient to crush out the genial Irishman. The one is Dr. O'Meara, the tried and valued assistant of the Archbishop of Rupert's Land, and Deputy Warden of St. John's College, one of the most brilliant preachers and speakers in Canada; the other is Rev. Dr. Sparling, Principal of Wesley College. The former has helped his bishop and co-workers in lengthening the cords and strengthening the stakes of an old-established institution; but Dr. Sparling had no such difficulties. His work has been all plain sailing; so plain, indeed, that when he arrived in 1888 he found neither lands, buildings, endowment funds, nor any other trammelling circumstance. But Dr. Sparling did find a warm place in the hearts of the Methodists of the West; and his labours in that fruitful field have been crowned with such abundant success that in the spring of 1896 he was able to invite his friends of all denominations to attend the opening of one of the most substantial and beautiful college buildings in Canada, with a large class of students within its walls, and to announce that the day was in sight when this building and property, costing nearly one hundred thousand dollars, would be free from debt.

Among others who pace these halls, and who deserve a longer mention than the limits of this article allow, are Dr. George Bryce, the historian of Manitoba, and Prof. Hart and Prof. Baird, his co-labourers in Manitoba College; Father Kavanagh, of St. Boniface; Dean Grisdale, now become Bishop of Qu'Appelle; Canon Matheson and Canon Coombes, of St. John's; and Professors Laird, Cochrane and Stewart, of Wesley College.

Manitoba University is a confederation in which a number of different colleges occupy the positions of units. These colleges are now five in number, one being Manitoba Medical College, which has been very successful, particularly in the field of surgery. Two of its professors have lately gone to fill important chairs in post graduate schools in Chicago.

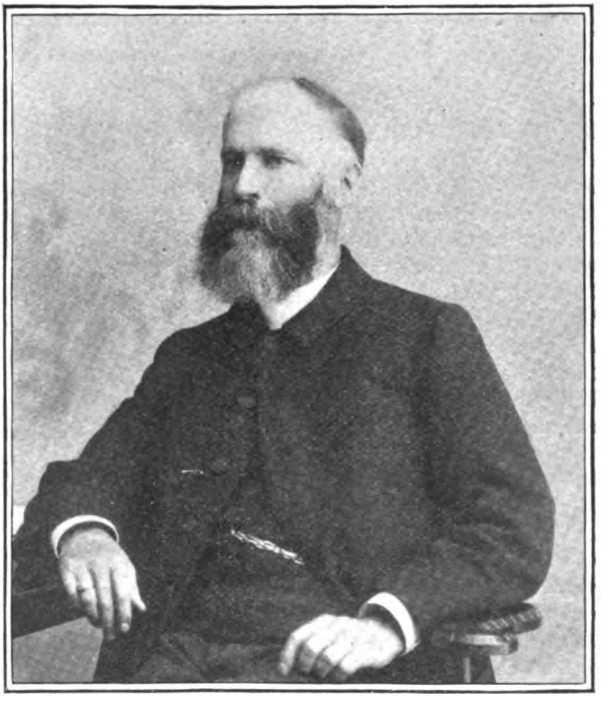
St. Boniface College dates back to 1819, when Father Provencher (afterwards Archbishop), the first priest sent out to the North-West, began to teach Latin in a log hut on the site of the

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present Provencher Academy, the boys' day school of the town of St. Boniface. This building was badly racked by the great flood of 1826 and was, in consequence, replaced in 1832 by a more elegant structure, with a roof of elm bark and earth, and having no less than four windows of six panes each. Archbishop Tache in 1855 replaced this with a large two-storey frame structure known as Provencher Academy, from which the college moved to its present home, a four-storey brick building, in 1881. From 1854 the college was confided to the Oblate Order, and since 1885 to the Jesuits, which order has carried it on with increased success to the present time.

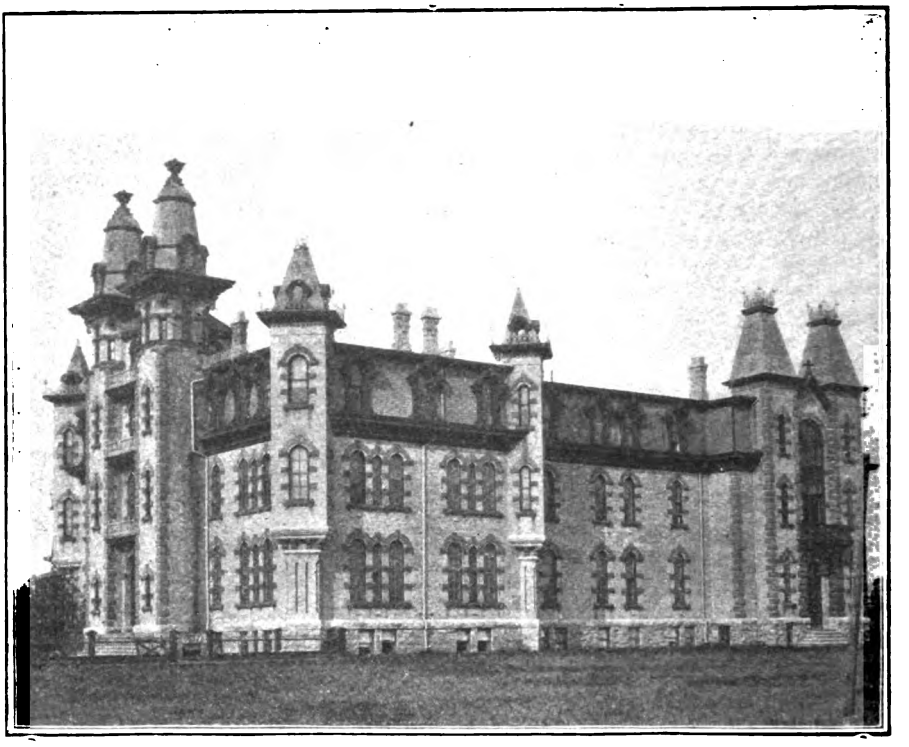
St. John's, the Church of England College, has a clear title back as far as 1820, when Rev. John West arrived and established a school as a part of his work. This was ably carried on by Rev. David Jones, but it was in 1831 that Rev. J. Macallum, M.A., a teacher of uncommon ability, made it a centre of higher education. Bishop Anderson arrived in 1849, a few hours after Mr. Macallum's death, and personally carried on the school until 1856, when he left for England. There was an interruption to the work of the school after Bishop Anderson left, and when Bishop (now Archbishop) Machray arrived in 1865 the school had been closed for some years. The Bishop, who had been one of the foremost mathematical scholars of the University of Cambridge, and who had taken an active part in educational work after leaving college, energetically threw himself into the task of refounding St. John's. The college at once resumed its old position. Since that time, despite all his growing labours, Archbishop Machray has never ceased to work for St. John's. The demands on his time as head of a great ecclesiastical province, and now as Primate of the Church in Canada, have not yet prevented him from personally carrying on some of the classes in higher mathematics. The college for many years occupied a large old-fashioned frame building, but like its sister colleges moved into its present quarters, a handsome brick building, in 1881.

Manitoba College, the Presbyterian College of the University, dates back to 1849, when a school was established in Kildonan, a village four miles north of Winnipeg. The teachers in this school were: Rev. Alex. Matheson, Rev. John Black, and Rev. D. B. Whimster. In 1871 Rev. George Bryce, M.A., was sent out by Ontario Presbyterians to found a college. A building was in course of erection, but as it was not ready, the first session was



REV. CANON O'MEARA, D.D.
Warden of St. John's College.

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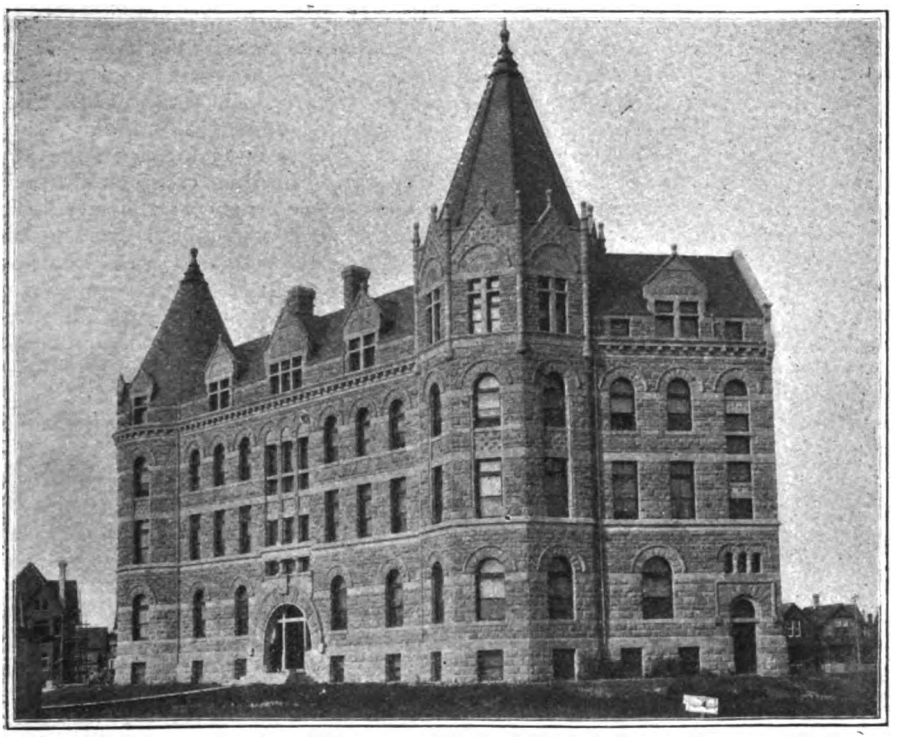


MANITOBA COLLEGE (PRESBYTERIAN), WINNIPEG.

held in an upper room in the house of Mr. Donald Murray, with seventeen students. The work grew rapidly, and Rev. Prof. Hart was sent out by the then other branch of the Presbyterian Church in Canada to be a co-labourer with Prof. Bryce. In 1872 the new building was ready. It, as well as the house of Mr. Murray, was located at Kildonan, and it soon became evident that if the college was to be a success it must be moved to Winnipeg, a city even then rapidly becoming the metropolis of the West. The college, therefore, opened its fall session of 1874 in a frame residence in Point Douglas, Winnipeg, near the present C. P. R. station. The college was afterwards moved into another frame house not far distant, and finally, in 1882, the first wing of the present building was occupied. This is located on slightly rising ground southwest of the central portion of the city, the college owning a whole block of property well suited for college purposes. In 1883 Rev. John M. King, D.D., was selected to fill the chair of theology and to become principal of the rapidly growing institution, the progress of which has been accelerated under his management. So much has this been the case that in 1892, another wing, larger than the original portion, was added to accommodate the growing classes. It only remains to acknowledge the support given the college by Rev. Dr. Robertson, missionary superintendent, and to note that Manitoba College claims the first graduate of the University.

About the year 1876 the Methodists of Manitoba, under Rev. Dr. Young, were moved to do something in the way of establishing a college, and Rev. T. E. Morden and Mr. A. Bowerman were called upon to commence work in this line. The time was not then ripe; the teachers were well equipped but, chiefly from lack of support the

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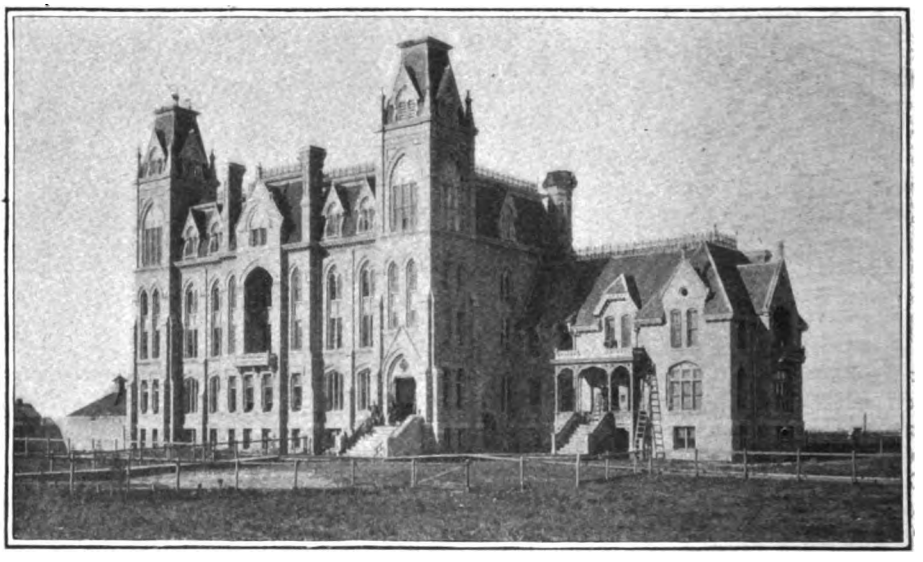
WESLEY COLLEGE (METHODIST), WINNIPEG.

work had to be laid aside for some ten or twelve years. Renewed efforts were made in 1885 and 1886 and these resulted in the selection of Rev. J. W. Sparling, M.A., D.D., then of Kingston, Ont., to come up and begin work. A college, from the first known as Wesley College, was opened on Oct. 1, 1888, in Grace Church parlours, with an attendance of seven students. Dr. Sparling was assisted by Prof. Laird and Prof. Cochrane, and later by Prof. Stewart, all of whom have remained with the college to the present. During the second session the college moved into a frame residence; and in the session following to a large brick residence on Broadway, near the Provincial Parliament buildings. Here, constantly growing more cramped for room, the college remained until the fall of 1895, when, after a two months' interval spent in Grace Church lecture rooms, the college moved into its permanent home, a fine building of Calgary stone only a block distant from Manitoba College. Wesley College seems to have had phenomenal success, but it has been gained only by the self-denying labours of those who have been entrusted with its management.

These colleges, as above enumerated (excepting Wesley College), existed up till 1877 as separate entities, each deriving its support from the members of the denomination to which it belonged, and each endeavouring to cover the Arts and Theological field as best it could. In 1877 an Act was passed creating the University of Manitoba as an examining and degree-conferring body. The university is governed by a council composed of forty-two members, each of the colleges electing seven members, and the graduates electing seven more. Provision has been added to the charter to allow the Provincial Government to appoint lecturers, but owing to the lack of funds

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this has never been done; and as yet the colleges at their own cost, and unassisted by any government grant, carry on the whole teaching work of the University. The Provincial Government makes an annual grant of $3,500, which meets the cost of the examinations; and the munificent gift of a former student of St. John's, Dr. A. K. Isbister, provides a fund sufficient to pay scholarships. The only other funds at the disposal of the University are the rents obtained from lands set apart by the Dominion Government to make an endowment, which funds at present are very small.



ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE (EPISCOPALIAN), WINNIPEG.

The charter gives the local Government power to appoint members on the council, but it has never done so, though probably when the Government is able to provide funds to carry on two lectureships, as proposed, it will avail itself of the right.

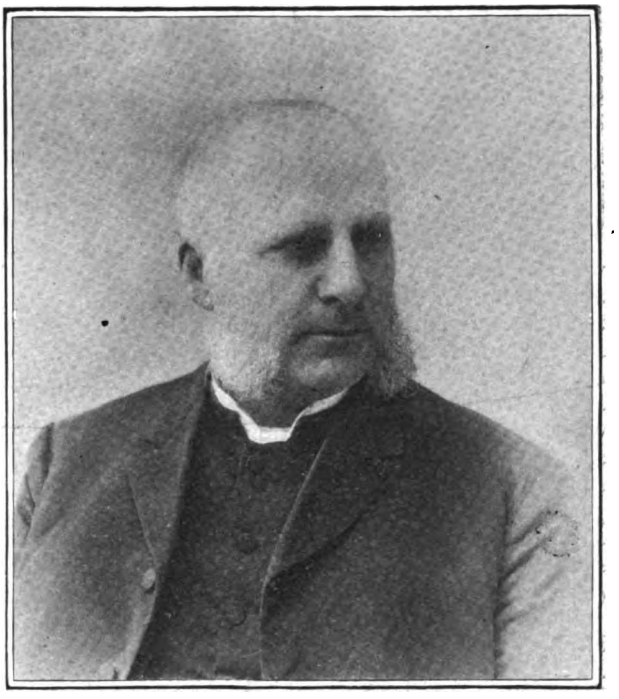
In the meantime the colleges are making use of the principle of co-operation. St. Boniface college being situated in the town of St. Boniface, on the opposite side of the Red River from Winnipeg, and its work being carried on very largely in French and Latin, has not as yet been able to co-operate much. St. John's is in the extreme north end of the city, and the other colleges are somewhat out from the city toward the south-west. There being thus no central building, these three colleges have hit upon the plan of carrying on their common classes in rooms in the centre of the city. The classes held in common are those in Natural Science, and one professor from each college lectures on certain subjects to the students of all three. This principle is also being applied at present to some classes in higher mathematics.

All matters regarding examinations, fees, lands, text-books and degrees in Arts, Law, and Medicine, are managed by the University Council, while the colleges individually carry on all teaching, the supervision of their own students, and the granting of degrees in Theology.

Compared with the older provinces, Manitoba has been in every way fortunate in her University. She has been fortunate in that five well-equipped colleges have located at the capital, and in that those at the head of these colleges conceived, and were able to carry out, a confederation which,

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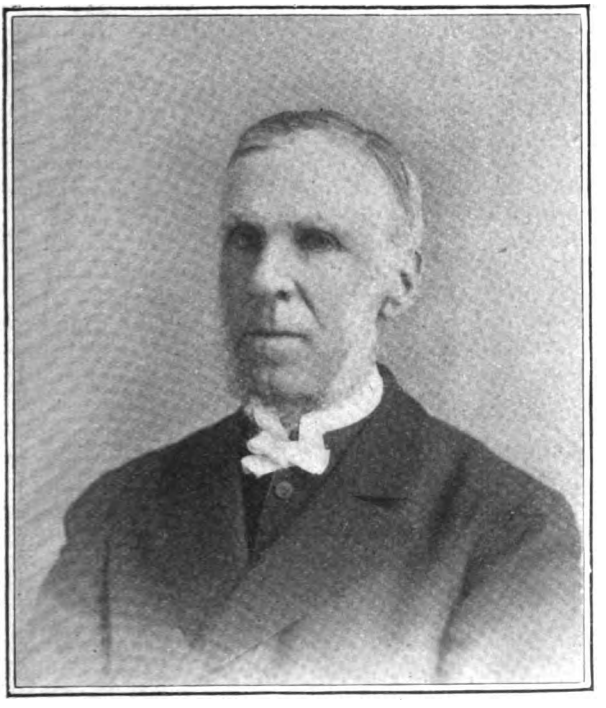
while centering the educational work in one place in the province and giving that work a high standard, has at the same time lifted the whole burden of its support from the shoulders of the Government. The latter, with the small sum of $3,500 per year has been able to call to its aid in forming a provincial university, bodies having very large investments in buildings and plant, and paying out all told, probably not less than $100,000 per year. It cannot be supposed such a one-sided partnership will continue for all time, and when the days of a fuller revenue come, the government will undoubtedly assume a larger share of responsibility.



REV. J. W. SPARLING, D.D.
Principal Wesley College.

Not the least gratifying effect of this intimate association and co-operation of the colleges, is the spirit of fraternity which it creates among the students, who, while loyal to their own colleges, feel all drawn together in the bounds of their common university. Whispers of still other colleges are in the air, and when these are founded their students will join the brotherhood without any need for re-adjustment or re-arrangement. In thus presenting a type for a model provincial university, where the uniformity of a high standard is combined with liberty in methods of teaching, supervision and management, the University of Manitoba is well worthy of study by other provinces.

James Lawler.



REV. JOHN M. KING, D.D.
Principal Manitoba College.

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DECORATIVE ART.

BY REV. PROFESSOR HUNTINGFORD OF TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

IT is a foolish lamentation in most cases, as Solomon tells us, when we complain that the former days were better than our own; but in the case of the decorative arts it has unfortunately some grounds. Schools of design have, no doubt, done much in late years to reintroduce sound principles, but whether it be the introduction of machinery, or whatever other causes had such a deadening effect on art in general, the fact remains that popular taste is not so good as it was in simpler times and, in fact, in the majority of uncivilized nations.

Pictorial Art demands knowledge and intellect both to produce and to appreciate it, and therefore the mass of mankind will always be content with something short of the best. But pictures are a luxury from which it is possible to escape; decoration, however, is always and everywhere with us. And it is an important thing whether it is good or bad, since every kind of human being has the instinct of ornamenting the things which he uses and lives by, and with, and in. And it is a true instinct. Look at nature, always the standard of art; in nature there is a purpose for everything—for the leaf, for the flower, for the stem, and yet to all is given not only usefulness for their purpose, but beauty. Mankind, on the contrary, have nowadays so far dissociated beauty and utility that the word *useful* almost suggests ugliness.

We are often told that works of art, as art, cannot be moral or immoral, that moral qualities do not apply to art at all; but we must also remember that when God pronounced all his work "very good" it was also very beautiful, and that goodness must be beautiful, and the perfection of goodness is the perfection of beauty. Therefore, though artistic taste and virtue in human beings are by no means inseparable, we may safely say that lack of taste, as of virtue, is one of the characteristics of fallen human nature which will some day be changed. There will be nothing ugly in heaven, of that we may be sure, and one fails to see any reason why beauty, which is God's, should be disregarded here; and surely every effort to get people to prefer what is beautiful and good to what is ugly is worth the making.

The man who shall produce an improvement in the style of the ordinary articles of commerce, who shall make it possible to go into a house of a middling sort and not to be shocked at the marvellous display of wallpaper, carpet and curtain, is a man who in no small degree deserves the thanks of his country.

"Style," I said; have we anything which can be called distinctively Canadian style? What is style? In literature it means the manner in which a writer's thoughts are expressed in words; in art it means the manner in which the thoughts, or, rather, the feelings, are expressed in form and colour; and what the style of any country is depends primarily upon the architects.

If the preponderating sentiments of any age or place are pure and lofty, if they are ignoble and mean, the style of art of that people will be found to correspond. Greek art rose with the worship of God and the sense of beauty; later, the religious instinct faded away, and the art became more sensual. Transferred to Rome, it added power and splendour to its own sensuousness. The Romanesque and Gothic styles were again dominated by religious sentiment; so much so that all kinds of things partook of an ecclesiastical character. The Renaissance, again, brought paganism and sensuous beauty to the front. Since that time there have been imitations, adaptations, and

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mixings of various types and qualities, of which the French modification of Renaissance style, called Rococo, has unfortunately the widest influence.

These styles are of course primarily architectural styles; and this is natural, for decoration pre-supposes something to decorate, *i.e.*, construction. Thus every change of style is first of all a change in construction; and each kind of construction has its own kind of decoration, which must be kept distinct, so that there may be a unity of design. Of course there may be exceptions to such a rule. Things will always be right *if they are done in good taste*, for this is after all the ultimate standard; but the rule must be acknowledged as a rule *au moins que sie wollen to mix ogni genera têş architektonikês*, as the languages, ancient and modern, are mixed in this sentence, the result of which, though intelligible, is grotesque.

A further question is: "Why are the modes of construction different?" And this brings us to the root of the matter; it is—because they were found to be useful.* No genuine style is developed consciously "because it looks pretty;" they grow up one from another as new needs arise, or as new discoveries are made. The Egyptians wanted their buildings to last, and they have lasted. The Greeks wanted beauty, and they got it, and it has been a standard ever since. The Romans wanted something larger than the Greeks had any need for, and they took the Arch from the Etruscans and covered the ground with it.

Printing and the Reformation made men dissatisfied with the mysticism and conventionalism of later Gothic, and the Renaissance brought them back to a more real study of nature, and to the newly-discovered classics. But the architects of Louis XIV. wanted something new, and tried to make it without any study of principles or of nature, and so they broke up all the lines of the Renaissance decoration, and replaced them by fantastic curves, which, though meaningless and unnatural, are suitable for gilding, and express, as with a flourish, the greatness of "le Grand Monarque."

The former changes of style were genuine and natural, each one good of its kind, with construction for its basis. Rococo made the fatal mistake of striving after originality, and of constructing ornament instead of ornamenting construction; and it is really to the baneful influence of this style, and its attempt to be striking without taking the trouble to be true, that we owe so much of the villainous work that we see.

So far we have reached two principles, viz., that decoration must follow construction, and that ornament must have its foundation in usefulness. A third is contained in them—that art must follow nature. Now, this can take place in two ways—for art is man's way of looking at nature; so that it makes a difference whether he is studying it with the purpose of making a picture, which is to be looked at for itself, or ornament, which is to get a passing glance, which is to make a background and enhance the value of other work.

In neither case will it be an exact reproduction of all details, because this does not give the impression which the eye receives from any single aspect, and also because, if it were possible, the result would be deception rather than artistic pleasure—Mme. Tussaud's wax-works compared with the National Gallery.

Taking foliage for an example, the painter tries to convey an impression of what it *looks like* by tone and massing of form and colour. He is not concerned to demonstrate the fact that the leaves grow in sets of five or seven; in fact, the very growth of the leaves tends to conceal the geometrical regularity of their structure, and tells us

*NOTE.—It is a libel to contrast the useful with the ornamental. Take anything which is ornamental without having any use, and you will find it either a piece of bad taste or some temporary fancy of fashion, which will soon pass away, and no longer be considered ornamental. The best style, in construction or decoration, is the best combination of use and beauty. Look at the perfection of nature. Was the Derby ever won by an ugly horse? The human body is perhaps the culmination of beautiful form, and every part has its use; it is just where anyone's limbs are less beautiful that they are less adapted for their proper work.

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that they have no two forms alike. The ornamentist, on the other hand, seeks to reproduce what is, not what appears, and by a careful study of the individual he obtains from its infinite variety a typical form, a generalization which contains all the essential elements of the plant in their geometrical regularity.

Any pattern, therefore, which is meant to represent the natural object pictorially or realistically is to be avoided. Why? If you had a portrait gallery consisting entirely of copies of the same portrait, what would be the effect? Even different portraits of the same person would be wearying, though they were well done. Now, the ornamental feature in a pattern has to be continually repeated. Supposing, then, the pattern to consist of roses: if each one is a good pictorial representation of a rose it will become monotonous by repetition, and each specimen will be always calling out for particular inspection, and so will be out of its proper subordinate place; whereas a conventional treatment of it will not only gain by the repetition, but will suffer little or nothing from roughness in execution. But since the pictorial representation which is possible in a good many materials is far from good, we have as a result an abominably bad copy perpetuated in any sort of colour all over the floor or wall.

One of the first things one looks for in a textile fabric is that the design should be flat. The pattern of a carpet, particularly, ought to be flat; it is not pleasant to see the floor covered with huge, sprawling vegetables with deep holes, perhaps, between them, or to find some point here and there positively getting up and barking at one! There can not be a greater virtue in any floor decoration than unobtrusiveness, and that is why the designs of Oriental, and particularly Persian, artists are so good, because they fulfil this useful purpose so well; and they do it mostly by geometrical arrangements. Now this effect does not preclude richness, and it doesn't require faint colours. You may have a carpet most restful to the eye, with good, strong primary colours; in fact, it is much more likely to be restful than if it is done in light, washy colours. Think of the usefulness. If you want to show things off—pictures, people, dresses—do you give them a white and light background? The Moorish Arabs, whose decorative taste was exquisite, almost always used red for a background, and any good picture gallery is hung in red. This does not, of course, mean that all floors should be red, but depth of colour is a great relief in a floor, and makes a good foundation for anything above it, as furniture, walls, or people.

This principle of usefulness will stand a lot of working. If only what was there for a purpose was ornamented, the world would have fewer absurdities stuck on things "to look pretty." If a thing is pretty and worth looking at for its own sake, let us look at it by all means, and let it have its own place, and so its proper use.

Dress is perhaps too delicate a subject to touch on here, but, after all, ladies' dress *is* decoration, and when fashions are continually changing, merely for the sake of novelty in the interests of those who make them, beauty can only occur in them accidentally; while the supremacy of fashion is such as to absolutely pervert the judgment while any style is in vogue; and how terrible do the majority of fashions look when lapsed time has taken the glamour off them! The women of ancient Greece dressed most simply and most beautifully, and they had no changes of fashion to speak of. Was there ever anything uglier than the present male garb? Yet, put a man to do anything vigourous or violent, and his costume is adapted to it, and becomes unintentionally more picturesque.

Even in appearance the principle of utility should be preserved. It is not fair to make a useful thing and put it into a shape which gives an impression that it cannot fulfil its purpose. Again, a thing which looks right, but is evidently made of some sham material

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which will come to pieces with the least provocation, is bad. Good taste shrinks instinctively from sham ornament, from cotton-wool-snow in church decorations, from houses daubed with plaster to pretend they are built of large stones. Not that plaster is bad in itself; honest plaster, inside or out, has its uses and is quite satisfactory; but pretending to be what you are not is a fault as much in art as in the conduct of life.

I am afraid it must be said that we see more bad ornament than good in these days, and as this seems to be owing to the French influence of last century, a few words are due to Rococo style. Its principal fault is that it is not founded upon construction; it is a style consisting wholly of ornament laid over the construction so as to obscure it. It becomes, therefore, meaningless, for it has no basis in utility, and it has also a natural tendency to excess; whereas self-control is as valuable in ornament as it is anywhere else.

Now, it is an excellent thing sometimes to break up lines. It avoids monotony and gives richness. But if you adopt any such a principle without mitigation it must lead to disastrous results, and this does appear to be the principle which the designers of the latter French kings had in mind.

A gable end is meant to let the rain run off your wall instead of getting down between the stones; if, therefore, you break the slope in two, and put in a great curve, you are frustrating the ends of common sense for the sake of ornament. Again, the part of a building, arch, frame, chain, or what not, which supports the weight, ought to look as if it were doing so; it ought to look strong, and there is a sufficient beauty in strength that we should be content with it. But if you want to support a weight you put a vertical straight line under it, because the law of gravity tells us that this is the direction in which weight is felt. If, then, I have a pier supporting an arch, this cannot avoid being in a straight line. Now, I want to decorate it; the decoration must also run in straight lines. I can put panels there, one on top of the other, if I choose, but they will only suggest separate blocks of masonry one on another, and the lines of them must also run straight and have a general vertical continuity, and then the thing will *look* strong. But break up the straight lines, substitute bits of curves, fantastically standing one on another, and the semblance of strength is gone at once. The solid stone which does the work does not show; the curves, dandified and gilded plaster, seem ashamed to own that what is behind them is doing the hard work. This is hypocrisy in art, and it is typical of the selfish nobility of the Ancien Régime, who, ashamed of working themselves, pretended that they alone were the French nation.

Take a chair or sofa; its legs should be strong enough to support it. What is the sense, then, of carving them into a leaf, or a combination of leaves, standing on end by some miracle? It gives one an uncomfortable sensation to see lines that are required to be straight writhing and twisting in an agony of misconstruction. It is bad enough that such work should be obviously stuck on and gilded, but it is more absurd and vulgar when it is the ground material which is so carved up.

Another great vice in this style is the want of symmetry, for this is a necessity in decoration. If in the composition of a picture you put, instead of proportion and balance, an exact symmetry the effect will be seen at once to be decorative rather than pictorial. On the other hand, take any number of things—whether ugly or beautiful in themselves it does not matter—and arrange them symmetrically and geometrically and they will be decorative. A square, for instance, is a very simple form, not strikingly beautiful, and a number of squares together is the same, but put them in stone, as they often occur in Norman work, and you see at once that they are eminently decorative.

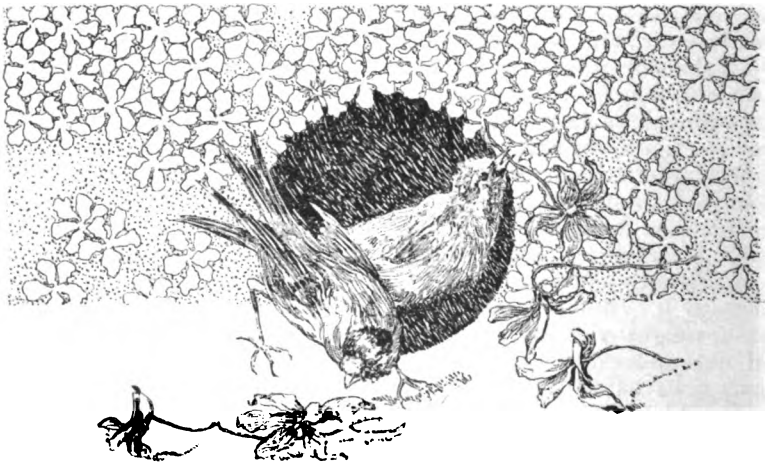
Symmetry is the rule in nature, to which all particular specimens are in

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various ways approximating. They do not reach it, and, therefore, they are picturesque, but the rule is there all the same. The most perfect thing in nature, the human body, similarly follows and comes short of this rule; for the two sides of us are never exactly the same. A face of which one side was the exact counterpart of the other would be merely decorative! Decorative art, however, to be good must have this symmetry, and it is the rejection of it which forms the most salient characteristic of Rococo. You will find things, which you would expect to see round or square, composed of a number of curves standing on one another, not even growing continuously out of one another, and making together an indescribable figure with no side or corner matching the one opposite; and that not from any reason in the nature of things, but simply because you can't help expecting to see it match, and to see some definite shape, and it enjoys giving you a surprise. You will get something which wants a border round it, a silver sugar-basin, for instance. The Rococo designer will, first of all, make a number of irregular indentations in the line of the edge which nature meant to be straight to keep the sugar in; then, since one would naturally expect some continuous pattern, running or stationary to ornament it, he will take a number of his little curves and stick them on so as to look all different and unconnected. This sort of thing is sometimes pretty and taking, because the workmanship and material are good, and good taste cannot help showing whatever the style is; but it requires all the prestige which fashion can give to save its best specimens from condemnation. The style has its strong qualities, no doubt; it is gorgeous, magnificent, ostentatious (word terribly near to "vulgar"), and those who prefer these qualities to truthfulness and the study of natural beauty will continue to approve of it.

Colour opens as large and interesting a subject as design, and though it may be productive of even greater pleasure to some eyes, it must take its place after Form; but in black and white, and the limits of an article, it is impossible to discuss it. Suffice it to say that almost any combination of colours is pleasing in degree, *if the colours are good;* and what good colour is, is a matter for a well-trained eye and an unprejudiced observation of the beautiful world in which we live.

E. W. Huntingford.



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A CANAAN MOOSE HUNT.*

A Story of Sporting Life in New Brunswick.



PRIMEVAL forest and well-tilled merestead are found side by side in New Brunswick; not of course at all points—for three hundred years of European occupation must mean much in an area of country not two hundred miles square—yet sufficiently to make the contrast striking. At no point are these antithetical conditions more surprisingly in evidence than in Canaan, a district in the southern part of the province, almost within call of the City of St. John. There, surrounded on three sides by prosperous settlements which verge upon large towns, great forest wastes still flaunt their primeval wilderness before high heaven, and despite of man and his improvements afford safe cover for the bear, the caribou and the moose.

Nowhere else under such untrammeled conditions are these animals the adjuncts of civilization; nowhere else do their habitats neighbour with the grazing places of farm-yard kine.

A look at the map of New Brunswick will make the explanation obvious. The early settlements, both French and English, were made on the St. John River on the west, and on the Atlantic coast on the south and east. The centre of the province was therefore a *terra ignota* except to the lumberman and trapper. Of late years, it is true, the settlement has been enlarging. Still there yet remains, particularly in the northern portion of the province, a primeval wilderness where "the ragged edges of creation are not yet rubbed down."

Canaan is the southermost district of this great untouched outland. A diagonal line from the Canaan River (which is geographically a continuation of the Washademoak, itself an affluent of the St. John) in a northwesterly direction, might touch some hunter's camp or lumberman's shanty before it reached the head-waters of the Restigouche, but would cross no other habitation. Such a line, considered as a moose-trail, would tap the best hunting-grounds of the St. John, the Restigouche and the Miramichi. Doubtless it is from these northerly feeding grounds that the wilds of Canaan, with their lighter snow-fall, have, of late years, drawn their inexhaustible supply of moose. The country itself is low, grassy and well-watered—the ideal home of the antlered monarch of America.

To the sportsman who has been accustomed to associate the idea of big game with impossible distances and manifold discomforts, the fact that here in New Brunswick, within twenty miles of the terminus of a railway and six of as good a highway as there is in America, he can bag the largest game of our continent will indeed be a revelation.

As if to enable him to perform such a feat with all due comfort, he will also be surprised to find scattered through the woods in which he hunts, vacant lumber camps well equipped with stoves and utensils for cooking. No tramping for long and weary distances with one's outfit on one's back; no employment of supernumerary guides; no occasion for sleeping-bags; on the contrary, the roads leading to the camps are fairly good, so that a pair of

*See Frontispiece, for picture of a Canadian moose.

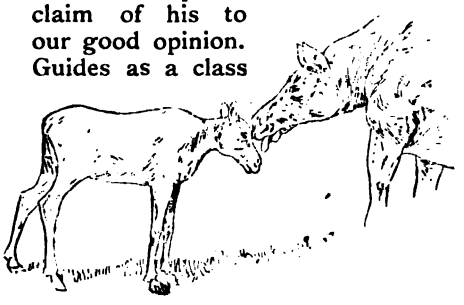
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horses with a heavy express can go almost anywhere.

Early in September the œstrual season begins and it lasts until late in October. I have read many discussions as to the best time for calling, and I am aware that some question the very possibility of enticing a bull with the simulated call of the cow. Late in the season, I admit, the ruse is difficult, but when the rutting season has just begun almost any noise will attract a bull. I have known the chopping of an axe to do so. From September 15th to October 5th, I should say, is the interval during which the antlered moose will reply to a well simulated rut. Later it will require an expert caller to lure him to the rifle.

Our guide was an expert, and we went into the woods on the first day of the open season, September 20th; therefore we got a moose. Let me tell you how it happened; but first permit me to describe our guide, not the outward man—for there was not much of him outwardly—but the guide and "caller" that we found him.

To begin with, the only American of our party mistook "tote road" for "toad road," and as the old guide spoke frequently of his tote road, our amateur hunter facetiously dubbed him "Old Toad." The nick-name stuck; guide was Old Toad, or simply Toad. to the end of the adventure. His family had been noted hunters in Canaan, and he himself retained an interest in his native woods in the form of a tidy hunting camp with all its appurtenances. In his way he was a pious man with a distinct abhorrence of profanity. This was a special claim of his to our good opinion. Guides as a class are not overly nice in their language—especially Canaan guides. "Swear not" was Old Toad's motto, and he tried to live up to it. There was, nevertheless, under the stress of excitement or provocation, a pith and weight to his expressions that caused them to border closely on the most picturesque profanity.



FEMALE MOOSE AND CALF.

The old man had also a great pretense of respect for veracity of statement. He would not stoop to exaggeration, and he held mendacity in pious horror. He took me aside privately, on one occasion, to put me on my guard against a friend of his who was disposed to draw the long bow unduly. "William is not exactly a liar. No; I wouldn't like to say that, but he does stretch the truth almighty hard sometimes," he whispered, while our host was taking the horses from the waggon.

We were staying for the night at a farmer's house in Canaan, on our way to the woods. Our host and Old Toad entertained us after supper with reminiscences of their hunts.

"Yaas, Richard, that waz a tough experience of yourn"—Willum was referring to some exploit that the guide Richard had just described; "but onst I fired at a moose on the barrens round Snow-Shoe lake, and I took the hind leg off'n him as slick as a whip. Did it stop him? No; that fellow kept on jumpin' on three legs. My snow-shoes were good and I caught him after a three-mile chase, an' he goin' twelve foot every jump."

Old Toad plucked his long grey whiskers meditatively, gave me a look of deep resignation, as if to plead for his friend's weakness, and then took up his end of the conversation.

"Wall, Willum, you are long-geared, that's true, and might have done it. Onst I was huntin' caribou in the Shepody barrens. I fired at a critter, but the ball went low and snapped off'n his forelegs like pipe-stems at the knees. That pizenly caribou went fifteen feet at every jump on his nose and hind legs, and you might as well shoot at greased lightnin', but I caught

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him afore he'd gone a mile. Another time"—

An audible exclamation from the Doctor disconcerted our veracious guide, so that his conversation at once became commonplace.

Toad's camp, the point of our destination, lay on the North Forks—a tributary of the Canaan, about ten miles from its outfall. For four miles of this distance we rode over a turnpiked highway; during the remainder of the journey we followed the streambed. We drove a pair of horses and heavy express-waggon, and the fact that we could take such a vehicle to the very door of the camp proves that the road was by no means impassable. Three miles east of the camp lay Old Toad's moose-grounds. Some of the party were novices in woodcraft, and they preferred idling around camp. Only the Doctor and myself found pleasure in the severe exercise of the hunt.

Our guide did not spare us. For three days we tramped doggedly behind his parenthetical legs, through scrub and mire and fire-slashes. During that time we came close enough to our game to scent the strong, pungent odour of their stamping grounds; we suffered ourselves, while still-hunting at noonday, to be almost walked over by inquisitive porcupines; and yet we glimpsed no moose.

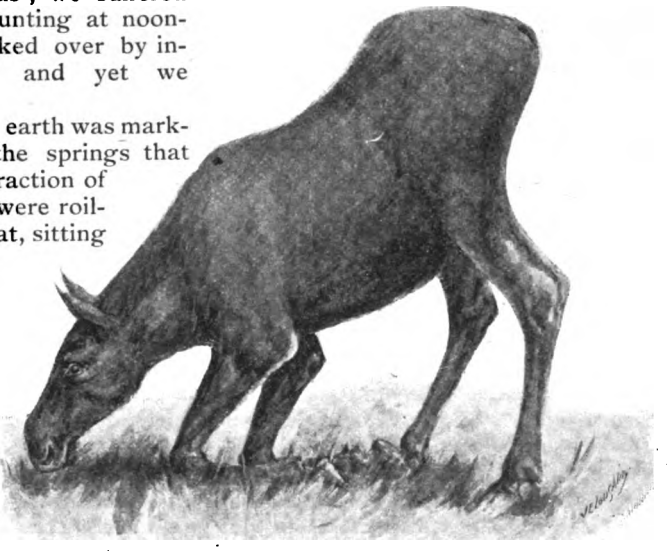
Everywhere the soft earth was marked by cloven feet; the springs that formed the central attraction of our guide's preserves were roiled to such a degree that, sitting by them, we were obliged to eat our lunch dry; while everywhere saplings were barked and rampikes were furred with moose hair.

The weather was against us,—not a breath of wind to drown the noise of our footsteps, nothing but that listless, dead heat which sometimes marks the last of September.

Friday morning came, and we were to leave that evening. The weather was darkening, too, and threatened rain. Old Toad was humbled, and we were all more or less disheartened. He plied me to remain in the woods over Sunday. After he had made it plain to me that with our fresh horses we could reach Sussex, fifty-six miles away, some time Saturday night, I consented to make another attempt.

A nasty mizzle kept us camp-bound all the afternoon, and Old Toad utilized his leisure in making an immense moose-horn. Much to our satisfaction the weather cleared somewhat towards evening, but the sky still remained clouded. There would be, however, a good moon behind the clouds that evening, and so we were hopeful.

Night had closed down by the time we reached the calling-ground. The spot selected was on the high bank of Fork Stream. The country on the other side fell away and spread out in trackless fenland and wild meadow. Behind us, the sombre line of forest every minute pitching into deeper



DRAWN BY J. E. LAUGHLIN, FROM A PHOTO.

FEMALE MOOSE GRAZING.

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gloom, was the sounding board that should help our guide disperse the echoes of the moose-call over the moors. Sixty feet below, the stream reflected every stray moonbeam that found its way through the clouds. A small meadow with a diminutive haystack—gathered by prudent lumbermen for the next winter's operation—bordered the hill and the stream at our feet.

The guide assigned us our positions. Mine was half way down the hill, but I lost my feet in the darkness, and when I brought up near the bottom I was too lazy to climb up hill again. A sudden bulge in the bank and then a drop had forced me into my then position. I said nothing to my friends of my advancement, concluding to let them discover for themselves the treachery of that hill.

The Doctor was strategically placed near the edge of the forest to the right on the side-hill; while Old Toad himself, as he explained, was forced by his duties as caller to remain on the highest and clearest spot in the background. If a moose came from behind he would be in the van of danger, but if from the front, as was expected, his would be a very desirable position indeed; for a bull-moose when angry will fight with deadly desperation, and is more formidable at close quarters than a bear.

Night by this time had settled down in earnest, the profound gloom being relieved only by a flash of owl-light on the brook below. That pool where the stream broadened as it went round a turn was to be the centre-field of our target. It must have been visible to my friends above, for Old Toad forbade us to fire until the animal should be in the centre of it.

After we were thus disposed, Old Toad began to call. Low and hoarse in its first notes, the weird moose-call grew in sound and roughness and wild, wasteful volume until it became the most inharmonious aggregation of sounds that ever lone man listened to on a dark night in a deep forest, and then it ended in a calf-like bauble, as if the animal were bellowing and covering its nostrils with its tongue. A short interval of silence followed, during which the many mysterious voices of the night resumed their occupation, and again that hoarse, despairing primeval, pleading cry fled over the wastes. For answer a low, deep boom like the surge of a mighty wave in some hidden sea-cavern crept faintly to us from the lowlands in front. Old Toad's horn again emitted that plangent cry. Unbroken silence followed for minutes that seemed an age. The same dull roar, this time more distinct in its last echoes; that polyphonic horn once again; silence; and then the fact thrilled me that beyond peradventure a bull-moose was coming.

"Now, gentlemen," Old Toad's drawl reached me, as the last rumble of the approaching bull died away, "thar's a moose comin' awhizzin' like the devil in a blue blaze"—the old man must have been greatly excited; "when that fellow gets here he's goin' to have a vote in the perceedin's, I tell you, by the way he's awhangin'. The night's too pizenly dark for good shootin', and you'll have to fire down hill, too. Now, I'm goin' to try a trick on that fellow that'll fetch him, and I want to know if you hadn't better climb a tree—"

"Climb a tree!" the Doctor interjected. "What do you take us for?"

"Oh, you're all right, Doctor. A weasel couldn't find you, but the parson's different. He's down thar in a pocket, he is—"

He waited for me to say something, but I did not. I could hear him say confidentially to the Doctor:

"The parson's as independent as a wood-sawyer's clock." Then, in louder tones, "Don't go to shootin' up hill or cross lots. Lay low and turn your howitzer—"

A startling grunt, so distinct was it, changed the current of Old Toad's eloquence into another rancous bovine minnelied.

The response was a thunderous roar that ricochetted along the ravine and spread itself everywhere into the night.

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Then came the clatter of hoofs and the splash of water, with now and then the rattle of antlers.

Suddenly the brute came to a standstill. He could not have been more than a hundred yards away, but the gloom was impenetrable. Old Toad did not risk another call. He did what only an experienced hunter could have thought of doing at such a moment. He shook a spruce sapling until the rattle of its branches was a distinct sound in the night.

This simple ruse was irresistible. With a series of short grunts the bull advanced on a run. I had time only to catch a glimpse of him as his body crossed the patch of owl-light, when I turned my Snider-Enfield loose. Instinctively I stood up to reload, but the ping of a bullet over my head made me crouch down as quickly. Evidently someone, most likely the Doctor, was shooting wildly—"cross-lots," Toad would call it. Another bullet went whistling over my head, and then I surmised that the Doctor, unaware of my exact position, was mistaking me for the moose. I made a dart for the haystack, determined to put it between me and his wayward shooting. In this run to cover I did not calculate on meeting the moose. In fact, the imminence of my danger made me lose for the moment all thought of the animal. As I sped across the meadow he came into it from the brook, undaunted by the pelter of bullets, and, seeing me, at once charged upon me with a huddle of grunts and a heavy rush of hoofs. As I ran, I realized the helplessness of my position. The haystack would be ample protection against a stray bullet, but would it save me from my infuriated pursuer?

I could hear Old Toad talking excitedly to the Doctor. Only a stray word reached me. "The parson . . . clean crazy . . . playing tag with two moose and a haystack. Good . . . . he'll . . . . no widow." Thus the heartless old fellow dandered while I was making the run of my life. The moose was so close to me when I flung myself behind the stack that he had reared to strike me with his forefeet. He landed on the stack instead, and so great was his impetus that his forelegs projected over the top, almost grazing my head on the other side. For the moment they had gone so far that he could not easily recover, and the stack swayed violently with his movements. This was my salvation. With a presence of mind begotten of the imminence of my danger I took a few steps backward, and putting my heavy rifle close to the body I fired. The ball crashed through the shoulder and out at the neck, severing the spinal column. A low snort of pain, and moose and stack collapsed together.

Toad and the Doctor were by this time frantic with excitement. The Doctor ever afterwards averred that he had seen three moose and a haystack cavorting around on the level, and that the sight for the moment overcame him. Both started to descend to my rescue; but, alack, they came down faster than they expected, and they fell over each other in the descent. Old Toad, who was underneath, believed that he was beset by a bear; and what with the hugging he expected to get and the possibility of the moose finishing what bruin might leave, he was a thankful man to find that it was only the Doctor after all, and that the moose was beyond harming anybody. He was so provoked, however, that before he could control himself he had apostrophized the Doctor as "a most veroshus critter of a man, with nary a thought of a body's ribs."

Having cut the moose's throat, all three of us, sitting on the upturned haystack, swapped sensations and glorified ourselves over our adventure.

The moose was a magnificent brute of fifteen points and weighed fully 800 lbs. So great was our exultation that neither the Doctor nor I could find heart to question Old Toad's story of his ride for three miles on a bull-moose's back with his snowshoes locked around the animal's neck.

Rev. W. C. Gaynor.

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THE BREAKING OUT OF SALLY DAGGS.

Illustrated by C. H. Kahrs.

YES, Sally Daggs broke out one day, though not with any unpleasant disease, be it known, for symptoms, sickening, suffering and ultimate recovery occupied no more time than the exact space of two hours and forty minutes; and after that the patient's temperature became normal and Sally was herself again.

She was forty if she was a day, and she looked more. Troubles were outlined on her seamed forehead, and her pale eyes were bleached as with much inward weeping. Her nose was thin and sharp, and her hungry lips jerked down unexpectedly at the corners. Her usual costume was a mud colored cotton, not too neat, and her head was at all times and seasons adorned with a blue sun-bonnet. She was desperately unattractive was Sally—and yet she had a lover!

His name was Samuel Jooly. He was a silent, timid, foolish creature, pitiably poor and shy to agony, and he had waited for his bride for more than twenty years. They had been all ready for the wedding; Sally was dressed, and Sam was stuffing his horny hands into unaccustomed gloves when Sally's mother fell in a fit and died.

In all her grief and horror Sally kept her head and managed her affairs with all the fortitude or rigidity such women possess. She sent the guests away and changed her dress; she laid out the poor old corpse which had had the audacity to upset her plans, with care and neatness, and then she gave her brothers their supper and waited—and —waited—

Now these brothers became the cross of Sally's life. She had a strong sense of responsibility concerning them, and believed that her duty lay in keeping house for them until they chose to marry. She had followed the leading of her conscience for nearly a quarter of a century and they were lazy, good-for-nothing bachelors still. They seemed to take a malicious pleasure in remaining single did John and George—Sally's romance was a subject of frequent jest. They made her tingle with shame and anger at their jokes; their rude handling of her poor little love story stung her to the quick. At first she bore it patiently, feeling that her fate lay in her own hands, but bye-and-bye custom sank into obligation, pity became engulfed in nervous dread, and suddenly Sally found that she would not dare to cross her brothers' wishes in the smallest degree. She was, in fact, bullied into blind submission. The potatoes, the cows, and Samuel at the gate, filled in her changeless life. She never dreamed of revolt—I had almost said her spirit was broken, but that strange, dun colored, blank and harmless thing was bent almost to the meeting point, yet had not snapped.

The Daggs' farm was situated on a lonely hill and there were no neighbours, so Sally had no distractions within a radius of four miles at least —none, that is to say, except Samuel, and Samuel came every Thursday after-

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noon and talked to Sally at the gate.

She was waiting for him now, wrinkled but faithful. Her sun-bonnet was perched on a snake fence hard by, and the evening sun shone on her unattractive complexion and the small, tight knob of hair at the back of her neck. But Samuel thought her lovely as he came shambling up the path and took up his position on the other side of the gate.

"Even' Sam'l," said Sally, nodding.

"Even'," Samuel responded; "Are ye pretty peart, Sally?"

"Fair to middlin'," she answered; "How's biz?"

Samuel's face grew gloomy.

"Nothin' as yet. There don't seem to be room enough in this world for folks that's out of work. How's John an' George?"

"They'll kill me some day," responded Sally, patiently. "Own blood they may be but—"

"Sally," shouted a voice wrathfully, "whar's them mended mitts?"

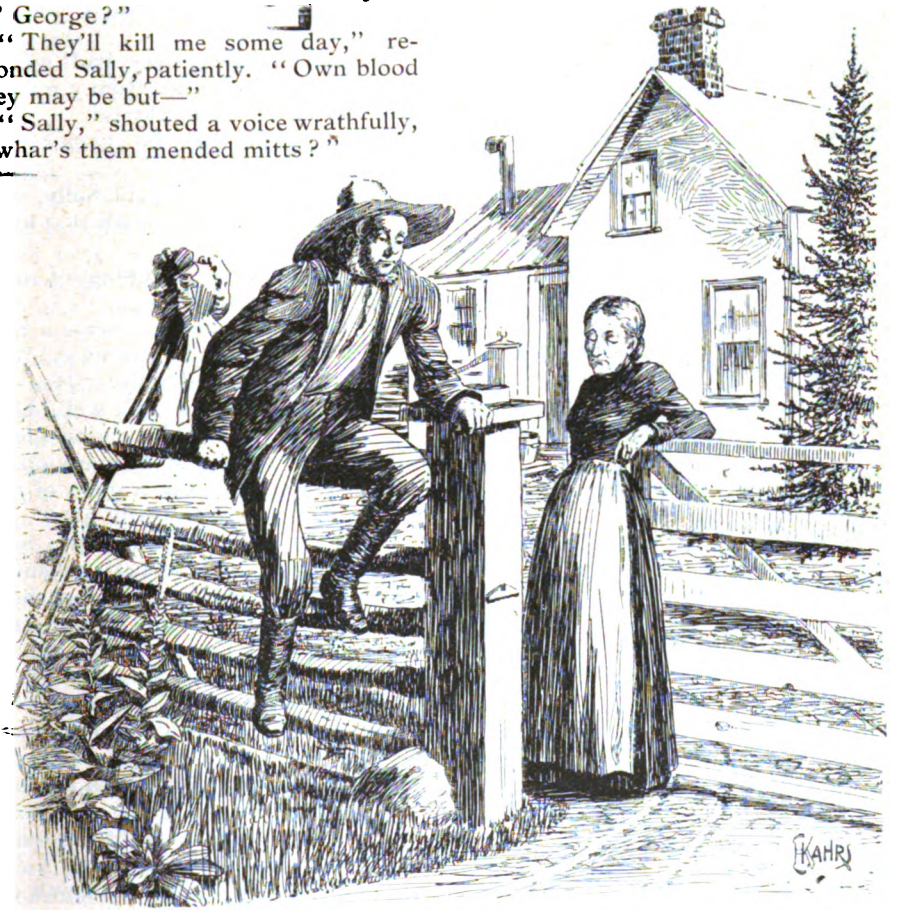
"That's it," said Sally, mournfully, "anythin' to begrutch me. He don't want his mitts, seein' it's summer, he—"

"Sal-ly!"

"Yes, comin', John. Sit still, Sam'l, p'raps I can get back awhile." She turned patiently and went up the short path to the house, and Samuel bit his lip and dug his nails into the gate.

"Pore thing!" he muttered, "pore thing—an' I can't stop it. 'Clare to goodness I am skeert of those fellows —'tain't my fault—I was born meek an' skeert."

Presently Sally came back and they went on talking as well as they could in spite of the frequent interruptions. These became so many and trivial that



"They'll kill me some day," responded Sally patiently.

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it was not long before Sally said, miserably:

"Guess yew'd better make fer hum, Sam'l; circumstances don't appear to fit for conversation."

"Oh!" he cried in a sudden access of daring, "can't you chuck the hull wretched business? Can't we get married in the face of them two?"

Sally threw up her hands and screamed. The bare idea of bringing the combined wrath of those two terrible men on her head was appalling in its possible consequences. And then, how it happened she never knew, but in a flash she saw herself the loved and respected wife of the man before her. No more nagging, no more fault-finding, and no more slaving herself to death at the thankless, unequal tasks of the farm! If she could only take her courage in both her hands and go boldly up to John and say:

"I'm going to get married to Sam'l Jooly, right off, and yew can get another woman to do your work."

Her old eyes shone and sparkled, her bent figure straightened, she looked up and eyed Samuel like another woman. Suddenly she heard her brother telling one of the cows to "Git over," and she collapsed into her old self again.

"It couldn't be did," she said, "I ain't the sort of woman to do it, and yew know, Sam'l," with fond scorn, "yew're most skeert stiff to think of it."

"Dunno as I am," he answered, sheepishly.

The spark was dead in both of them. They were again merely a cowardly, over-sensitive, trampled-on man and woman, to whom, in their pathetic conservatism, the wrath of John and George represented the censure of the universe.

The big, red sunset was glowing across the hill when Samuel shambled hesitatingly down the path, and Sally took her bonnet from the snake fence and went in.

On the following Thursday it rained dismally and Samuel did not come, but on the Monday of the ensuing week Sally, who was chopping some kindling in the yard, heard the gate click, and the next moment the axe was taken out of her hand and Samuel was making the chips fly.

"I saw John and George down to Jacomb's bush, so I concluded I come up and say how."

Sally did not answer, her face was turned the other way, and Samuel crossed the chopping log to look at it. She was crying, and there was a long red weal down her cheek.

"Oh, Lord, Lord!" cried Samuel, "Don't cry, don't fer the land's sake! Which of them was it?"

"John," sobbed Sally, "in the kitchen. He hed a whip—an' I was tired—an' I oversot the treacle—an' it got into his hair, giving him all the appearance of a muskrat—an' I laughed—an' he hit me."

Samuel said two very bad words, which sounded strange from a man of such characteristic meekness.

"When will they be back?" he asked.

"Not before dark," said Sally, wiping her eyes. "Git on with that kindling, Sam'l."

But Samuel was thinking of other things than the kindling.

"Let's sit here and converse a bit," he said. "Sally, let's run away!"

"What!" shrieked Sally, "Heavens to Betsey, Sam'l, yew ain't well. Does your head feel queer?" coming closer to him and looking at him anxiously. "Shell I bring yew out a glass of root beer? The sun is powerful hot."

"I'm in deadest earnest, Sally Daggs," responded Samuel, solemnly, "and I don't require any root beer. I've got fourteen dollars this minute in my pocket. We can walk into Preston and take the cars to Sumville by the excursion rates—exactly seven dollars each. It seems providential I should have the sum. We can get married in Sumville an' then come back an' snap it in their faces."

"Oh, Sam'l, I'm most too skeert to live, hearin' yew talk like that! I dassent, really, they'd kill me. Don't ask me."

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Her thin little frame was trembling and shaking all over. It would be a real elopement! She had never in all her simple life dreamed of such a thing. That she, Sally Daggs, old and worn out as she was, should for a moment countenance an escapade for which she would condemn a schoolgirl, seemed too curiously romantic to be true.

"Come, Sally," said Samuel, earnestly, "It's killin' you to stay, and it's killin' me to see you suffer. You ain't fit for it. They ain't the right to keep you, and once married whose going to scold you?"

"Wait a minnit, Sam'l, an' let me think," she said; but she could'nt think. She kept muttering "Land's sake," and "Lawk a mussy," at intervals, and two crimson spots burnt up in her sunken cheeks.

"Come," said Samuel again, "where's the use of folks wiltin'? Sally, pass in your pie—you're bound to come."

She could not fight against the vision that opened before her; she was borne down upon a great, beautiful sea of temptation. The fire that burnt on her high cheek bones leaped into her eyes, and Samuel positively jumped when she turned on him and cried aloud:

"I'm comin'—I will—I will! Women folk ain't created fer persecution no more n'er beasts. Fer twenty years the Almighty has pleased to afflict me sore and straight, but I've lep'd the bound'ry line—I have—I have!"

She whirled off to the house, leaving her lover dazed at her spirit and audacity. It did not seem two minutes before she was back again. She was dressed in her best black alpaca, with a short ungainly jacket that bobbed up behind like a robin's tail. In her hands she carried a lemon and a little black bag.

"What's that for?" said Samuel, pointing to the lemon.

"Wall," said Sally apologetically, "We're goin' in the cars; my innards ain't accustomed to sich hurried locomotion, an' I dew hear that lemons is most settlin'!"

The gate clicked and they stood out in the road, trembling and holding each other's hands like children. The sun was getting low, and they must hurry if they meant to catch the 7.15 to Sumville. Sally scarcely spoke a word—the excitement, the hour, the danger of discovery, the sudden blazing open of her future, had all seized and shaken her quiet little person like a leaf in a storm. She was going to be taken care of, and loved and respected at last. She had left the old farm, the cows, the chopping log, the brothers and the dairy for ever. She would never sit on the stoop and shell peas as Sally Daggs again, and Samuel would never come shambling up the path to the gate on Thursday afternoons any more. She was going to be Mrs. Jooly! Mrs. Jooly! She whispered it over and over again, and grasped her little satchel tighter in her worn-out cotton glove in an ecstacy of rapture.

The dusty road had grown gray in the gloom when they reached the station, and somehow they both stopped and looked nervously at each other.

"Do yew guess we'd better both go in?" asked Sally.

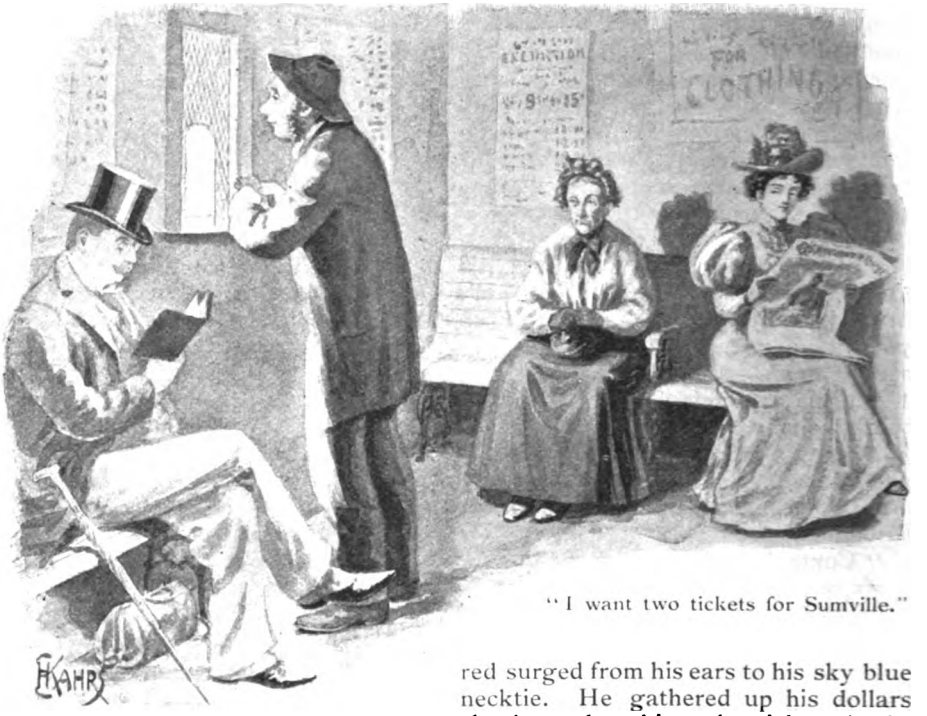
"Wall, I ain't goin' in alone," said Samuel bluntly, "What time is it do you suppose?"

"It's jest seven," said Sally, peeping through the little window. "Come on then, Sam'l, I ain't skeert."

To these two timid souls the station room seemed full of people, and they went over to a shadowy corner and sat down side by side on the slippery seat. They sat on the very edge, and Sally held her little satchel on her knee. There was a lady sitting near them reading a paper. She seemed a grand lady to Sally, and the little woman looked down at herself and pulled in her awkward feet, and pulled out the fingers of her gloves.

Samuel was growing terribly red and uncomfortable, when Sally nudged him and suggested that he had better get the tickets. That was an awful ordeal for him, notwithstanding the fourteen dollars in his pocket. He half rose from his seat grinning helplessly, and

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"I want two tickets for Sumville."

sat down again when he saw someone else go to the ticket window. At last Sally fairly shoved him to his feet and waited nervously as he lagged across the room. She would feel perfectly safe when she held those little green tickets in her hand, and not before. The grand lady was staring at them curiously, and the agent said "Come, get a gait on," as Samuel slowly extracted the precious bills from his pocket.

"I want two tickets for Sumville—excursion rates," he mumbled, with scarlet face and shaking hands. The agent slapped down the strips of cardboard, counted the bills, and then said sharply:

"Five dollars more, please; this is the 16th—excursion rates stopped yesterday."

What did it mean! Sally felt herself growing cold, the lemon slipped from her hand and rolled under the seat. Samuel's face turned to a sickly yellow, his mouth opened, his jaw dropped, then a terribly vivid tide of red surged from his ears to his sky blue necktie. He gathered up his dollars slowly, and pushing the tickets back, said unsteadily,

"Guess I won't mind goin' to-day."

He crossed the room and sat down beside Sally as if he had no further power to stand. They looked at each other for a few seconds, and then Sally gave the faintest, most idiotic sort of giggle. She couldn't help it—Samuel or no Samuel, the funny side flashed on her. It was only a brief comprehension of the ludicrous, and it was gone in a second. Sally was pale and grave almost before Samuel realized that at the most critical moment of their lives, at the point of most humiliating disappointment—she had laughed.

"I reckon we'd better go," said Samuel, and they got up and went out into the dusk. There was no need to say anything, no remark to make, each realized that everything was at an end for them. The effort could never be repeated, the occasion and chance would never return, they could never again work themselves up to that culminating point of rebellion.

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"If we go real fast we can git back before John an' George come in," said Sally, and then no word was spoken till they reached the gate.

"Good-night, Sally, lemme bresh the dust off your bunnet," said Samuel.

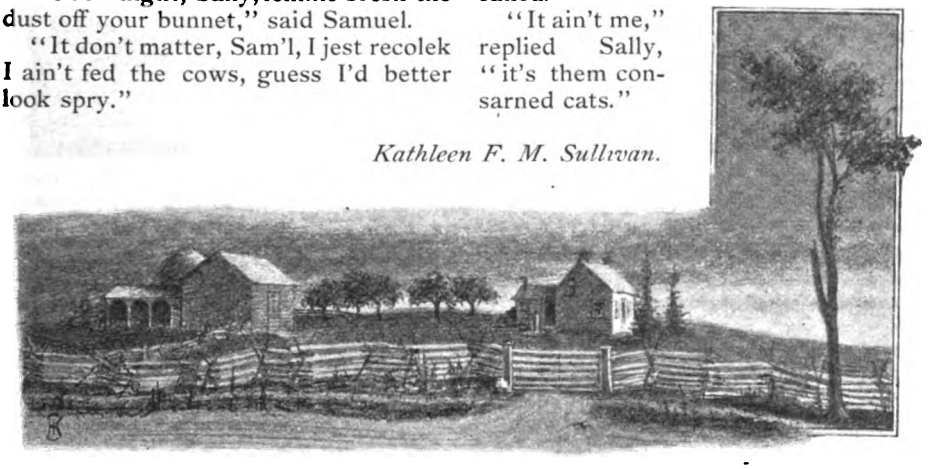
"It don't matter, Sam'l, I jest recolek I ain't fed the cows, guess I'd better look spry."

In the darkest part of the night John was awakened by a smothered sound on the other side of the partition.

"Sally, what air you doin'?" he called.

"It ain't me," replied Sally, "it's them consarned cats."

Kathleen F. M. Sullivan.



TOWARD THE WEST.

"DAWNED had the day in the east:
Two ships with white wings spread,
Sailed side by side, out on the tide
Of the Ocean Life," he said.

"One was a craft all frail;
The other, a staunch, rough barque;
And they sailed away, till the light of day
Grew dim and the world was dark.

"Black was the sea of life,
Inky the sky o'erhead;
'Mid the tempest's frown, one ship went down,
The other sails on," he said.

"Life's sea grows oftimes rough,
As a black-hulled wreck drifts on;
Watching all while for the tender smile
Of calm in an eastern dawn.

"But a chain invisible draws
This shattered barque toward the west,
And a soul is fed on one hope," he said,
"The sunset of life and rest."

A. P. McKishnie.

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A PAGE FROM THE EARLY HISTORY OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

IN this year of historical reminiscences it may not be uninteresting to glance at the extreme easterly point of Her Majesty's possessions in America and find out what manner of men they were who more than three hundred years ago landed on these shores now known as Newfoundland.

Although fishermen of Normandy, Brittany and the Basque Provinces doubtless knew and frequented these grand fishing grounds long before Cabot sighted the land in 1497, they were practically unknown in Europe until the Portuguese navigator, Gasper Cortereal, landed on the rock-bound coast in 1500 and gave his name to the south-eastern portion known for some time after as Corterealis. Conception Bay and Portugal Cove still remain as memorials of the daring navigator, who afterwards perished with his companions in the Arctic regions.

The Portuguese, French and Spaniards fought over the fishing grounds for many years, and it was not until the close of the sixteenth century that the English attempted to effect a lodgment in the island. In 1578, Sir Humphrey Gilbert obtained a patent for a colony in that region, and made two expeditions, in both of which his half-brother, Sir Walter Raleigh, was interested and one of which he accompanied. They landed on the present site of St. John's and in the name of England took formal possession.

Both of these expeditions failed; but still public attention had been called to Newfoundland, and about the year 1609, Mr. John Guy, a merchant, afterwards Mayor of Bristol, published several treatises on the subject. In 1610, he fitted out at his own expense, an expedition on a large scale with a view of establishing permanent intercourse with Newfoundland.

A patent was granted to the Earl of Southampton, Keeper of the Privy Seal; Sir Lawrence Tanfield, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer; Sir Francis Bacon, Solicitor-General; Sir John Dodderidge, King's Sergeant, and more than forty associates, incorporating them under the name of the Treasurer and Company of Adventurers and Planters of the Cities of London and Bristol, for the Colony and Plantation in Newfoundland. This document recites that the English had resorted for more than fifty years in no small numbers to that island for the purpose of fishing, and it was hereby intended to protect them in the pursuit of their trade. Supplies were sent yearly from Bristol to the settlers until 1614, after which period the Company seems to have ceased active operations.

In the meantime religious strife waxed hot in England, and both Catholics and Puritans suffered intolerable persecution and oppression of all kinds. Some found refuge in Holland, others "dreamed of a far-off land where, amid the grandeur of nature, they might pursue their way undisturbed, and regulate matters spiritual and temporal according to their faith and conscience." Many had long turned their

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eyes to the vast forests and boundless fields of the New World.

At this time in the Court of James I., and holding high office under the Crown, lived one George Calvert, whose chivalrous spirit was penetrated with the idea, not only of helping his distressed countrymen, but also of enlarging the domains of his Most Gracious Majesty. George Calvert's career had been a remarkable one. He was descended from a noble family in Flanders, and was born at a place called Kipling, Yorkshire, England, in the year 1582. When only eleven he entered Oxford, and took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1597. Leaving college he made a tour of Europe, and in 1604 married Anne Wynne. After holding several minor offices he was appointed by Robert Cecil, the Secretary of State, his chief clerk, and when Cecil became Lord High Treasurer as Earl of Salisbury, Calvert still remained with him as Clerk of the Privy Council. In 1617, he received the honour of knighthood, and in 1619 the King appointed him Secretary of State and bestowed upon him not only honours but rewards more substantial. In 1620, he received a grant of the increased customs on silk for twenty-one years and a pension of a thousand pounds. In 1620, the University of Oxford chose him as their representative in Parliament. Soon after this he went to Ireland, where the King had given him a large grant of land. He had long had visions of planting a colony in the New World, and in 1620 purchased of Sir William Vaughan, who had an interest in a patent for the southern part of Newfoundland, the whole southeastern peninsula of that island. Vaughan had been disappointed in his attempts to colonize, and so assigned a portion of his grant to Viscount Falkland and to Sir George Calvert, knight, then principal Secretary of State to King James I.

In 1621, a year after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, Massachusetts, Sir George sent over Captain Wynne with a commission as Governor, and a small colony. Every trade seemed to be represented. Stonelayers, carpenters, quarrymen, tailors, surgeon, husbandmen, fishermen, etc., in all thirty-two. They settled at Ferryland, one of the chief promontories on the eastern coast, about forty miles north of Cape Race, and Calvert expended of his private fortune not less than twenty-five thousand pounds in building granaries and storehouses, and in erecting a handsome house for his own residence. In May, 1622, the colony was reinforced by an additional number of colonists and a supply of provisions. So far all looked promising. Captain Daniel Powell, one of the colonists, wrote on July 28th, 1622, to Calvert that:

"The land whereon our Governor has planted is so good and commodious that for the quantity I think there is no better in many parts of England. His house, which is strong and well contrived, stands very warm at the foot of an easy ascending hill on the south-east; and defended with a hill standing on the further side of the haven on the north-west, the beach on the north and south sides of the land lock it, and the seas on both sides are so near that one may shoot a bird bolt in either sea. No cold can offend it, though it be counted the coldest harbour in the land, and the seas do make the land behind it to the south-east, being near 1,000 acres of good ground for hay, feeding of cattle and plenty of wood, almost an island, safe to keep anything from ravenous beasts."

The report of Powell was so satisfactory that, on April 7th, 1623, Calvert asked for and received a patent from the King constituting him and his heirs absolute proprietors of the whole south-eastern peninsula of Newfoundland. He gave his new settlement the name it still retains of Avalon, the ancient name of Glastonbury, Somersetshire, England. Tradition has it that at Avalon Joseph of Arimathea, who had come to Britain, received from King Arvigarus 12 hydes of land, and here he preached the Gospel to the Britons and built an abbey.

As Avalon had been the starting-point for Christianity in Ancient Britain according to the pious legend, so Calvert hoped that his own settlement might be the starting-point from which the Gospel should be spread to the heathen of the western world.

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A copy of the Charter granted to Sir George Calvert is in the British Museum. We learn from it that :—

"Whereas our right trusty and well-beloved counsellor, Sir George Calvert, Knight, our Principal Secretary of State, being excited with a laudable and pious zeal to enlarge the extent of the Christian world and therewithal of our empire and Dominion, hath heretofore, to his great cost purchased a certain region or territory hereafter described in a country of ours situate in the west part of the world commonly called Newfoundland not yet husbanded or planted, though in some parts thereof inhabited by certain barbarous people wanting the knowledge of Almighty God. And intending now to transport there a very great and ample colony of the English nation, hath humbly sought our Kingly Majesty to give, grant and confirm all the said region with certain privileges and jurisdictions requisite for the good government and state of the said colony and territory to him, his heirs and assigns forever."

After defining the boundaries of the plantation, the right was given him to have jurisdiction over the islands :

"Within tenne leagues of the eastern shore with the fishings of all sortes of fish, whales, sturgeons and other royall fishes in the sea or rivers, and moreover, all veines, mines and deines, as well discovered or not discovered of gold, silver, gemmes and precious stones.

"And all this to be holden of us, our heirs and successors, Kings of England in Capite by Knights service, and yielding therefor to us, our heirs and successors a white horse whensoever and so often as it shall happen that we shall come into the said territory or region.

"And that the sayd region may be eminent above all other parts of the sayd country of Newfoundland and graced with larger titles, know you that we of our further grace have thought fit to erect the sayd territory and lands into a province and to call it Avalon, or the Province of Avalon."

Shortly after the granting of the patent to Calvert, he announced to the King that he had left the Established Church of England, in which he had been baptized, and had joined the Roman Catholic Communion. He therefore resigned his office of Secretary of State. However, the King did not withdraw his marks of favour from him, but raised him to the Irish Peerage, as Baron of Baltimore, in the County of Longford, Ireland.

He seems to have been very anxious at this time about the fate of the colony he had planted, and writes thus to his friend, Sir Thomas Wentworth :

"I am heartily sorry that I am further from my hopes of seeing you before my leaving this town, which will now be within three or four days, being bound for a long journey to a place which I have had a long desire to visit. It is Newfoundland I mean, which it imports me more than in curiosity to see, for I must either go and settle it in better order or else give it over, and lose all the charges I have been at hitherto, for other men to build their fortunes upon. And I had rather be esteemed a fool by some for the hazard of one month's journey, than to prove myself one certainly for six years by past, if the business be now lost for the want of a little pains and care."

In 1628 he set out for the colony with his wife and family, except his oldest son. In what state he found the colony is told in his letter to the Duke of Buckingham, of the 25th of August, 1628.

"I came to build and settle and sow, but I am fain to fighting with Frenchmen who have heere disquieted me and many other of His Majesty's subjects fishing in this land."

In another letter of the 19th of August, 1629, to the King, Charles I., his difficulties and discouragements are pointed out. Besides fighting the French, the climate seems not to have been to his liking.

He writes :—

"So have I met with greater difficulties and encumbrances here which in this place are no longer to be resisted, but me presently to quitt my residence and shift to some other warmer climate of this new world where the wynter be shorter and less rigorous. For here Your Majesty will be pleased to understand I have found by too dear bought experience, which other men from their private interests always concealed from me, that from the middlest of October to the middlest of May there is a sadd fare of wynter upon all this land; both sea and land so frozen for the greater part of the time so they are not penetrable, no plant or vegetable thing appearing out of the earth untill about the beginning of May, nor fish in the sea, beside the ayre so intolerable cold as it is hardly to be endured. By means whereof and of much salt meat my house hath been an hospital all this wynter. Of a 100 persons 50 sick at a time myself being one; and nyne or tenne of them dyed. Hereupon I have bad strong temptations to leave all proceedings in plantations, and being much decayed in my strength, to retire myself to my former quiet, but my inclination carrying me naturally to these kind of works, and not knowing better to employ the poor remainder of my dayes

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than with other good subjects to further the best I may the enlarging of Your Majesty's Empire in this part of the world, I am determined to commit this place to fishermen that are able to encounter storms and hard weather, and to remove myself with some forty persons to Your Majesty's dominion, Virginia, where if Your Majesty will be pleased to grant me a precinct of land with such privileges as the king, your father, my gracious master, was pleased to grant me here. I shall endeavor to the utmost of my power to deserve it, and pray for Your Majesty's long and happy reign."

The King sent a gracious answer but thought that the task of founding colonies was too hard a task for his faithful subject, and writes:

"We out of our princely care of you, and weighing that men of your condition and breeding are fitter for other employments than the forming of new plantations which commonly have rugged and labourious beginning, and require means in managing them, than usually the power of one private subject can reach unto, have thought fit hereby to advise you to desist from further prosecuting your designs that way, and with your first conveniency to return back to your native country, where you shall be sure to enjoy both the liberty of a subject and such respect from us as your former services and late endeavours do so justly deserve.

"Given at our place of Whitehall, 22nd November, in the fifth year of our reign."

The end of the story is given in a letter from the Rev. Mr. Mead, of Christ Church, Oxford.

"My Lord Baltimore being weary of his intolerable plantation of Newfoundland where he hath found between eight and nine months winter, and upon the land nothing but rocks, lakes or morasses, like bogs that we might thrust a pyke down to the butt head, for so, Mr. James, Sir Richard Cotton's library-keeper, who was sent minister thither some nine years ago describes the place; his lordship this summer sent home some of his children unto England and went with his lady into Virginia."

Here, however, he received but a sorry welcome, for the Virginians were naturally a little jealous of one who, they knew, meditated taking a portion of what they considered their own territory.

Lord Baltimore decided to return to England and there seek for another patent from His Majesty. The King, however, would not give him permission to return to America, but desired him to send for his wife and children left behind in Virginia. The cup of his misfortunes was not full, for the barque in which his family set sail was cast away and all were lost, together with a "great deal of plate and other goods of great value." In 1631 the much tried man wrote to his friend Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, on the loss of the latter's wife:

"There are few, perhaps, can judge of it better than I, who have been myself a long time a man of sorrows. But all things, my Lord, in this world pass away, wife, children, honour, wealth, friends and what is dear to flesh and blood; they are but lent us till God please to call for them back again; that we may not esteem anything our own, or set our hearts upon anything but Him alone who only remains forever."

Lord Baltimore died in April, 1632, having just succeeded in obtaining a new charter from the King for a new colony. The interesting story of the founding of Maryland by his son, Cecilius, the second Lord Baltimore, is not within the province of this paper; but we must take a hasty glance again at the Colony of Newfoundland after its abandonment. The hardy, fisher folk grew and multiplied there and for nearly a hundred years France and England contended for its possession, the French being principally settled on Placentia Bay. By the Peace of Utrecht, in 1713, Great Britain obtained the sovereignty of the island, the French reserving the right to catch and dry fish from Cape Bonavista north round to Point Riche, an extent of 450 miles. The Islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, on the south shore, were also granted to the French.

In spite of the "sadd fare of wynter" on this land that so discouraged poor Lord Baltimore, it has raised a hardy and sturdy population. St. John, with 30,000 inhabitants, is a fair city with a beautiful harbour a mile and a-half long, sheltered from ocean storms and swells.

The products of the fisheries, exclusive of home consumption, are $6,500,000. The cod banks, stretching from near the south-east coast for 300 miles into the North Atlantic, show no sign of exhaustion. They are visited by

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fishermen from the United States, France, the Maritime Provinces, as well as by those of Newfoundland ; but the latter also resort to the shore fisheries of the island end of Labrador.

At the last census the population was 197,000, of whom 60,000 were employed in the fisheries.

An English Governor was sent out in 1728, and it continued a Crown colony until 1832, when representative institutions were granted. The present constitution came into force in 1855. So far all propositions to become part of the Dominion of Canada have failed.

Mrs. J. D. Edgar.



A SPOT.

A STREAM runs down a silent glade,
And into a silent sea :
Where the jackals cry and the night birds fly,
And all is wild and free.

The tides ne'er rise and the tides ne'er fall,
Nor is there rush nor roar :
But the depths are deep and the shores are steep,
And o'erhead the eagles soar.

The dead leaves drop where the shadows point,
When the wind breathes through their gloom ;
Then ere they fall they make their pall,
And above the dark hills loom.

The loon, from his murky bed of scum,
Calls out in a shrill, drear cry
To the stalks who moor on the desolate shore,
And wait for the night to die.

The moon appears to sink again
In a gloomy, land-locked cloud,
That scurries fast in its haste to pass
These echoes long and loud.

W. E. Tupper.

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MY CONTEMPORARIES IN FICTION.*

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

IV.—LIVING MASTERS.—MEREDITH AND HALL CAINE.

THERE is a very old story to the effect that a party of gentlemen who were compiling a dictionary described a crab as "a small red animal which walks backwards." Apart from the facts that the crab is not red, is not an animal, and does not walk backwards, the definition was pronounced to be wholly admirable. I was reminded of this bit of ancient history when some time ago I read a criticism on George Meredith from the pen of Mr. George Moore. Mr. Moore represented his subject as a shouting, gesticulating man in a crowd, who, in spite of great efforts to be heard, remained unintelligible. As a description of a curiously calm sage who soliloquises for his own amusement in a study this is perfect. The enormous growth in the number of unthinking readers, and the corresponding increase in our printed output, have brought about some singular conditions, and, amongst them, this: that it is possible to sustain a reputation by the mere act of being absurd.

In attempting anything like a just review of the influence of the critical press in recent years one has to admit that in its treatment of George Meredith it has performed a very considerable and praiseworthy public service. For many years Meredith worked in obscurity so far as the general public were concerned. Here and there he won an impassioned admirer, and from his beginning it may be said that he found audience fit though few; but he owes much of the present extent of his reputation to the efforts of generous and enlightened critics, who would not let the public rest until they had at least given his genius a hearing. He is now, and has for some time been, a fashionable cult. It is not likely that in the broad sense he will ever be a popular writer, for the mass of novel-readers are an idle and pleasure-loving folk, and no mere idler and pleasure-seeker will read Meredith often or read him long at a time. The little book which the angel gave to John of Patmos, commanding that he should eat it, was like honey in the mouth, but in the belly it was bitter. To the reader who first approaches him, a book of Meredith's offers an accurate contrast to the roll presented by the angel. It is tough chewing, but in digestion most suave and fortifying. The people who instantly enjoy him, who relish him at first bite, are rare. Fine intelligences are always rare. Personally, I am not one of the happy few. I am at my third reading of any one of Meredith's later books before I am wholly at my ease with it. I can find a most satisfactory simile (to myself). A new book of Meredith's comes to me like a hamper of noble wines. I know the vintages, and I rejoice. I set to work to open the hamper. It is corded and wired in the most exasperating way, but at last I get it open. That is my first reading. Then I range my bottles in the cellar—port, burgundy, hock, champagne, imperial tokay; subtle and inspiring beverages, not grown in common vineyards, and demanding to be labelled. That is my second reading. Then I sit down to my wine, and that is my third; and in any book of Meredith's I have a cellarful for a lifetime.

In view of a benefaction like this it becomes a man to be grateful, but for all that it is a pity that a great writer and a willing reader should be held apart by any avoidable hindrances. It is quite true that an immediate popu-

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larity is no test of high merit. But the real man of genius is, after all, he who permanently appeals to the widest public.

To the middle-aged and the elderly, fiction is a luxury. A story-book is like a pipe. It soothes and gratifies, and it helps an idle hour to pass. But younger people find actual food or actual poison where their elders find mere amusement. There are hundreds of thousands of young men and women who feel that they would like to have a clear outlook on things, who are searching more or less in earnest for a mental standing-place and point of view. If I had my way they should all be made to read Meredith, and the book at which I should start them should be "The Shaving of Shagpat." It is in the nature of a handbook or guide to a young person of genius, it is true, and we can't all be persons of genius, but there is enough human nature in it to make it serviceable to all but the stupid. In the midst of its fantastic phantasmagoria there is a view of life so sane, so lofty, so feminine-tender, so masculine-strong, so piercing, keen and clear, that it is not easy to find an expression for admiration which shall be at once adequate and sober. On the mere surface it is almost as good as the "Arabian Nights," and at the first flush of it you think that fancy is running riot. But when once the intention is grasped you find beneath that playful foam of seeming fun and frolic a very astonishing and deep philosophy, and the whole wild masquerade is filled with meaning. Read "The Shaving of Shagpat," earnest young men and maidens. There is not much that is better for mere amusement in all the libraries, and if you care for the ripe conclusions of a scholar and a gentleman who knows the whole game of life better than any other man now living, you may find them there.

I learn, on very good authority, that Meredith has but a poor comparative opinion of his earlier work, and that he would dissent rather strongly from the critic who pronounced "The Ordeal of Richard Feverell" his masterpiece. Yet it seems to me to be so, and in one particular it takes high rank indeed. It is remarkable that whilst love-making is so essential a part of the general human business, and whilst no novel or play which ignores it stands much chance of success, there are only two or three really verile presentations in fiction of "the way of a man with a maid." Shakespeare gave us one in "Romeo and Juliet," but then Shakespeare gave us everything. Charles Reade, in "Hard Cash," has shown us a pure girl growing into pure passion—a bit of truth and beauty which alone might make a sterling and enduring name for him. And Meredith in "Feverel" has given us scenes of young courtship which are beyond the praises of a writer like myself. The two young people on their river island are amongst the real ideal figures which haunt my mind with sweetness. Nature on either side is virginal. It flames and trembles with natural passion both in boy and girl, and they are as pure as a pair of daisies. Any workman in the school of Namby-Pamby could have kept their purity. Any writer of the Roman-candle-volcanic tribe could have heaped up their fires, after a fashion. But for this special piece of work, God had first to make a gentleman, and then to give him genius.

One peculiarity in Meredith is worthy of notice. He makes known to us the interior personality of his characters; he does this so completely that we are persuaded that we could predict their line of conduct in given circumstances; and then a set of circumstances occur in which they do something we should never have believed of them, and we have to confess that their maker is just and right, and that there is no disputing him. There are inconsistencies in his pages more glaring than anything we can imagine outside real life. The average artist, dealing with these manifestations, is a spectacle for pity, as the average man would be on Blondin's tight rope. The faintest deviation, the most momentary uncertainty of foot-

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ing, a doubt, even, and it is all over. But Meredith never falters. He proves the impossible true by the mere fact of recording it.

He has no cranks or crazes or isms. He sees human nature with an eye which is at once broad and microscopic. What seem the very faults of style are virtues pushed to an extreme. He says more in a page than most men can say in a chapter. Modern science can put the nutritive properties of a whole ox into a very modest canister. Meredith's best sentences have gone through just such a digestive process. He is not for everybody's table, but he is a pride and delight to the pick of English epicures.

From Meredith to Hall Caine is from the study of the analyst to the foundry of the statuary; from art in cold calm to art in stormy fire. Here, too, is a force at work, but it is strength at stress, not at ease. Meredith is not very greatly moved. He sympathises, but he sympathises from the brain. His heart is right towards the world, but it is cool. The man we are now dealing with has a passionate sympathy. He is hot at heart, and he does not look on the movement of mankind as merely understanding it, and analysing it, and liking it, and making allowances for it. He is tumultuous and urgent, daring and impetuous, eager to say a great word. His conceptions shake him. They are all grandiose and huge. The great passions are awake in them—avarice, lust, hate, love, god-like pity, supreme courage, base fear. The whole trend of his mind is towards the heroic. He struggles to be in touch with the actual, and he makes many incursions upon it, but Romance snatches him away again, and claims him for her own. His native and ineradicable concept of a work of art in fiction is a story that shall shake the soul. This inborn passion for the vast and splendid in spiritual things is always in strict subordination to a moral purpose. Here is the reason for his hold upon the English-speaking people, which is probably, at this moment, deeper and wider than that of any other living writer.

I do not deal in what I am now about to say with the critical adjustment of relative powers, but simply with a question of temperament. You may draw a triangle, and at one of its extremes you may place Meredith, at another Stevenson, and at another Hall Caine. At one extremity you have an artist whose methods are almost purely intellectual, at the next you have an embodiment of sympathetic receptivity, and at the third a man whose forces are almost wholly emotional and dynamic. Stevenson's main literary prompting was to say a thing as well as it could possibly be said. Hall Caine's chief spur is a fiery impulse to a moral warning.

From the earliest stages of Hall Caine's literary career until now his impulse had not changed, but he has made such a steady advance in craftsmanship as could not be made by any man who did not take his work in serious earnest. The faults of his first style still linger, but they are chastened. He has the defect of his quality. In each of his books he strives for an increasing stress of passion, a sustained crescendo, a full and steady breeze for the beginning, and then a gale, a tempest, a tornado. The story is always constructed with this view towards emotional growth and culmination. Sometimes he lets us see the effect this prodigious task imposes upon him, but in his later work more and more rarely. The natural temptation is towards a resonant and insistent eloquence, and he occasionally still forgets that he might, with ease to himself, profitably leave the catastrophe he has created to make its own impression. The artistic demand in the form of work to which his instinct draws him is heavier than in any other. It is simply to be white-hot in purpose and stone-cold in self-criticism at the same instant of time.

Bar Meredith, who is quite *sui generis*, and Rudyard Kipling, whose characteristics will be dealt with later on, Hall Caine has less of the mark of his predecessors upon him than any of his

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contemporaries. His work has grown out of himself. He has had a word to speak, and he has spoken it. So far he has increased in strength with every book, has grown more master of his own conceptions and himself. In "A Son of Hagar" he forced his story upon his reader in defiance of possibility, but no such blot on construction as the continued presence of a London cad in the person of a Cumberland man in the latter's native village has been seen in his more recent work. It is worth notice that even in this portion of his story the narrator shows no remotest sign of a disposition to crane at any of the numerous fences which lie before him. He takes them all in his stride, and the reader goes with him, willy-nilly, protesting perhaps, but helplessly whirled along in the author's grip. This faculty of daring is sometimes an essential to the story-teller's art, and Hall Caine has it in abundance, not merely in the occasional facing of improbabilities, but in that much loftier and more admirable form where it enables him to confront the cataclysmic emotions of the mind, and to carry to a legitimate conclusion scenes of tremendous conception and of no less tremendous difficulty. In the minds of vulgar and careless readers the defects which are hardest to separate from this form of art are so many added beauties, just as the over-emphasis of a tragic actor is the very thing which best appeals to the gallery. But Hall Caine does not address himself to the vulgar and the careless. He is eager to leave his reputation to his peers and to posterity. With every year of ripening power his capacity for self-restraint has grown. When it has come of age in him, there will be nothing but fair and well. There has been no man in his time who has shown a deeper reverence for his work, or a more consistent increase in command of it. His method is large and noble, in accord with his design. He has given us the right to look to him for better and better and always better, and it is only in the direction indicated that he can mend.

(To be continued.)

REUNION.

"I LOVE you," sighed the Zephyr
To the White Rose on the hill,
When the shadow wooed the daylight,
And the sounds of life were still;
"As I kiss your waxen face a thrill
Of joy wakes in my heart,
But the winter of our lives draws nigh,
Ere long we two must part.

One eve soft snowflakes fluttered
From the frowning sky above,
Dead lay the Rose and Zephyr,
But the spirit of their love
Drifted out across the valley,
And one balmy eventide
The White Rose found her Zephyr,
And the Zephyr found his bride.

A. P. McKishnie.

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THE GUEST OF GAMACHE.

Illustrated by J. S. O'Higgins.

"GAMACHE! Gamache! I'm tired of hearing about this Gamache. He should have been clapped into prison long ago. One would think that he was a veritable demon or ogre instead of only a rascally wrecker, to judge by the way he is talked about here."

The speaker was an officer in one of Her Majesty's regiments stationed at Quebec, the place the deck of a sailing yacht carrying a lively party past the Island of Orleans, and the time half a century ago, when the sinister reputation of Anticosti and its few inhabitants was at its height.

A chorus of laughter and a shower of merry taunts were the response to Captain Hamilton's energetic utterance. "Certainly he should." "I quite agree with you." "Why don't you try it yourself?" "Give Gamache a call on your own account." "You're just the man for the job," and so on, in spite of the Captain's manifest irritation.

He had the good sense, however, to attempt no retort until the pelting of chaff had spent itself, and then, before speaking, he gave a searching glance at the countenance of one who sat on the port side, and who had taken no part in the good-natured raillery. What he saw there evidently confirmed him in his resolution, for drawing himself up he said, in a quiet tone of unmistakable determination:

"I accept your challenge. If I can obtain the requisite authority I'll go down to Anticosti in this very yacht, and do my best to bring Gamache back with me."

This speech evoked another round of genial banter, and the offering of odds that, instead of Captain Hamilton coming back with Gamache, a detachment of soldiers would have to be sent down to retrieve him from the hands of the renowned wrecker, should he be so fortunate as to survive his first *rencontre* with him.

When the Captain came to consider at leisure what he had undertaken in haste he felt disposed to set himself down as something not far short of a fool. Although he was quite fully of the opinion that the awe-inspiring reputation of Gamache had absurdly outgrown the actual truth, still, he admitted, it must have some root in fact, and the very vagueness of his knowledge could not help intensifying the uneasiness of his mind. Nevertheless, he had no thought of withdrawing. Even though his pride were not so deeply involved, there was the remembrance of that look for one instant caught on the face he deemed the fairest in all the world, but which seemed averse to his ardent suit.

There was no difficulty about obtaining the requisite authority to deal with Gamache, should he come advantageously upon him, and within a week he set forth upon his peculiar quest, feeling himself to be in some sort a modern knight errant. He took with him on the yacht a Gulf fisherman who was to act as crew and pilot, and a corporal's guard of stalwart soldiers in whom he could trust. Gamache was understood to live in solitude for the most part, and, despite all the startling stories in circulation about him, ought surely to prove an easy prey for four strong men whose outfit of deadly weapons was in every respect complete.

On the way down the St. Lawrence Jean Baptiste Houde, the pilot, regaled his fellow-voyagers with tales and legends about Gamache's extraordinary exploits and mysterious actions. In these wondrous yarns their hero figured as some kind of a semi-ogre, semi-sea-wolf who enjoyed the special friendship and protection of a familiar demon. If Houde's statements were to be ac-

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cepted, the wrecker had been seen to stand upright upon the gunwale of his sloop in a calm and command his demon to send him a breeze. A moment later the sails were straining on their sheets, and the sloop was bowling along merrily, though the sea all about her shone like a mirror, and other vessels lay motionless. During a run across to Rimouski he had entertained "Auld Hornie" himself in great style, and on more than one occasion, when closely pressed by a Government cutter bent on his capture, he and his sable sloop had suddenly vanished, leaving no trace save a blue flame that went dancing over the waves in mocking defiance of the awe-stricken minions of the law.

The pilot was an effective *raconteur*, and his startling stories produced a deep effect upon the two soldiers, although Captain Hamilton laughed them to scorn, and quite incensed their narrator by contemptuous references to the foolish credulity of the French Canadian.

"*Eh! bien!* muttered Houde, shaking his head solemnly, and gazing away down the river towards their destination. "You are very wise, no doubt, and very brave too, but, perhaps, you will be wiser still before you get back to Quebec. We shall see. We shall see."

As the yacht drew near Anticosti the weather, which had been favourable enough hitherto, began to assume a threatening aspect, and Houde, smelling a storm, advised running across to the South Shore until it had blown over.

But Captain Hamilton, who was not weatherwise, suspecting that this was a pretence of the pilot's whereby he might, perhaps, evade a manifestly unwelcome task, would not hearken to the suggestion.

"No—No—Keep right on," he said sternly. "We can run into some haven in Anticosti for shelter if need be."

Houde shook his head, and muttered something that was not audible. He knew right well there was no harbour of refuge at that end of the island save the one where Gamache had his headquarters, but he recognized the futility of argument.

The storm broke that afternoon, and raged so furiously that Captain Hamilton soon had cause to regret not having taken the pilot's sage advice. The yacht was a strong, staunch, seaworthy craft, and Houde handled her with extraordinary skill, yet her owner could not be blind to the fact that unless the violence of the tempest soon abated the little vessel must inevitably succumb. The bleak shores of Anticosti were dimly discernible on the left, and he asked anxiously as he pointed to them:

"Is there no safe harbour there into which you can run the sloop for the night?"

Houde smiled grimly. The imperious officer was now learning humility. He evidently regretted having put no faith in his pilot's words.

"There is but one, and that is Gamache's," he replied. "I am making for it now."

Captain Hamilton had laid out another plan of campaign. His idea was to run the sloop into some cove a little distance from Gamache's, and then to make his way overland to the latter's stronghold. In this way he would stand a better chance of effecting the arrest without bloodshed. But the storm had disarranged all this. Instead of coming down upon the unsuspecting wrecker in all the majesty of the law he must needs appear as a fugitive seeking refuge from the fury of the elements.

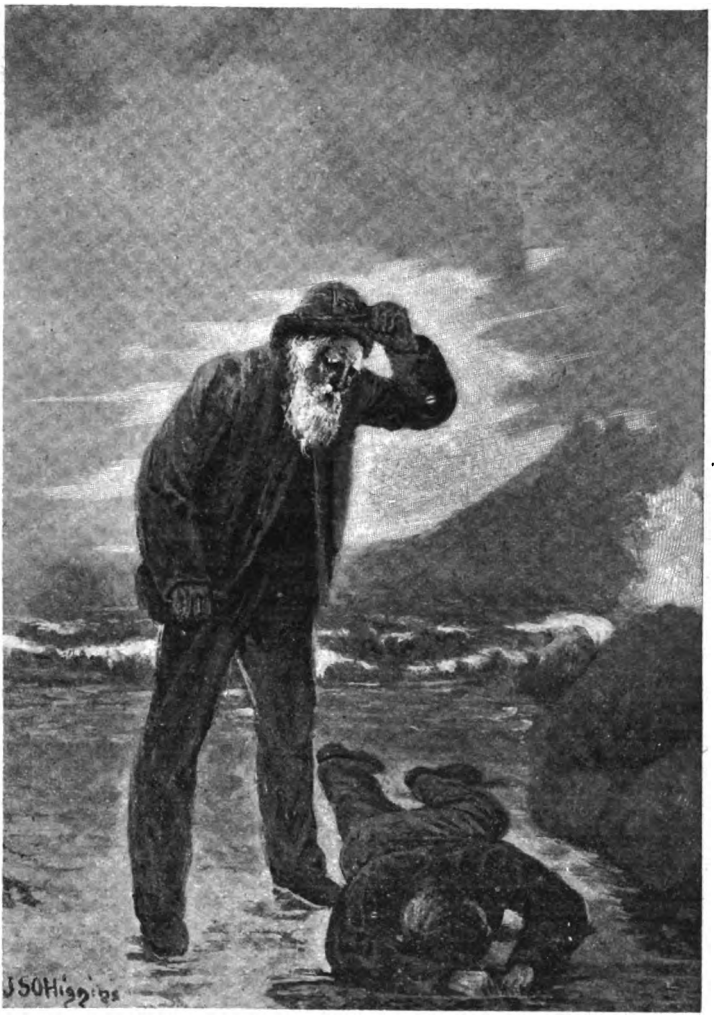
Darkness fell before the sought-for shelter opened out, and Houde began muttering "Aves" and fumbling his beads when he could spare his right hand for a moment.

The entrance to the cove was narrow and tortuous, and beset with serrated rocks ready to tear to pieces the stoutest ship afloat. For the sloop to touch one of them would mean her instant destruction.

There was no mistaking how critical Houde felt the situation to be. The pallor of fear showed through the

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swarthy hue of his face, as with straining eyes he endeavoured to pierce the gloom ahead, whence came the roar of breakers hurling themselves upon the sullen reefs. The sails had been reefed to the last point, yet the mast creaked and bent as though its going by the board could be only the matter of another minute. The two soldiers lay stretched out on the dripping deck holding on for very life's sake, while Captain Hamilton, his haggard countenance seeming ten years older than before the storm began, crouched near the pilot, his mind full of bitter regret that he had ever undertaken so foolish a quest.



DRAWN BY J. S. O'HIGGINS.

GAMACHE FINDS CAPT. HAMILTON.

Presently the mad turmoil and hissing of the water all about them made it clear that they were amongst the reefs. Mechanically Captain Hamilton grasped the low combing of the cabin, and with bated breath awaited the coming shock. With wonderful skill, for it was almost pitch dark, the pilot evaded the expectant rocks.

But death was only playing with its victims. No mortal steersman could ever have run the gauntlet of those cruel reefs. The little sloop fought gallantly, obeying her helm like a thing of life; but the end was inevitable. With a splintering crash her bow smashed like an egg-shell on a half-submerged reef, and the next instant all four men were struggling in the yeasty surges.

Captain Hamilton possessed great strength and was an expert swimmer. He was not one to yield up his life without first making a brave fight for it. He battled desperately with the billows, striving to work away from the rocks and into the central channel. In this, by some marvellous good fortune he succeeded, but the efforts ex-

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hausted his strength, and while still out in the wild welter of the surges his consciousness forsook him.

When he came to himself he was lying on a comfortable bed, feeling strangely weak and sorely bruised. There was no one in the room, and as his eyes roved inquiringly around the place they fell upon an array of weapons worthy of an arsenal. Arranged in racks in orderly fashion stood nearly a score of guns, many of them double-barrelled, while beside them hung powder-flasks, shot-bags, swords, sabres, daggers, bayonets and pistols in most imposing profusion. The room itself resembled a chamber in a fortress, the walls being evidently of great strength and thickness, and the window being strongly barred and shuttered.

As he gazed about him with wondering eyes there came into the room a man whose remarkable appearance was quite in keeping with his surroundings. He stood full six feet in height, and although his abundant hair and beard were snowy white, his form was as erect and vigourous as if he had been no older than the Captain. His eyes, deep-sunk beneath the shaggy brows, flashed forth with piercing power, and his features bore a look of mingled sorrow and sternness that commanded instant interest and respect.

"*Eh, bien!*" he said, in a deep yet kindly voice. "You have awakened. That is good! You were not far from taking the sleep from which there is no awaking in this world."

"You saved my life, no doubt," responded Captain Hamilton, speaking with difficulty. "May I know to whom I am so profoundly indebted?"

The other shrugged his shoulders, and the shadow of a smile flitted over his grim features.

"Yes, certainly; I am Gamache."

Although he had expected this reply, the Captain could not repress a start. He was the involuntary and helpless guest of the man he had come to take into custody in the name of the law.

"And the others?" he asked anxiously, "Did you save them, too?"

"There were no others" was the brief, solemn reply. "You were alone."

The Captain buried his face in the pillow to stifle the groan he could not suppress.

Poor Houde! And the two faithful soldiers! They had been sacrificed to the fulfilment of a foolish pledge which, by the very irony of fate, had of itself become impracticable.

It was many days before he regained his wonted strength. The breakers and reefs of Anticosti had taken heavy toll off him, and under less skilful or devoted care than that of Gamache he would hardly have survived their merciless buffeting.

While winning his way back to health and vigour he came to entertain such feelings towards Gamache as he would have deemed utterly impossible a little while before. At the first opportunity he frankly confessed the object of his mission, Gamache listening with an expression that signified:

"I knew it already."

Mutual confidence being thus established, the two men conversed freely, and Captain Hamilton soon realized that the sinister side of the wrecker's character had been greatly exaggerated. Wishing to be left in undisturbed enjoyment of the advantages of his position for gathering the flotsam and jetsam of the stormy Gulf he had not only allowed the wild stories about himself to go uncontradicted, but had even taken pains to add to them, delighting especially in giving support to his supposed friendly relations with his Satanic Majesty.

Thus he related with great gusto how he would go to a country inn, order a fine supper for two to be served in a private room, stating that he expected a gentleman in black to share it with him. When the repast was ready he would lock himself up in the room, polish off the supper unaided, using both plates, etc., and then summon the astonished landlady to clear away the remains, as he and his friend had supped, and were satisfied. The effect of this mystifying performance he would deepen by sundry startling rap-

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pings, and inexplicable openings and shuttings of doors.

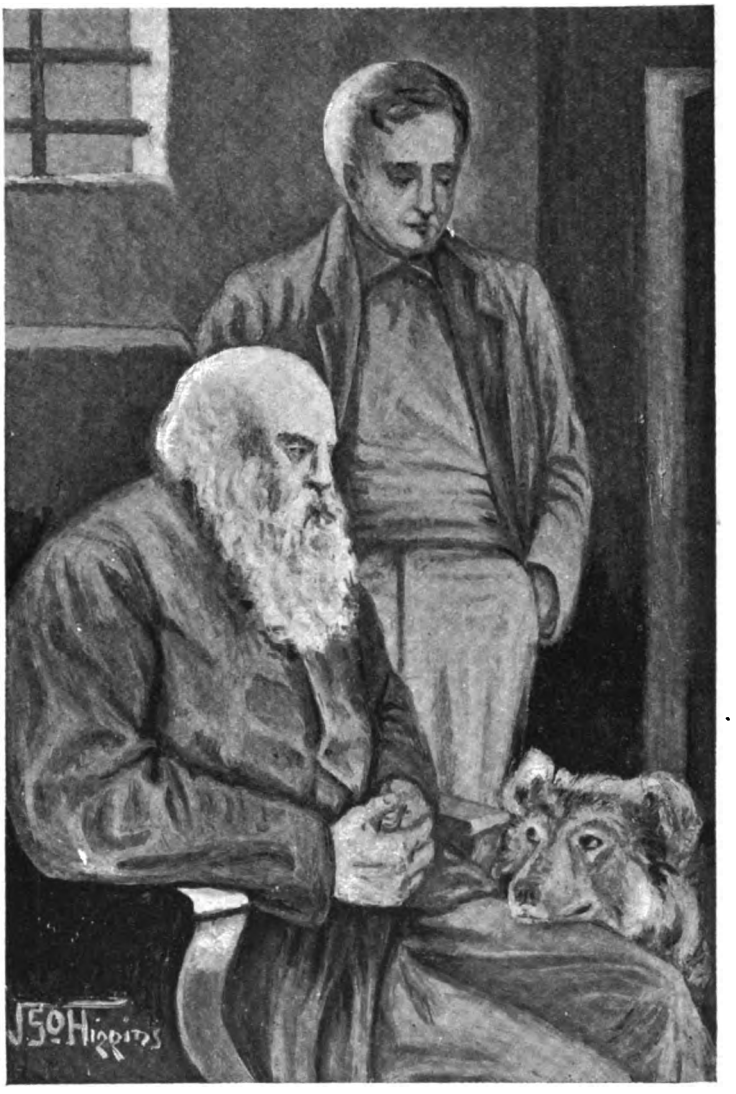
At another time, in low, sad tones, and with eyes fixed intently upon the leaping flames in the huge fire-place, he profoundly moved his hearer's heart with the story that lay behind those lines so deeply furrowed by sorrow on his rugged features. Twice, it seemed, had he found a woman sufficiently fond and brave to share his strange, solitary life, but alas! both had fallen victims to its terrible privations.

The saddest case was that of his second wife, who had died suddenly in mid-winter while he was absent on a hunting trip, rendered necessary by urgent need of food, and he had returned heavily laden with game, only to find her prostrate form before the extinguished fire with her two children huddled close to her, all three frozen into statues of death.

"They will find me like that some day," added Gamache mournfully as he concluded his moving narrative. "I have lived here always, and I shall die here when my time comes."

When Captain Hamilton had sufficiently recovered his strength Gamache took him up on his own sloop to Rimouski, where they parted with many expressions of esteem.

On his return to Quebec, empty-handed, the Captain had, of course, to run the gauntlet of his friends' raillery. Considerably to their surprise he not only bore this trial with altogether unwonted patience, but even championed



DRAWN BY J. S. O'HIGGINS.

"They will find me like that some day."

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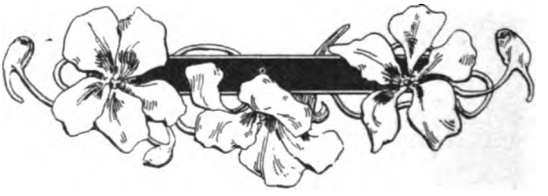
the cause of the famous wrecker at every opportunity, suffering no aspersion upon his reputation to pass unchallenged.

Some time elapsed, however, before he mustered up courage to tell the story of his trip to the one person of all others whose verdict upon it was of most importance to him.

When he did make the venture, to his bewildering joy, instead of merry banter he was given tender sympathy, and this so heartened him that he dared to put his fate to the touch with the happy issue of winning the prize he sought.

In the following spring there came tidings from the Isle of Shipwrecks that touched him deeply. Gamache's mournful prediction as to his own fate had been fulfilled during the winter. Some fishermen who had run into the cove for shelter, seeing no sign of life about the house, had finally made bold to investigate. They found the body of the old man lying in all the dignity of death upon his own bed. With no one near to close his eyes he had gently passed away, the last of his race, bequeathing by a will written in a fair clerkly hand his entire possessions to his good friend, Captain Hamilton, "as some small compensation for his futile voyage to Anticosti."

J. Macdonald Oxley.



TENNYSON'S "CROSSING THE BAR."

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM CLARK, D.C.L., F.R.S.C.

"CROSSING THE BAR" is now usually printed as the last poem in the collected edition of Lord Tennyson's works. And with perfect propriety. Yet it did not originally appear in the last published of his volumes. It was first put forth in the volume entitled "Demeter and Other Poems," in 1889. Two others appeared subsequently: the one containing the charming play of "The Foresters," in 1892, and the other, the last we were destined to receive from his hand, entitled "The Death of Onone, Akbar's Dream, and other poems," also in 1892. This volume contained a poem, "The Silent Voices," pointing also to the "dumb hour clothed in black;" but it is the earlier poem, "Crossing the Bar," which will always be associated with the death of the poet.

It is hardly too much to say that this exquisite gem was received with delight, and even with surprise, by the lovers of Tennyson and by the world at large. We were to have another surprise when the play of "The Foresters" appeared, a work which was as youthful and fresh in its tone as though its author had been five-and-twenty, and not over four score years of age. Tennyson had done so much good work that we might have expected anything of him Yet there were some ready to say that the precise note of "Crossing the Bar" was now heard for the first time. Without discussing this question, or even inquiring too nicely into its meaning, we can have

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no hesitation in speaking of the poem with a kind of enthusiasm.

Nevertheless, as it so often happens, as it has almost always happened with Tennyson (even the glorious "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" was scoffed at!), there arose voices, carping at some lines in this perfect poem, showing, for the most part, a mere want of understanding of the allusions or of insight into the significance of the imagery. For this reason it may not be entirely superfluous to offer a few remarks which may help to bring the meaning out a little more clearly, with the hope that something better may be done by some one better qualified. But first let us have the poem before us.

CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as, moving, seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight, and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

The title of the poem at once demands comment. What is "the bar?" Without asking how many such objects may exist, the present writer knows at least one, the Harbour Bar at the mouth of the river near Bideford, in Devonshire. It is probably this which Tennyson intended; and this is certainly what Kingsley meant in his poem of the "Three Fishers." The bar is a ridge of sand, pebbles and mud, which runs across the river and stops navigation except when the tide is high. At low water the tide, washing backwards or forwards, strikes against this obstruction, producing a dull, resonant sound, which may properly be described as moaning. Tennyson compares the passage from time to eternity to the outflow of the river to the ocean, or to the sailing on the river out into the boundless deep. When the tide is high the bar is unseen, and no sound comes from it: there is "no moaning of the bar"—

"But such a tide as, moving, seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam."

And the poet prays that his passage from the temporal to the eternal may, likewise, be calm and peaceful.

A similar thought is expressed, with a different reference, in the nineteenth and twentieth cantos or sonnets of "In Memoriam," where the poet compares the deeper griefs which can find no utterance to the almost total silence of the Wye passing into the Severn; and the lesser griefs to the "babbling" of the river entering the estuary at low water.

"The Wye is hushed, nor moved along,
And hushed my deepest grief of all,
When filled with tears that cannot fall,
I brim with sorrow, drowning song."

So it is when the Severn fills, and the salt water

"Hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills."

But again:

"The tide flows down, the wave again
Is vocal in its wooded walls;
My deeper anguish also falls,
And I can speak a little then."

The reference, of course, is different, although the imagery is substantially the same. Then he asks that his voyage to the unseen may be as quiet as the passage over the bar in a high tide.

This is all quite clear, and there cannot be much difficulty in explaining the rest of the poem in the light of these considerations. But still a difficulty has been raised in regard to one phrase in the last two lines:

"I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar."

In the first place, there can surely be no doubt as to Who the Pilot is; and one cannot but wonder at some of the suggested explanations which have been offered, but which need claim no attention from us here. The Pilot is undoubtedly that "strong Son of God, immortal love," to whom the author

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dedicated "In Memoriam," that great Light of whom our little systems are but broken lights, "human and divine," "the highest holiest, manhood."

But a still stranger mistake has been made, when the objection is offered, and it has been offered gravely, that it is inaccurate to speak of meeting his Pilot face to face, after passing away from earth and putting out into the ocean. It is not on the ocean, say these critical persons, but when we are coming into port or going out, that we need the pilot. Very well; but here is a most thorough misunderstanding of the poet's meaning. As it seems by some to be so misunderstood, let us try to make it clear.

Whither is the poet bound? He is bound *for home*. The ocean is his home. It is at once the vast infinite and the "harbour where he would do." There is no contradiction, for the Ocean is God—"the Ocean of His love;" and He is also the Refuge of the soul when the tempest is high. From the eternal he had come. His soul is "that which drew from out the boundless deep." And now it goes back to the eternity from which it came; it "turns again home." And to this home in the bosom of the Eternal the soul is guided by its Pilot, by Him who is "the Way" to the Father. Well, therefore, may he say:

"I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar."

So far, it is hoped, all is quite clear. One other point may be noted, chiefly of practical interest. If we compare the first and third stanzas, we shall see something of progression in the thought. In the first he writes:

"Sunset, and evening star,
And one clear call for me!"

In the third the night is creeping further on, the sun has set, and then come

"Twilight, and evening bell,
And after that the dark."

So also there is a correspondence in the thoughts connected with these moments. In the first place the prayer is:

"May there be no moaning of the bar
When I put forth to sea."

In the thitd stanza there is a sense of being nearer to separation from the things of time and the dear ones here:

"May there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark."

Doubtless there is much more here to be dwelt upon, for we can see how every word in this beautiful utterance of that great soul deserves to be meditated.

The prayer of the poet was answered. "Sadness of farewell," in such cases, must ever be present; but if sadness, then also true gladness and thankfulness, first from her who has now gone to join him, and then from all who loved and honoured him; and they are a great number not easy to number. He fell asleep, his hand resting on the page of him who is the master of all the poets, the glory of English literature and of human genius, on the volume of Shakespeare, of Cymbeline, on the dirge of that play which he had asked to have read to him. The volume lies with him in his grave in Westminster Abbey. With these great words we may well conclude and cover some of the weakness of our own:

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages;
Golden lads and girls all must
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

"Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this and come to dust.

"Fear no more the lightning flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee and come to dust.

"No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave."

(Act iv., Scene 2.)

William Clark.

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RECIPROCITY TRIPS TO WASHINGTON.

A Page from Political History.

THE approaching visit to Washington by representatives of the Government to obtain a reciprocity treaty recalls previous efforts of the same kind. For many years these attempts have been made. On one occasion only were they successful, and then under conditions which are not likely to be repeated. The result of the negotiations now about to begin must surely determine for long years to come the policy of Canada in this matter, since the self-respect of this country, and the common sense of its commercial men, ought to hasten the conclusion that, if we fail to obtain a treaty this year, our future course should leave reciprocity with the United States entirely out of the calculation as a practical question.

As everyone knows, the adoption by England of free trade and the abolition of preferential duties with her colonies led Canada to consider seriously the development of trade with the United States. The famous annexation manifesto of 1849 was one of the early episodes of the agitation which culminated in the visit to Washington of Lord Elgin and Sir Francis Hincks. The prospects in 1854 looked as black for reciprocity as they have done at any period since. Both President Pierce and Mr. Marcy, the Secretary of State, were of opinion that as long as the Democratic majority in the Senate opposed reciprocity with Canada, it was useless to send down a treaty for their consideration. But Lord Elgin was determined to make a treaty. He had had, as history records, a slight difference of opinion with one element in Canada, and this element, with colonial exuberance, had expressed its vigourous condemnation of him both in epithets and eggs. He knew that a treaty would be popular in all the British provinces, and he met the objections of the President with characteristic audacity: "If I can convince you that a majority of Senators are not hostile, will you consider our proposition?" And Mr. Marcy, who thought himself safely entrenched behind Democratic opposition, made this conditional promise, which he was forced afterwards reluctantly to redeem. Lord Elgin, assisted by Sir Philip Crampton, the British Minister, then set himself to work to cultivate the friendship of the Senators. He flung himself into the social life of the Capital with zest and energy.

We owe to the agreeable indiscretions of his secretary, Lawrence Oliphant, a record of the plan of campaign. The secretary could not at first perceive what, to use a familiar expression, his chief was driving at, and remarked one day, with some wonderment, that their most intimate friends appeared to be Democrats. Lord Elgin retorted drily that he observed this fact also. Practising all the arts of the courtier and man of the world he set himself to win friends for his proposed treaty. To the rather

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free-and-easy society of the Washington politicians the Governor-General adapted himself with infinite tact and subtlety, for if a clap on the shoulder or a poke in the ribs meant a vote for the treaty the loss of dignity was amply compensated for. And there was champagne, unlimited champagne, until in a few weeks the Envoy Extraordinary of Her Britannic Majesty was declared to be the best fellow at the Capital. Then Lord Elgin went to Mr. Marcy, and assured that astounded personage that if he submitted a reasonable treaty to the Senate that body would adopt it. The document was drawn up, and the dashing pen of the Governor-General's secretary presents this vivid picture of its signing:

"It was in the dead of night, during the last five minutes of the fifth of June and the first five minutes of the sixth of the month aforesaid, that four individuals might have been seen seated in a spacious chamber lighted by wax candles and an Argand lamp. Their faces were expressive of deep and earnest thought, not unmixed with suspicion. Their feelings, however, to the acute observer manifested themselves in different ways; but this was natural, as two were in the bloom of youth, one in the sere and yellow leaf, and one in the prime of middle age. This last it is whose measured tones alone break the silence of midnight, except when one or other of the younger auditors, who are both pouring intently over voluminous MSS., interrupt him to interpolate an 'and' or erase a 'the.' They are, in fact, checking as he reads, and the aged man listens while he picks his teeth with a pair of scissors, or cleans out the wick of a candle with their points, which he afterwards wipes in his grey hair. There is something strangely suggestive in the scratching of the midnight pen, for it may be scratching fortunes or ruin to toiling millions. Then the venerable statesman takes up the pen to append his signature. His hand does not shake, though he is very old and knows the abuse that is in store for him from Members of Congress and an enlightened press. That hand, it is said, is not at all unused to a revolver, and he is not afraid either of the wrath of his countrymen or the wiles of an English lord. So he gives us his blessing and the treaty is duly signed, and I retire to dream of its contents and to listen in my troubled sleep to the perpetually recurring refrain of the three impressive words with which the pregnant document concludes—'unmanufactured tobacco, rags.'"*

It was upon evidence of this kind that the opponents of the treaty in the United States afterwards declared it to have been "floated through on champagne," and in another place Mr. Oliphant remarks, in a letter home, that "Lord Elgin pretends to drink immensely; but I watched him, and I don't believe he drank a glass between two and twelve." There were also some loose accusations made subsequently that the treaty had been engineered through by "British gold"—a favourite bogey of a certain class of Washington politicians. The expenses of the deputation were doubtless heavy, but the boundless hospitality of the negotiators would account for this. There is no reason to suppose that the successful adoption of the treaty was due to any other cause than the sound commercial sense which lay behind it. The jingo politicians, finding themselves outwitted for once, took refuge in conjecture and innuendo. In fact, it may be said here that the treaty worked well in the interest of the United States, was popular with the commercial classes there during the eleven years it lasted, and when the majority in Congress gave the President authority to serve the required notice of abrogation in 1865 they voted under the distinct understanding that a new treaty, embodying a wider measure of reciprocity, was to replace the old.†

Lord Elgin's diplomacy has always been declared the real cause of the victory, and the treaty bears his name. This is natural, because the Imperial authorities had not yet awakened to

*Episodes in a Life of Adventure. Lawrence Oliphant.
†Congressional Globe, 1865-66.

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the wisdom of clothing the representative of Canada in matters of this kind with the powers of a British plenipotentiary. But Sir Francis Hincks and other Canadians had paved the way for Lord Elgin. As early as 1850 Mr. Dunscomb, the Commissioner of Customs, went to Washington to furnish information and create interest in the subject of reciprocity. Sir Francis himself paid several visits there on the same mission, and he was in England in 1853 when Lord Elgin received Imperial authority to negotiate. The Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were invited to send delegates to unite with Canada, and the Hon. E. B. Chandler, from the latter province, joined the mission at New York. Owing to a misunderstanding Nova Scotia was not represented, but the position of all the British provinces was fully understood, and statistical and other information had been prepared beforehand.* We may fairly claim, therefore, that Canada had its share in the negotiation of the treaty, and assisted materially in removing the misapprehensions regarding reciprocity which existed at Washington.

Into the disputes which arose under the treaty it is not my purpose to enter. They are not material to the immediate subject under consideration. There was always a vociferous minority ready to clamour against any arrangement by which the United States granted advantages in trade to a part of the British Empire, even when the Republic itself was benefiting largely by the agreement. Like the wolf in the fable, the jingo was determined to find that the lamb disturbed the water. English sympathy with the South during the rebellion, and the firm attitude of Lord Palmerston at the time of the Trent affair, had inflamed public opinion in the United States. The question of reciprocity by the year 1865 was virtually removed from the commercial arena, where it should have remained, to that of foreign politics. At first the anti-British element in Congress dissembled. They secured, as has been said, notice of abrogation by professing willingness to frame a new treaty. They never intended to do so, but Canada took Congress at its word, and in 1865 delegates went down to Washington.

The efforts begun at this time to renew the old treaty, or frame a new one, lasted for several years. In some respects they form the most interesting period in all our negotiations with the United States. The records are scanty. All the public men who went on the various missions have passed away, save one, Sir William Howland. The private papers and correspondence of the others, such as Sir A. T. Galt, Sir A. J. Smith, Sir John Rose, or Judge Henry, have not seen the light yet. Except for the meagre official statements we are still much in the dark concerning these events.

From our general knowledge of the political conditions at that time we may draw certain inferences. The feeling between Great Britain and the United States was extremely unfavourable to any arrangement, and the situation called for tact, forbearance and diplomatic skill to a degree even superior to Lord Elgin's. One man alone, I believe, could have proved equal to the emergency. Unhappily, owing to oversight and neglect, he was allowed to leave Washington before negotiations were seriously begun, and with him, I am convinced, departed the last chance of securing an extension or renewal of the treaty. That man was Lord Lyons, the British Minister. He had made himself personally acceptable to the Washington authorities by his delicate handling of the "Trent" difficulty. Mr. Seward has recorded officially that to Lord Lyons was due the avoidance of war in 1861 over that bitter controversy. If anyone could have convinced the United States Government that the Elgin Treaty should stand it was he. The commercial interests were a unit in favour of reciprocity, and, as already stated, Congress voted for abrogation on the understanding that the treaty would be

*Reminiscences of his public life, by Sir Francis Hincks.

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renewed on terms even more comprehensive.

One need not wonder why both English and Canadian statesmen failed to grasp the opportunity. In England the utmost indifference reigned supreme, and the doctrine of the Manchester school that Canada should cut aloof from the Empire was uppermost. In Canada party government had just broken down, and political conditions were chaotic. The Coalition Ministry, of which Mr. George Brown was a member, had recently entered office, and the Canadian authorities were occupied with plans for confederation. They remembered, indeed, the necessity of continuing reciprocity, but they set to work too late. The time when notice of abrogation could be given was March 17th, 1865. That date must have been perfectly well known to the Imperial and Canadian Governments. Delay is the more difficult to account for, since Mr. Brown fully understood the state of affairs. Writing to Mr. Holton in January, 1864, during the existence of the Sandfield Macdonald-Sicotte Ministry, he said: "I am much concerned about the Reciprocity Treaty. It appears to me that none of us are sufficiently awake about it. I see very serious trouble ahead if notice of the repeal is given. . . . I do think you are taking on a very serious responsibility in not opening negotiations at Washington, as well with the Committee of the House and the Senate as the Executive. It would be a thousand-fold easier to negotiate before notice than after—before members have committed themselves, by speech or otherwise, than afterwards."*

Sir Edward Watkin repeatedly called attention, in the Imperial House of Commons, to the dangers of delay. As late as February, 1865, the Imperial authorities were languidly indifferent on the subject.* Canada made no decisive move until November, 1865, while Lord Lyons had resigned the Washington mission in February of that year, and formal notice of termination had been given in March. When Messrs. Galt and Howland, the two Canadians selected, arrived at the United States capital, therefore, the treaty was already doomed. Their informal mission merely resulted in a suggestion that possibly reciprocal free trade might be secured by concurrent legislation in Congress, and in our Parliament. The hope was vain and the plan open to objection. Mr. George Brown stoutly resisted this method, and resigned from the Coalition Ministry sooner than be a party to it, or, indeed, to any steps that looked like begging favours from the Americans when the latter had definitely denounced the treaty.

The Government, however, decided to go on, and the two Canadian delegates already named were joined by Hon. W. A. Henry, of Nova Scotia, and Hon. A. J. Smith, of New Brunswick. In January, 1866, a few weeks before the treaty expired, they reached Washington. Congress was in session, and the delegates were turned over to the tender mercies of the Ways and Means Committee of the House. Mr. Morrill, a strong protectionist, was chairman of that committee, and the sentiment for a higher tariff was growing. Terms of basis were indeed discussed. The men from the north were told that if Canada liked to grant free use of the St. Lawrence River and the canals; to provide for mutual bonding privileges; to give United States fishermen the inshore fishing rights; to accept in a cheerful spirit high duties on all products of the farm and the fisheries, they could have free trade in the following articles:

Burr millstones, unwrought.
Cotton and linen rags.
Firewood.
Grindstones, rough or unfinished.
Gypsum, or plaster, unground.

The proposition reads like a joke. But the British Commissioners were in no mood for jest, and they mournfully replied that "they were reluctantly brought to the conclusion that the committee no longer desired the trade between the two countries to be carried

* Life and Speeches of Hon. George Brown, by Alexander MacKenzie.
* Canada and the States, by Sir E. W. Watkin, Bt., M.P.

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on upon the principle of reciprocity." Their conclusion was justified. Yet their supply of hope must have been wonderful, for they wrote to the British Minister, Sir Frederick Bruce, who had taken Lord Lyons' post, that "while we regret this unfavourable termination of the negotiations, we are not without hope that at no distant day they may be resumed with a better prospect of a satisfactory result."

In rejecting offers of this kind, needless to say, the delegates had Canadian sentiment behind them. The hostility of the Washington politicians had one good effect on the British Provinces. It hastened Confederation and established free trade between the various communities to the north owing allegiance to the Crown. But united Canada still clung to reciprocity with a persistence that is truly remarkable. The first tariff contained a provision, often called a "standing offer," to renew the old treaty. Pressing appeals were also made to the Mother Country for the resumption of negotiations through the British Minister. By 1869 the matter again came to the front. Sir Edward Thornton was now Minister at Washington, and as the time seemed propitious a fresh attempt was made.

We have now reached the famous mission of Sir John Rose, about which so much has been said and so little known. Mr. Rose (he was made a baronet afterwards, when he went to reside in England), was in 1869 Canadian Minister of Finance. In many respects he was an ideal commissioner. To affable manners he united a shrewd judgment of men and a perfect comprehension of the whole situation. Assuming the attitude of Washington to be favourable to a treaty, Mr Rose was the very man to bring the question to a settlement. The British Minister had been carrying on negotiations for reopening the discussion, and was to notify the Canadian authorities when the right moment came. Matters were kept very quiet, and when in January, 1869, Sir John Macdonald was questioned about reciprocity, he replied that it was inexpedient to do anything until the mind of Congress was known. In July Mr. Rose went down to Washington. The omens appeared favourable, for the Ways and Means Committee unanimously adopted a motion in favour of reopening the subject of reciprocity with Canada. There was a short conference, and the delegate, like his immediate predecessors, returned empty-handed. A few months afterwards he left Canadian politics forever, and the consequence is that the person best qualified to explain the nature and extent of the mission never did so.

From that day to this a controversy, which keeps cropping up every now and then, has raged among political writers and speakers in this country over the Rose negotiations. What were they precisely? There are no official papers in Canada accessible to the ordinary person. The report to the Privy Council is said to have been lost. When President Grant was asked for the documentary records, he replied that the conversations were too informal to be made the subject of official report. The statement is made by some United States writers and by some Canadians that Mr. Rose offered complete reciprocity, or what we now call commercial union. Mr. Huntingdon, during a debate in 1871, which may be read in the records of the time, affirmed that he had seen a copy of the confidential memorandum which passed between Mr. Rose, Sir Edward Thornton and Mr. Secretary Fish, and that it bore this construction. Both Sir John Macdonald and Sir Francis Hincks, who took Mr. Rose's place as Finance Minister, in the most explicit terms denied the statement. The Conservatives have always accepted these denials, but Liberals have never been satisfied, and ever and anon you will come upon assertions that Canada in 1869 was willing to join in what was practically a commercial zollverein with the United States. As the point is of some consequence, and would be a precedent of a certain value, it is a great pity that documentary evidence

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is not forthcoming to set all doubts at rest. If such evidence exists I have not been able to find it.

Although the fisheries dispute has always been more or less mixed up with the trade relations of Canada and the States, and the Elgin Treaty joined the two issues in the same settlement, there is no authority for including the negotiations by Sir John Macdonald in 1871 and by Sir Charles Tupper in 1888 in the list of reciprocity efforts. Both these statesmen made a general offer of reciprocity as a basis. But the Washington authorities would have none of it on either occasion. In this article the purpose is to outline only those negotiations avowedly undertaken to effect a commercial treaty, and the Washington negotiations of 1871 and 1888 cannot reasonably be classified with those attempts. Yet the picture presented in Sir John Macdonald's private letters to his colleagues at Ottawa during 1871 is of the utmost value, because it throws a flood of light upon the methods that a Canadian negotiator has to reckon with at the United States Capital. If Mr. Joseph Pope had given us nothing more than this private correspondence relating to the treaty of 1871, his book would be of the greatest historical importance.* From it we learn the extremely difficult and delicate duty devolving upon a Canadian negotiator who has to keep in view the interests of the Dominion and of Great Britain and avoid being trapped into any line of argument that would indicate to a foreigner that there was any divergence in those interests. In this respect Sir John had to fight the battle alone. The British members of the Commission —those who came direct from England —were all for a treaty on any terms. The British Minister, from his permanent association with the Washington politicians, knew better the kind of warfare to carry on, and realized the importance of maintaining a stiff backbone. Consequently, Sir John says: "I may say that acquaintanee with Sir Edward Thornton has raised him a good deal in my opinion. He is not a strong man, but he is a straightforward, painstaking person who desires to do his duty, and who, with two Canadians at his elbow instead of an English Cabinet Minister and a Foreign Office man like Lord Tenterden, would do good service for the Dominion."

This opinion is significant, as the next negotiations for reciprocity, in 1874, were conducted by Sir Edward Thornton and Mr. George Brown. The new Liberal Government had hardly assumed office in November, 1873, when they proceeded to deal with the question of trade with the States. The selection of Mr. Brown was in all respects a wise one. He set a high value on freer trade between Canada and its neighbour, but, as his action in 1865 showed, he was not prepared to truckle to the Americans for the privilege. He was also firmly devoted to the British connection, and could be relied upon to do nothing that would compromise our relations with the Empire. In February, 1874, he paid a preliminary visit to Washington, and reported favourably on the prospects. The Cabinet drew up a set of instructions authorizing reciprocity in a list of manufactured articles as well as farm products, and containing the assurance that "the Government of Canada do not propose any modification in matters of trade and commerce which would in any way injuriously affect Imperial interests." Mr. Brown was made an Imperial plenipotentiary, and for the first time in our history the British Minister at Washington sat down to try and frame a treaty relating to Canada with a Canadian alone at his elbow. The fate of this treaty indicates one of the principal obstacles met with by all foreign governments in dealing with the United States. It has also just been exhibited in regard to the Arbitration Treaty, and that is the share taken by the Senate in treaty-making. Mr. Bryce thinks this ratification of treaties by the Senate is a good thing in a constitution like that of the United States, but he admits that it possesses disagreeable features for foreign govern-

*Memoirs of Sir John Macdonald, by Joseph Pope. Ottawa, 1894.

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ments, since it enables Uncle Sam to retire from a doubtful bargain. The two-thirds majority of Senators present required to ratify, he confesses, enables a faction to deal with foreign policy in a narrow, sectional, electioneering spirit.* Mr. Brown succeeded in getting a treaty drawn up, but the Senate would not consider it. He went about the work with his customary vigour and decision. Many persons in Congress who were dubious or antagonistic he won over by his enthusiasm and the logical force of his arguments. He paid a visit to New York and enlisted the sympathy of powerful journals like the *Herald* and the *Times*, knowing from his experience as a journalist the aid which could be rendered by the press. Mr. Brown's experience with Mr. Secretary Fish, whom he found timorous and uncertain, constantly making new demands, and, in the end, afraid to let the Executive father the measure, make diverting reading. Toward the end of June the draft instrument was sent to the Senate, but that body adjourned without taking action. In December Mr. Brown again went down after Congress had assembled, but Mr. Fish was more doubtful than ever, and the Senate returned the draft treaty to the President, stating that its adoption was inexpedient. The following year, when the Canadian statesman gave his explanations of this mission, he expressed the hope that the negotiations would ultimately succeed. But the tariff legislation of both countries put off all attempts for over fifteen years.

The negotiations of 1892 are too recent to require more than the briefest mention. All the circumstances which led up to them are subjects of the keenest political controversy, and it would be well-nigh impossible to frame a statement of the facts without rousing the ire of the party politicians. The outcome of the visit of Hon. Robert Bond, Colonial Secretary in the Newfoundland Government, to Washington in October, 1890, and his conferences with Mr. Blaine, Secretary of State, resulted in the intervention of Canada. The British Minister proposed to Mr. Blaine that a general discussion of all outstanding questions with the Dominion should take place. Canada suggested as a basis for negotiation the terms of the Elgin Treaty of 1854, with such modifications and extensions as might be mutually acceptable. The conference, after several delays, finally came off in February, 1892. The Canadian delegates were Sir John Thompson, Sir Mackenzie Bowell and Hon. George E. Foster. Mr. Blaine declared the policy of the United States to be, first, that reciprocity should embrace manufactured goods as well as natural products, and, secondly, that any treaty must be in the nature of a preferential bargain between the two countries, and that "other countries which were not parties to it should not enjoy gratuitously the favours which the two neighbouring countries might reciprocally concede to each other for valuable considerations, and at a large sacrifice of their respective revenues."* This practically broke off the negotiations for reciprocity.

It seems, therefore, that at least five distinct missions to Washington for the purpose of obtaining a reciprocity treaty have been taken, not to mention the other offers made in connection with the fishery discussion. Except in the case of Lord Elgin's effort all these resulted in nothing, and the United States authorities have naturally imbibed the notion that we are extremely anxious to obtain trade concessions. The remarks of the Prime Minister at Montreal a few days ago do not indicate that the present Government differs vitally from all previous Canadian Governments in the nature of the price to be paid. An agreement covering the fisheries and the canals would appear, therefore, to be the most probable outcome, if any, of the negotiations that will take place after President McKinley assumes office this month.

*The American Commonwealth, by James Bryce, 1894

*Executive Documents U. S., No. 114, 52nd Congress, 1st Session.

A. H. U. Colquhoun

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HABIT, ITS NATURE AND SUBSTANCE.

"How use doth breed a habit in a man."—*Shakespere, T. G. of V., 5: 4.*

TO define habit scientifically would be difficult, nor is it essential to the discussion of our subject, since the general meaning of the term, which is to all intents and purposes correct, is easy of understanding and is universally known. To say that "habit is a new pathway of discharge formed in the brain, by which certain incoming currents ever after tend to escape," (1) will not greatly aid the comprehension of one who is unfamiliar with this subject. So that perhaps it will be simpler to discuss habit without attempting by definition to alter the ordinary meaning of the word.

Having done a certain thing once the second attempt is easier and the third requires still less effort, and soon we come to perform the operation almost mechanically. That is, the habit of doing the thing has been acquired, and all that is necessary is that the motor centres be given the first impulse, when they will automatically complete the task. For example, first attempts at writing are, to say the least, labourious, the fingers clutch the pen and react with twice the necessary force, and the direction of their movement is uncertain. Practice makes perfect and soon the habit of writing overcomes the natural clumsiness of the hand, the writing becomes almost self-controlling and is assured, a given letter being regularly of the same form. It is habit, setting aside the question of mere association, which gives such great value to the violins of famous players. The constant playing of a master, with his assured yet delicate touch, habituates the molecules composing the instrument to vibrate in the best way. The inanimate particles have acquired habits which will influence all the music which they may subsequently give forth. The master's hand has made the habit good, and it is for the habit that the price is charged. The lock on a lady's bracelet turns with less friction, and the mighty engines of the ocean liner beat more smoothly with use, and what is this use but the habit of the thing. Again, who does not find it easier to consult books which he has handled many times before than those that are strange to him? Is any shoe so comfortable as an old shoe? These are but instances of habit in inanimate objects, and truly it is a mighty master that trains lifeless matter to yield, making it react under similar impulses each time with less resistance.

Habit, we have seen, controls both animate and inanimate things. This no one can deny, since it is the teaching of everyone's experience. It is reasonable, then, to expect that some physical and tangible change will be wrought by so powerful an agent. And that this is actually the fact a very brief consideration of the question will be sufficient to show. And the same thought will teach us that animate bodies are affected by habit in a different manner from things of wood and stone. The habituation of the lock or the steam-engine to action is purely negative, that is, it consists in the lessening of friction through the destruction and removal of substance. On the other hand, the results of habit in living beings are positive. In these, use does not merely reduce friction; it does more, it builds up tissue where that tissue will be of most service. Do we regard the wings or the legs of the wild duck as the more delicate morsels? It is the use or habit of long flights that has strengthened and toughened the muscles of the wings so that they are tireless, and incidentally provoke the carver's wrath. And, conversely, the seldom-tried wings of the tame fowl are tender, where-

(1.) James' Psychology, Briefer Course, p. 134.

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as the use of their legs has made those members sturdy. The bones, too, show the influence of habit. Careful measurements prove that the wing-bones of the wild duck average larger than do those of the tame bird. And, on the other hand, similar measurements tell us that the leg-bones of the tame duck are heavier than those of its free cousin. It is on the immense number of facts similar to those just cited that the theory of evolution is based. The scent of wild beasts, always on the alert for danger, is far more keen than that of domesticated animals, and habit prodded by necessity has pricked up the ears of the self-dependent animal.

Habit, in like manner, leaves its traces more or less intelligible on man also. It requires no instruction to distinguish from the artisan the man whose regular tool is the pen. That the varying habits of the different trades and professions dog-ear the book of each man's mental and bodily life, each in its own way, is self-evident. But does a given habit leave any tangible mark on the brain? Mental activity of any kind draws blood to the brain, as may be ascertained by Mosso's balancing table (2). Does that blood plow out special furrows for each act, or do its repeated journeys for the same act follow the same furrow, and if so, do they leave any physical impress on the brain? It makes a simple working hypothesis very easy of comprehension to assert that habit cuts fixed and tangible paths through the brain substance, like the threads on a screw, and that each reaction perforce traverses and deepens the threads cut by a similar reaction at some previous time. But can such an assertion be confirmed? No one would dare to say, "All these men have such and such a habit, and I find by trepanning that the reaction for the habit starts here and runs through this particular groove, which is reserved for this habit, and would not exist except for the habit. The most that can be said is that habit in some way brings it about that repetition is easier than original action, and that it wisely prepares for this by strengthening the muscles at the same time, making them more sensitive. But the claim that habit actually produces in the brain certain routes of mental reaction, which can be examined microscopically or otherwise, must be thrown out for lack of proof, or left as an open question.

We are told that, psychologically speaking, habit means, "loss of oversight, diffusion of attention, subsiding consciousness." (3) In other words, that habit is reaction of one kind or another freed from the controlling supervision of the brain. The readiest simile is found in electricity, by saying that habit short circuits the battery below the galvanometer. The electric fluid of reaction is still circulating, but the galvanometer, the brain, is no longer affected. But does this tell us anything more than that unconscious habit is action of which the brain is unconscious?

Having thus mentioned on the one hand the purely physical idea of habit, and on the other the psychological statement, it remains for us to consider what habit does for the world at large. Is it advantageous or is it harmful? Our theorem will be that it is in the main beneficial. The reader may deny this statement and cite in evidence the habitual drunkard, and those whom the necessities of use have made excessive smokers, even to their destruction. And the same critic of my statement would open any daily paper and point to the victims of the morphine and opium habits. These are, however, individual cases, unfortunate in themselves, but in relation to the population of the world few in number and insignificant in the harm they do. How then does habit work to the advantage of the world? By acting for society the same part that is taken for the engine by its fly-wheel. The momentum of the wheel, which might be called its force of habit, carries it on

(2) This is a delicately-balanced table, on which the subject lies. It is, in fact, a very sensitive scale whose equilibrum is disturbed by the rush of blood to the head when any mental action takes place.

(3) Baldwin, Elements of Psychology, p. 51.

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round past the centres and practically integrates the broken motion of the piston. It allows the engine to run smoothly, and takes off strain. Habit serves man in the same way. One who has certain tasks to regularly perform which, being disagreeable, he does only from necessity at first, soon finds the burden of them lightened, so that eventually the labour may even be entirely unnoticed, and for this respite he must thank habit. It is habit, the habit of respecting *meum et tuum*, that saves many and keeps the number of absconding clerks limited. What is it that holds a labourer chained fast to a trade which galls his soul, and at which he can scarce earn his bread; or which he knows is ruining his health? Necessity frequently, but almost as frequently habit. He has got into a rut, and in that rut he sticks fast, unable even to make an effort to change his occupation. It is this same habit of yielding that keeps the horse hitched to the plow, and it is the same power that saves the rich from a gigantic uprising of the poor. The horse is stronger than the plowman, and the vast hordes of poor are mightier than the few and scattered rich. But habit controls all these, holding each to his post. The fly-wheel of the engine is the exponent of mechanical, and habit of mental, inertia. That is to say, habit is the force which opposes change.

To sum up, no one word seems to define habit so clearly as the one we have just been using, inertia. And the power of this inertia or force of habit is so overwhelming as to have caused the Duke of Wellington to say: "Habit is a second nature! Habit is ten times nature!" And few will think that the great soldier was extravagant in his statement.

Schuyler Emerson Day, A.M. (*Columbia*).



NIL DESPERANDUM.

Life is a strife. The world's progress is war.
In the fray, face your foes; then withstand them.
On to the battle! Forth to the fight!
Nil Desperandum!

Fight, or you fall. For care's legions dissolve
If opposed. Smite with strength; then disband them.
On to the battle! Forth to the fight!
Nil Desperandum!

Brother, be strong. Stand firm. Stem the tide.
Be not whirled with the waters at random.
On then to battle! Forth to the fight!
Nil desperandum!

Samuel Maber.

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CANADIAN POETRY—A WORD IN VINDICATION.

BY PROFESSOR DE MILLE, KING'S COLLEGE, WINDSOR, N.S.

THERE is no doubt that Canadian Poetry has been the subject of much ill-advised praise, but it is a poor remedy to disparage the work of those who labour wisely and well. An article appeared in the December number of the *Canadian Magazine* which sins in this respect—and sins against good taste as well as against good criticism. The critic has a right to his own views and predilections and a right to express them freely, but unfair statements can never be excused. In the article in question, Prof. Roberts' "Songs of the Common Day" is said to contain "about forty sonnets, and a similar number of what he terms poems." Of the fine "Tantramar Revisited" it is said: "Tantramar opens and closes with reflections of no mean interest, but the intermediate lines run on at great length in an utterly ineffective twaddle of description." Carman possesses a "weird and grotesque vagueness." And more thereto.

But the men who are thus dealt with have won fame in a wider than Canadian field, and deserve juster treatment. Their critic himself remarks: "They are not without merits, and it may fairly be said that they are all men of great talent." To grant a writer talent, and then to run amuck through the work which displays that talent is, to put it mildly, inconsistent. Nor is it pleasant, reading of men whom all Canadians respect for their literary ability, to meet with a statement such as the following: "It is not enough that they find a ready market for their writings to fill up the vacant page-spaces of magazines, or even that their art is the affectation or the fad of a literary coterie." For there are considerations, besides the burning question of "filling up the vacant page-spaces," which influence editors in their choice of material. Poems accepted by *The Century*, or *Scribner's*, or *Harper's*, must possess a certain amount of literary merit as well as a certain number of lines; and the editors of these periodicals are not without knowledge as to what constitutes literary worth. A sentence such as the last quoted is distinctly unfair. It serves no purpose whatever, except as the expression of personal dissatisfaction, which is not — and never will be — criticism. Moreover, it is peculiarly ungracious for a Canadian to gird at Canadian poets. They receive little financial encouragement in Canada, yet there is no doubt that their work, in its patriotism (which Mr. Waldron affirms) and its poetic quality (which Mr. Waldron denies), has done service to their country. At least let Canadians bid them God-speed.

But let us turn to the more critical—or less uncritical—portions of Mr. Waldron's article. We shall quote his theory as well and as truly as we can, and then test its value as a measure of poetic worth. It is as follows:—"It may be safely said that no poetry of lasting merit is possible which does not base its claim to our attention on action or reflection concerning action." "Language is not adequate to the detailed description of scenery; aside altogether from its limited interest, and its meagre power to appeal to human feeling, it cannot be represented in detail by the poet as vividly as action." (One is inclined to ask if Mr. Waldron has read Tennyson's "Day Dream.") "The poet attempting detailed description, and not merely suggestion, produces on the mind of the reader only a confused and distracted effect." Description must not call up the "particular image in a poet's mind, but general images in the mind of the reader. . . . This the poet does by suggestion." True poetry, then,

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must be based upon action or reflection concerning action. It must not attempt detailed description, or, indeed, pure description in any form. Purely descriptive poetry has not the elements of life.

Now, let us see how this standard applies to English verse. If it does not hold good with regard to recognized masterpieces it is, of course, worthless as a test for Canadian poetry, which must always aim at the best. A poem comes at once to the mind as not conforming to Mr. Waldron's rules—Milton's "L'Allegro." Its claim on our attention is not based on "action or reflection concerning action." Moreover, it contains some pernicious bits of pure description :

"Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landscape round it measures ;
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest,
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide ;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees."

It is, in fact, a purely descriptive lyric, and, with "Il Pensoroso," the finest of its kind in our language. Yet according to Mr. Waldron's theory it must be discarded. But Milton is not the only poet who has the fatal tendency. Shakespere offends in like manner when he puts a "detailed description" into the mouth of Edgar in King Lear :

"How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce as gross as beetles ; half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice ; and yon tall anchoring bark
Diminished to her cock ; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight ; the murmuring surge
That on the unnumbered idle pebble chafes,
Cannot be heard so high.

Chaucer describes in detail the appearance and the dress of his Canterbury pilgrims. Browning's wonderful "Childe Roland" depends for its effect entirely upon the skilful use of detailed description. But these two poets, like Shakespere, fall foul of Mr. Waldron's statement that "the poet attempting detailed description, and not merely suggestion, produces on the mind of the reader only a confused and distracted effect." The above instances are all of the highest type of verse, yet according to Mr. Waldron's theory they do not constitute poetry of lasting merit.

Upon the same theory is based its author's attack on Canadian poetry, "Campbell, Carman, Lampman and Roberts," he says, "can hardly be said by the most generous to have produced anything of lasting merit. The reader who can twice strain his imagination to the contemplation of their painfully wrought miniatures would indeed be a curiosity." We have seen some of the English poetry excluded under Mr. Waldron's canon, and it must be said that our poets are damned in excellent company! The "vicious habit of description," "this everlasting plague of description," has brought them to such a sorry pass. But let us examine some of the banned poetry. I open Professor Roberts' "Songs of the Common Day" and come upon the following :—

THE DESERTED CITY.

There lies a little city leagues away
Its wharves the green sea washes all day long
Its busy, sun-bright wharves with sailors song
And clamor of trade ring loud the livelong day.
Into the happy harbor hastening, gay
With press of snowy canvas, tall ships throng,
The peopled streets to blithe-eyed Peace belong,
Glad housed beneath these crowding roofs of grey.

'Twas long ago this city prospered so,
For yesterday a woman died therein.
Since when the wharves are idle fallen, I know,
And in the streets is hushed the pleasant din ;
The thronging ships have been, the songs have been ;
Since yesterday it is so long ago.

Here is detailed description, and an absence of the essential basis of "ac-

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tion or reflection concerning action." Are we to ignore the beauty and the pathos and the power of this sonnet because it does not conform to the requirements of Mr. Waldron's dictum? I open Mr. Carman's "Low Tide on Grand Pré," and pick out at random the following stanzas from "A Northern Vigil":—

Here by the gray north sea,
In the wintry heart of the wild,
Comes the old dream of thee,
Guendolen, mistress and child.

Threshold, mirror and hall,
Vacant and strangely aware,
Wait for their soul's recall
With the dumb expectant air.

The windows of my room
Are dark with bitter frost,
The silence aches with doom
Of something loved and lost.

Come, for the years are long,
And silence keeps the door
When shapes and shadows throng
The firelit chamber floor.

The curtains seem to part;
A sound is on the stair,
As if at last . . . I start;
Only the wind is there.

Lo, now far on the hills
The crimson fumes uncurled,
Where the cauldron mantles and spills
Another dawn on the world!

Have we here a "weird and grotesque vagueness?" Does the chief effect of this poem lie in its "ghostly suggestion of dark corners?" But fine as the poem is, with its lyric quality and its music and passion, it possesses no lasting merit because it "does not base its claim to our attention on action or reflection concerning action." I glance at a fine thing of Mr. Campbell's, "A Lake Memory;" but it, too, is actionless and descriptive. I turn to Mr. Lampman's "Lyrics of Earth;" and alas! alas! how great the lack of "poetry of lasting merit." "April in the Hills," "Favourites of Pan," "September," "An Autumn Landscape," though they deal adequately and artistically with scenes and fancies dear to all in our northern land, though they contain pictures such as this:

Under cool elm-trees floats the distant stream,
Moveless as air; and o'er the vast warm earth
The fathomless daylight seems to stand and dream,
A liquid cool elixir—all its girth
Bound with faint haze, a frail transparency,
Whose lucid purple barely veils and fills
The utmost valleys and the thin last hills,
Nor mars one whit their perfect clarity,

and many a goodly thought; yet they are not based on "action or reflection concerning action," and the trail of description is over them all.

But enough of this. The truth of the matter is that poetry cannot be bound in by a narrow and personal definition. As Mr. Waldron remarks: "In poetry, as in all other arts, there is a wide latitude of individual freedom." And the censorship needed by Canadian poetry is not that which Mr. Waldron would impose.

To set an arbitrary standard and then to dogmatize, "tried by these tests Canadian poetry of the day fails. Campbell, Carman, Lampman and Roberts can hardly be said by the most generous to have written anything of lasting merit," would be only amusing were there none who might be misled. As it is, the article is written in a style which gives it an importance to which no claim can be laid from a critical point of view, and a somewhat detailed answer is necessary in order to show that Canadian poetry is not in so deplorable a condition as Mr. Waldron would have us believe.

What is the real position of modern Canadian verse? First, let us see wherein true poetry consists, and then we may be able to approximate the value of that which is produced by Canadian writers. Mr. E. C. Stedman has given a definition which is perhaps as fair and broad as any that has been attempted. He says: "Poetry is rhythmical, imaginative language, expressing the invention, taste, thought, passion and insight of the human soul." A moment's consideration will show that this, as Mr. Stedman says, is both defensible and inclusive. It comprehends the work of greatest and least; it includes the large utterances of the

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past as well as the lesser language of the present day. Thus it is of the widest significance as regards both matter and manner. It applies equally to Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, Shakespere's Plays or Tennyson's Idyls; it takes in verse so different in thought and expression as Sidney's

My true love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one to the other given;
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven;
My true love hath my heart, and I have his."

Shelley's

Lamp of earth! where'er thou movest
Its dim shades are clad with brightness,
And the souls of whom thou lovest
Walk upon the winds with lightness
Till they fail, as I am failing,
Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing!

or Matthew Arnold's

The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shores
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world. . .

A broad definition is necessary to cover the field of English poetry. This is afforded by Mr. Stedman's statement, and we may accept it as sufficient. But we have as yet no touchstone as to the quality of poetry. For this we cannot do better than quote Mr. Stedman once more: "No work of art has real import, none endures, unless the maker has something to say—some thought which he must express imaginatively, whether to the eye in stone or canvas, or to the ear in music or artistic speech; this thought, this imaginative idea moving him to utterance being his creative idea, his art ideal."

All the great poets have been impelled to utterance by the stress of their imaginings. Homer, Dante, Shakespere live—and will always live—by virtue of having given to the world something worth giving, something that the world had need of. The greatest periods of our literature—the Elizabethan, the later Georgian, the Victorian—have been characterized by sincere and worthy thought. The writers have had something to say, and have said it imaginatively. And the more markedly this is the case, the more real is the poetic note. "No work of art has real import, none endures, unless the maker has something to say—some thought which he must express imaginatively."

In judging contemporary verse there are two chief difficulties to be met. We are liable to err, first, from what Matthew Arnold calls the "personal estimate." Our personal likes, our personal points of view, often influence our opinions of poets of our own day; we attach to their work more importance than it deserves, and our praise is extravagant. A second difficulty lies in the large poetic production of the present day. More verse is written than at any other period of history, and a great deal of it is worthless. Amateurish verse begets an amateurish audience and amateurish criticism. We see bad work praised immoderately, and, from pure disgust, we sometimes overlook the good. But this tendency must be avoided as carefully as that which is due to the personal estimate. We must have the feeling for good work; and good work varies in degree no less than in kind. Catholicity of taste, subject always to the recognized laws of art, is a canon of good criticism. No sane critic would refuse to grant the excellence of Chaucer as well as Shakespere, of Dryden as well as Tennyson, of Landor as well as D. G. Rossetti; yet how diverse is the character of their work! One star differeth from another in glory, yet all are stars. Breadth is essential to criticism, and the best critic is he who has the truest appreciation of all that is good in literature. Therefore, in dealing with poetry of our own day we are not to damn it wholly, nor to laud it to the skies in bulk; we are to distinguish good from bad and value each in its measure.

And so we come to Canadian poetry. Let us bear in mind that the excellent work which is being done must not be

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decried because of its failure to attain Shakespere's scope or Milton's sublimity. Our zeal for the good must not blind us to all that falls short of the very highest standard. To begin with, then, the basis of our poetry is sound. As a whole it possesses the essential foundation of culture. Roberts has a thorough and sympathetic knowledge of the Greek and Latin classics, which gives him sureness of epithet and clarity of expression. Carman's culture is gathered from half the world. And there is little provincialism in the work of Lampman and Campbell. All the leading Canadian poets have a thorough grasp of technique,—the "rhythmical language" of Mr. Stedman—another requisite of true poetry. Their leadership is good; their work expresses the "invention, taste, thought, feeling and insight of the human soul," and has behind it the necessary thought. Take these four poems: Campbell's "The Heart of the Lakes," Lampman's "Favourites of Pan," Roberts' "The Night Sky," and Carman's "Beyond the Gamut," and it will at once be seen that the work of Canadian poets obeys the dicta of Mr. Stedman.

But we may claim more for our verse than a mere inclusion within the bounds of a general definition. We may claim originality; no one will deny that having in mind "Afoot," "The Night Express," "The Winter Lakes" and "An Autumn Landscape." We may claim, for each of the leaders individuality of thought and diction; each has his own point of view and his own mode of expression. We may claim variety of subject and treatment. And last, but by no means least, we may claim the right poetic note—it crops out all through Canadian verse, appearing, for example, in D. C. Scott's

> And as I followed far the magic player
> He passed the maple wood—
> And when I passed the stars had risen there,
> And there was solitude.

or in Miss Wetherald's

> The wind of death that softly blows
> The last warm petal from the rose,
> The last dry leaf from off the tree,
> To-night has come to breathe on me.
>
> The wind of death, that silently
> Enshroudeth friend and enemy.

as undeniably as in the work of the leading spirits, which shows (Mr. Waldron's remark about the "literary coterie" to the contrary notwithstanding) that their influence is altogether for good. And everywhere we see the vigour and buoyancy of youth.

The condition of Canadian poetry, then, is, at least, not hopeless.

It may be here said that Mr. Waldron misses altogether the human interest which underlies a great part of our verse. Indeed, he accuses Canadian poetry of lacking life and interest, and assigns a partial explanation. "Want of moral enthusiasm," he says, "of the inspiring energy of new ideas and large hopes of human progress, leaves men of talent no other course than to seek a false brilliancy in the trickery of exaggerated description and strained sentiment. Scott and Byron, Shelley and Wordsworth were full of the new wine of the French Revolution, and spoke as their hearts burned. Tennyson reflected the minds of men who had seen the hopes of their fathers fail. . . . . It may be that in these later days human enthusiasm has flickered out. If so, we cannot expect great poets till there be a re-kindling of new ideas and new hopes of humanity." It is a little difficult to take this explanation seriously; for it means simply that everything written by the five poets mentioned, except what was inspired by "moral enthusiasm" or "large hopes of human progress," is worthless, is only the "trickery of exaggerated description and strained sentiment." Farewell to the Adonais, to the Immortality Ode! Farewell to Tennyson's Lyrics! These are inspired only by the love of truth, of beauty, of poetry. Neither the "new wine of the French Revolution," nor "moral enthusiasm," nor "large hopes of human progress" inspired Shelley's

> "The one remains, the many change and pass;
> Heaven's light forever shines, earth's shadows fly;

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Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity
Until Death tramples it to fragments."

or Wordsworth's

"Our birth is but asleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath elsewhere had its setting
And cometh from afar.
Not in entire forgetfulness
And not in utter nakedness
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home."

It is because of the absence of "new ideas and new hopes of humanity" that the Canadian outlook is so poor. Of course, from the point of view just stated, it is idle to hope for any valuable work so long as the development of Canadian letters is "delayed by the misdirected efforts" of Messrs. Carman, Roberts, Lampman and Campbell. But, as was said, Mr. Waldron has strangely ignored one of the dominant notes of Canadian verse—the note of human interest. A single instance will illustrate the point. Roberts' fine sonnet, "The Sower" (upon which so critical a paper as the New York *Nation* bestowed unstinted praise) was cited by Mr. Waldron as a "fair sample" of the poet's work and was found wanting. I quote in full:

THE SOWER.

A brown, sad-coloured hillside, where the soil
Fresh from the frequent harrow, deep and fine,
Lies bare; no break in the remote sky line,
Save where a flock of pigeons streams aloft,
Startled from feed in some low-lying croft,
Or far-off spires with yellow of sunset shine;
And here the Sower, unwittingly divine,
Exerts the silent forethought of his toil.

Alone he treads the glebe, his measured stride
Dumb in the yielding soil; and though small joy
Dwell in his heavy face, as spreads the blind,
Pale grain from his dispensing palm aside,
This plodding churl grows great in his employ;
Godlike he makes provision for mankind.

Mr. Waldron blames this for weakness in the climax, for the use of particular images, for its scanty appeal to the reader's emotion and, of course, for its descriptive quality. But let the simple question be asked, "Why was the sonnet written? What is the central idea?"

Here the Sower, unwittingly divine,
Exerts the silent forethought of his toil.

The theme lies in these two lines. A careful perusal of the poem will show how rigidly all extraneous detail has been excluded, and how everything is subordinated to the single thought and the essentially human interest of the whole. The failure to perceive this, not only in the case adduced, but in much other Canadian verse, shows a lack of poetic judgment.

There is one point more which may be mentioned, and a very important one it is: the foreign appreciation of Canadian verse. This is valuable, because it is influenced by nothing except absolute merit. Now, more than one sound critic has given to Canadian singers the primacy among the younger poets of the day. Mr. Carman's "Low Tide on Grand Pré" was most warmly praised in England and the United States, and *Le Magasine International* speaks as follows of the work of him who was the pioneer of modern Canadian poetry: "Dans le volume de vers de Charles G. D Roberts, 'Songs of the Common Day,' j'aime surtout la serie de sonnets. . . . Plusieurs sont superbes de profonde émotion, d'intense énergie, de simple et sobres force; la poésie originale et essentielle de la terre y'est exprimée avec une noble sincerité;" and with regard to "Ave," which Mr. Waldron will have none of, "L'ode pour le centenaire de la naissance de Shelley . . . contient de très belles strophes inspirées de la nature à Tantramar. . . La forte pensee de Roberts trouve pour s'exprimer une longue admirablement nette, concise et riche."

We can claim for our poetry the qualities which make the best work, and that unprejudiced meed of praise which only good work obtains. Canadian poetry is well founded, and its growth is healthy and sure. We have no reason to be discouraged at the achievement of our singers or the condition of their art.

A. B. De Mille.

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"INDEPENDENCE" AND PARTY GOVERNMENT.

THE protrusion of independent candidates at the Canadian general elections of last year was an important event. That so few of them were elected is not of much consequence. In the fact that a considerable number of champions fought the fight and were supported by many thousands of voters lies the significance. The circumstance indicates a leaven that may leaven the whole lump. Independence is an attack on the whole system of government by party. Unless it means this, it means nothing. Its avowed object is to obtain such strength that it can turn the party balance which way it chooses. In other words, Independence seeks to paralyse party government. So far as a system of government is concerned, there is very little difference between paralysis and death. Independence, then, raises the question: Is party government a good or an evil? I believe it to be an evil. Is it defensible or indefensible? I believe the system to be indefensible, and herein are the significance and the importance of the Independent movement.

The first thing to be realized in that party government is not by any means a divine institution. On the other hand, it has a disgraceful origin.

Parties have always existed, but it was not until the reign of William III. that Cabinets were constituted on party lines. Up to that time a king selected for his advisers the best men he could find, and we had Cabinets of capables. As a consequence, they had far more independence than they have at the present day. It was in consequence of this independence that the Earl of Sunderland, "a man whose political character was of the lowest type" (Green) came secretly forward and, for a corrupt motive, persuaded the King to choose his ministers, not as heretofore from the most capable men, or those most fitted for the respective offices, but exclusively from the party that was strongest in the House of Commons. This was the thin edge of the wedge, the beginning of party government. Conceived in iniquity and born in sin, the serpent crawled forth, wrapped its coils around the State, and left the slime of its trail to indicate a path for future politicians.

It is easy to see what followed, and which *in rerum natura* must have followed. Ministers have patronage; the patronage hitherto distributed amongst all parties became concentrated in one party. It was but one step further to exact party allegiance as the price of ministerial favours. This was ultimately followed by the extension of patronage; because the greater the exigencies of party the greater the necessity of extending the sphere of patronage. Thus it came to pass that in time every man had his price, and the boodling and the bribery were quite open. At length the strain became too severe, the corruption too flagrant, and from the struggle between political tradition and political progress there came a sort of retracing of steps, until the system became what it is now, not so bad as it was, but bad enough in all conscience

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with its jobbery, dishonesty, corruption and dishonour.

One of the strangest phenomena of the nineteenth century is this system of party government. A peculiarity is that its votaries are ashamed of it and proud of it at one and the same time. This may seem paradoxical, but it is true. What is the highest praise one can bestow upon a statesman? It is that he is "above party," does not allow party influences to interfere with his political convictions. On the other hand, the excesses of weaker men are excused on the ground of "over-zeal for party." Statesmen, we are told, should be "above the Shibboleths of party." We hear of persons being called upon to vote "from a sense of duty and not for a mere party advantage." We read that men sometimes, indeed often, "stretch their consciences to give party votes." Phrases like these could be piled to a heap "huge as high Olympus." The great questions that agitate a nation discover a similar sentiment. In the face of a great crisis, party government not only breaks down, but it is expected to break down. "In a crisis like this," it is often said, "we must sink party differences and support the Government;" or, "in face of a common danger we must unite—we must rise above party and act as one nation." "The common welfare," we are assured "should be above the interests of any political party." There are questions that are "too great for party," and so on. And that these are sincere expressions is shown by the fact that when a man *is* above party the true-hearted ones of all parties sympathize with him; whereas, "fidelity to party at the cost of principle" is never regarded as a virtue, though often as a quality which should be rewarded with a worldly reward. From this it follows "as the night the day" that the common welfare and party interests are not held to be identical, but distinct and opposite.

All this is pitiable; because what does it imply? For a man to be praised because he is superior to party considerations can only mean that the considerations of his party are something of which he ought to be ashamed. We never hear of a man being above his political convictions. When a man holds certain principles we praise him for sticking to those principles, for fighting for them, for suffering for them. We do not laud him to the skies because he is superior to what he believes to be right, and just and proper. We do that only when he throws to the winds the party that is supposed to be working out his principles. So, too, in regard to great crises and important measures of State. If party government be a good thing, why should it be necessary to thrust it aside at every emergency? If a party be based on sound principles—as its supporters hold it to be—why, in times of difficulty, should the party be forsaken, its principles thrown overboard, and its members go over for the occasion to the party they oppose and with whose avowed principles they disagree? If this state of things signifies anything at all, it is that political parties are hollow shams, mere playground for prattlers, to be cast aside when serious business begins. Here, then, we are landed in this dilemma:—in a country ruled by party government a man is expected to belong to a party, and yet he is praised for disagreeing with his party. Important measures framed by one party against the wishes, the principles and the convictions of the opposite party are expected to have the support of the opponents should any great emergency threaten to delay the consideration of the question to which they are opposed.

This is the position, it seems to me, that should be realized by all "Independents." This is the state of affairs which is their *raison d'etre*. To destroy such a system is their mission; to accomplish this the Independents should have no dealings with either of the great political parties. They ought to say, "A plague on both your houses." To be successful, Independence must stand squarely on its platform and not yield in any circumstances whatever, or for

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any consideration whatever. Hence it is matter for regret that at the recent elections some of the Patrons made arrangements with Liberals in order to secure the return of anti-Government candidates. In so far as Independents retired rather than jeopardize a Liberal seat they were false to their principles. They ought to have braved everything as did the Patron candidates in East and West Assiniboia, and with such good results. With a true Independent, Liberals and Conservatives are alike opponents, and when such a one is in the field he should stay there, regardless of all consequences. I recognize that when Liberals and Patrons are alike antagonistic to the Government, there is a strong temptation to do nothing that will tend to return a supporter of the disfavoured Government. This only shows that true independence is not firmly rooted in men who yield to the temptation. They have not realized the essence of the principle. Because, forsooth, they and the Liberals are in exact accord in their determination to oust the Government, and more than half with each other as regards their platforms, it is imagined one or the other should retire sooner than let in a Conservative, on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread. This is consistent reasoning for a party Liberal; in an Independent it is dereliction of principle. Half a loaf is not always better than no bread. There may be another choice. If going without half a loaf to-day and having no bread to-morrow will ensure a full feast for ever hereafter, then half a loaf is not better than no bread. It should be remembered that the winning of a seat is not of the first importance with Independents. Setting aside the educative influence of an election contest there is the assertion of a good principle, and if there is to be a backing down for ulterior objects, then rest assured the triumph of independence is a long way off. A vote cast for principle is never lost, though the election may be. The two great political parties should be made to realize that this is so. I repeat that Independents should say, "A plague on both your houses." If the Liberal party cannot stand the strain of Patronism without splitting, let it split. If the Conservative party cannot stand the strain of Independence without splitting, let it split.

The question arises: How should the Independents begin to accomplish what has been above stated to be their mission? It is not sufficient to merely take advantage of occasion, to "seize the opportunity," as the phrase goes. If the Independents simply intend to show their strength by thwarting a government when it suits them to do so, they will accomplish very little. If a policy of petulance be all their programme, then the game is not worth the candle. A true policy always goes to the root of the matter, and as an essential point in government by party is the selection of the Cabinet (from which, indeed, it sprang, as already shown), the first great effort of the Independents should be to change the existing state of things in this respect. That is to say, the tradition that the Sovereign, through the Governor-General, selects the Cabinet on the advice of the Prime Minister should be set at nought. The Cabinet ought not to be selected by one man, it ought to be elected by the Commons House of Parliament until the time arrives when it can be elected by the people, viz., when the electorate has learnt how to mark a ballot paper without blundering. This may seem a startling proposal. All radical changes are startling when first proposed. Familiarity with the idea, however, will soon show that there is nothing startling about the matter. Actual appointment by the Sovereign was bad enough, but at any rate it was appointment by the acknowledged head of the nation. Appointment by the Premier is worse, because it is not by the head of the nation but by the chief of a party. In no other institution in the civilized world is the Executive appointed by one man. The President of a railway does not select its directors. The Chairman of a bank does not choose his colleagues. The

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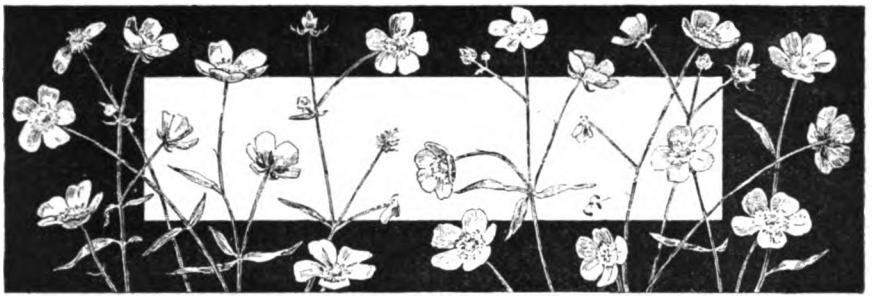
directorate of public companies are all elective. Even the committee of a youths' debating society is elected by its members, and so on all through. Wherever there are common interests at stake, great or small, the directorate is by election. It remains for the executive of the greatest interest of all, the management of the nation, to be appointed by one man, and that the leader, not of the nation, but by only a part of it. Such a system is anti-democratic. It is against the sentiment of a free people. It is antagonistic to the genius of a great nation; and it ought not to be more difficult for the people of Canada to elect a Cabinet than it is for the American people to elect a President. At any rate, election by the House of Commons ought not to be difficult. It may be admitted that just now such a procedure would be on party lines with all its attendant sins and follies. But that would only be temporary, until such time as the nation thoroughly realised the true principle. In Canada such a system is demanded more strongly than anywhere else; because here the men to form a Cabinet are not selected for their paramount abilities, but on account of the locality that sends them to parliament—Ontario, or Quebec, or British Columbia, or the Northwest. It is difficult to imagine a plan more fitted to crowd out of a Government the most capable men in the nation, just the men who should be there. Square pegs are thrust into round holes; the inexperienced and incompetent entrusted with the highest functions. We have thus a government not of capables, but of incapables. Cabinets are formed not with a view to the good government of the country, but for the satisfaction of party exigencies. We do not want such a government. We want a Cabinet of all the talents. If a reform, such as above indicated, were accomplished, there would be no more boodling, corruption would die a natural death, and patronage would be wisely distributed.

Under a system such as above outlined it might be necessary to separate the governing functions of the State from its administrative functions. And this would be a good and not an evil one. A man may be a good Postmaster-General, but a poor statesman. Why, then, should he be in the Cabinet? Why, indeed, need he be even a Member of Parliament? and, above all, why should he be turned adrift simply because persons of his own political creed go out of office? It requires no statesmanship to superintend the collection and distribution of Her Majesty's mails. It requires an able administrator, and when such has been found he ought to be kept at the work for which he is fitted. If a person be an adept at managing the Indian Department why should he be set aside solely because there is a change of Ministry? And so on with all the other offices that are purely administrative. No question of policy is affected. Let the State have the best administration it can get for its money irrespective of party creed or political belief. Only those officials whose duties call upon them to direct the policy of the nation should have seats in the Cabinet, such as the Finance Minister, the Minister of the Interior, of Agriculture, of Education, and so forth.

Such, then, is the mission of Independence. That it is a noble mission is my persuasion. That is not difficult of accomplishment is my belief. The system above indicated would promote beneficial legislation and wise administration, instead of retarding, harrassing and disfiguring them, as at present. "Beware of party" should be the motto of Independents. In his farewell letter to the United States, George Washington wrote: "I have already intimated to you the danger of parties to the State. . . . Let me now take a more comprehensive view, and warn you, in the most solemn manner, against the baneful effects of party generally."

Wm. Trant.

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LONDON'S TRAGIC TOWER.

IT was a bright, beautiful day in August that we found our way to the Tower of London. No one in whose breast an interest in the history of his country has been awakened can approach with indifference this royal castle of our forefathers. As we descend Tower Hill the hoary walls of this ancient pile rise before us amid the surrounding mass of more recent buildings which crowd for many miles that most wonderful city in the world of to-day.

The old, solid walls of this venerable fortress remain like so many huge symbols of those far-off rugged times, when amid the fierce struggles resulting from ill-defined rights and wildest passions were laid the mighty foundations of England's present prosperity, peace and world-wide power.

The Tower of London has a history, which, like that of the kingdom itself, recedes into the dim distance of fable. There can be little doubt that for many centuries before the Conquest an important structure stood on this site. Shakespeare but repeats the old tradition that Julius Cæsar reared the pile.

Heywood says:

"Cæsar himself
That built the same, within it kept his court,
And many Kings since he: the rooms are large,
The building stately, and for strength besides,
It is the safest and the surest hold you have."

Tower Hill is a large open space of great historical interest. On the site of the present garden of Trinity Square stood the wooden scaffold whereon many most eminent persons were beheaded, including Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More; Cromwell, Earl of Essex; Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey; Thomas, Lord Seymour, of Sudely; the Protector Somerset; John Dudley, Earl of Northumberland; Lord G. Dudley; Sir Thomas Wyat; Wentworth, Earl of Strafford; Archbishop Laud; Algernon Sydney; Duke of Monmouth; Earl of Derwentwater, and Lord Kenmuir, Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino, and, last of all, Simon, Lord Lovat, in 1747. Since that time there has been no beheading in England nor any execution on Tower Hill.

As we passed inside the grey walls of the Tower we could but think of the many marvellous changes which have taken place since this gloomy palace, prison and fortress lifted its massive and defiant form on the banks of the Thames eight hundred years ago. It was erected 1079-80 by Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester, by command of William the Conqueror, and is regarded as a fine specimen of the Norman architecture, which largely prevailed in those remote and troublesome times.

It is doubtful if this hoary structure, for thrilling incident and chronicles of pathetic and dramatic story, can be equalled by any other building in the world. Through those very gateways which admit the curious and pleasure-seeking multitudes of to-day have passed processions of kingly splendour which would bankrupt the most opulent phrase to describe. And almost

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within sight of those dazzling and trailing glories of State, throngs of illustrious prisoners have been marched along to dungeon, to suffering, and to shameful, cruel death. Again and again, royalty and grandeur have passed beneath those ominous portals to exchange the dreams of honor and glory, and the festive brilliancy of courts, for the prison, the torture-room and the fatal block and axe.

Within that space of some thirteen acres, which includes the principal and oldest tower, and eighteen smaller towers of more recent times, what sights and sounds have been seen and heard for eight hundred long years! Here the Kings of England found a refuge in the stormiest times, and though this ancient pile has felt the shock of all the most violent internal convulsions which have agitated the nation, and has had to bear the horrors of war as they have raged around its lofty battlements, it has always held its own, and remains to-day like some old unbeaten warrior to tell of deeds of mighty daring, of fallen heroes, of perished splendours, furious passion and of tragic death.

What strange contrasts are crowded upon your vision as you walk around this grim fabric which has weathered so many eventful years! Here, in one room, are crowns of priceless value flashing with costliest diamonds and famous stones. Just a minute's walk and you look upon the executioner's block, the headsman's axe and mask, the thumb-screws, the collar, the bilboes and chains. Here are rooms once filled with England's beauty, pride and glory, where revelry and mirth held high carnival from age to age; and there are cells of gloom where distinguished prisoners pined in misery, in hunger and rags, and where sufferings, too terrible to relate, were endured before the hour of doom arrived. Shouts of pleasure, in her wild delirium of delight, rang through those spacious and splendid halls; and cries of deadliest pain and muffled moans of broken, bleeding hearts, crept slowly up from the prison cells below.

In one part of this historic Tower eyes long ago flashed until they were ablaze with some momentary victory, and faces crimsoned until they were red with some passing glory; but alas! other eyes beneath the same roof were filled with scalding tears, and other faces, which had basked in the sunshine of royal favour, now grew pale at the swift approach of a cruel and tragic end! The space at our disposal will only permit of the briefest recital of the renowned prisoners who, from time to time, were confined within the walls of this far-famed Tower. The lists which have been preserved of those who have been inmates of the dungeons and cells of this State prison for thrice four hundred years astonish us with the multitudes who have suffered arrest, and for a longer or shorter period found a place of bitterest trial, if not of keenest anguish, in this old fortress and prison.

During the Norman and early Plantagenet period history has recorded but a few names of captives of note. One of the most remarkable was the first State prisoner known to have been incarcerated in the Tower, Flambard, Bishop of Durham. Henry I. imprisoned him on his accession (1100), to please the people whom he had offended by carrying out an oppressive system of taxation for William Rufus. The wily bishop, however, escaped and fled to Normandy. Hugh de Burgh was another captive statesman of this period. This great man and faithful minister was guardian of the kingdom during Henry III.'s minority. He was cruelly confined for some time within the Tower dungeon, but was subsequently released. During the fourteenth century the fortress was filled with captive kings and heroes. The names of many Welsh chiefs are chronicled as prisoners during this period: Morgan David, Llewellyn Bren, Madoc Vaghan and many others, some of whom died in captivity. Many a mighty spirit from Scotland chafed within the dismal cells of the royal fortress during the same century, some of whom were the noble Wallace, the

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Earls of Ross, of Athole, and of Monteith, and King David Bruce (1346).

Six hundred Jews were imprisoned in these dungeons during the reign of Edward III. for adulterating the coin of the realm. This monarch, whose prejudice against them was strong, finally banished all of that nation from England, compelling them to leave behind them their immense wealth, and their libraries, which were taken possession of by the monasteries. It is said that Roger Bacon owed much of his extraordinary knowledge to the Jews' libraries, especially to the gigantic volumes of the Babylonish Talmud.

The fifteenth century shrouded the Tower with deeds of darkness and cruel wrong. Large numbers of the royal blood and of persons eminent in the walks of life were marched to the dungeons of London's old prison, and many scenes of terrible suffering took place within its dreary portals. Henry VIII's reign was marked by the multitudes who, for lawless passion or what was regarded as heresy, were committed to the Tower. Sir Thomas More, Lord Chesterfield and the Venerable Bishop Fisher were imprisoned because they opposed Henry's claim to be the head of the Church. The victims of Henry both of Church and State were many; the names of the most distinguished who suffered under him are too well known to be repeated in this sketch.

The reigns of Edward VI., of Mary and of Elizabeth, witnessed large numbers passing within the dark boundaries of the old grim Tower, many of them to go out no more. Lord Thomas and Lord Edward Seymour, Lady Jane Grey, Lord Guilford, Sir Thomas Wyat, Cranmer, Ridley and Latimer, were among the most notable who suffered imprisonment and death during those eventful years.

Sir Walter Raleigh claims a first place among the famous prisoners in the reign of James I. He was beheaded 1618. Among the victims brought to the Tower by the long struggle between Charles and his parliament, mention can only be made of the eminent statesman, Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, who was sacrificed in the endeavour to stem the torrent of public opinion which was rushing towards revolution. Also Archbishop Laud, who was charged with aiding Charles in his unconstitutional measures. The aged prelate died on the scaffold in 1644. During the Protectorate of Cromwell, the Tower was crowded with persons suspected of favouring the cause of Charles II., and after his restoration many who had been concerned in the death of Charles I. suffered imprisonment and death.

In James II.'s reign the Duke of Monmouth was captured and brought to the Tower and two weeks after he was beheaded on Tower Hill. Seven bishops were imprisoned during this reign in the Tower for opposing James II.'s attempts to restore popery in England. Judge Jeffries, the notorious abettor of that King's tyranny, on the abdication of his master, was brought to the Tower and ended his life in captivity.

The inscriptions carved or scratched by the doomed prisoners on the walls of their gloomy cells, "rudely written, but each letter full of hope and yet of heartbreak," still remain to tell a story of pathetic tenderness and of a sorrow too deep for words.

But the spot in all this space, where pomp and tragedy have so often met, and which can most move and thrill the soul, is the little chapel of St. Peter. The deep interest attaching to this sanctuary arises not so much from its antiquity, as from the fact that from within its walls lie mouldering the remains of an illustrious company who fell from positions of worldly power and widespread fame to fates full of ghastly suffering and cruel wrong. Macaulay has said that "there is no sadder spot on earth than this little cemetery. Hither have been carried through successive ages by the rude hands of jailers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who have been captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates and the ornaments of courts." The

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memorial tablet at the entrance contains the names of over thirty persons of historical note who, after life's fitful, stormy day, were laid to rest in this chapel. The list will be read with interest and the lesson which it teaches is evident to all.

Distinguished persons buried in St. Peter's Chapel:

1534. Ierald Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare.
1535. John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester.
1535. Sir Thomas More.
1536. George Boleyn, Viscount Rochford.
1536. Queen Anne Boleyn.
1540. Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex.
1541. Margaret of Clarence, Countess of Salisbury.
1542. Queen Katherine Howard.
1549. Thomas, Lord Seymour of Sudely.
1551. Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset.
1552. Sir Ralph Vane.
1552. Sir Thomas Arundel.
1553. John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland.
1554. Lord Guilford Dudley.
1554. Lady Jane Grey.
1554. Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk.
1572. Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk.
1592. Sir Thomas Perrott.
1595. Philip, Earl of Arundel.
1601. Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex.
1613. Sir Thomas Overbury.
1614. Thomas, Lord Grey of Wilton.
1632. Sir John Eliot.
1680. William, Viscount Stafford.
1683. Arthur, Earl of Essex.
1685. James, Duke of Monmouth.
1689. George, Lord Jeffreys.
1703. John Rotier.
1710. Edward, Lord Griffin.
1746. William, Marquis of Tullibardine.
1746. William, Earl of Kilmarnock.
1746. Arthur, Lord Balmerino.
1747. Simon, Lord Fraser of Lovat.

Nearly all of these distinguished persons perished by the headsman's axe.

Time, however, has wrought wonders great and strange; the angel of peace has for many long years hung her banner over all those scenes of conflict and of blood. The noise and tumult of all that terrible strife has long since died away, and the wild agitations which shook the nation of those distant days are only memories now. This old Tower, like some huge whispering-gallery, echoes the stormy chapters of that dark, tempestuous morning out of which the broadening England of to-day was yet to come. The very place where stood the grim wooden scaffold, where so many eminent persons were beheaded, is now a garden; and nature from year to year throws her flowery coverlet over the once terrible and crimson spot.

It is well to read over the earlier pages of English history, and to keep before us and the rising generation of Britain's far extending empire, the fact that the freedom which enriches our lives to-day has not been achieved without many a hard fought battle. The past has been swept again and again with fierce hurricanes of malignant passions, and upon the fields of bygone years have fallen the rain of tears and great baptisms of blood. Hallam, speaking of London's far-famed Tower, says: "The dark and gloomy fabric seems to stand in these modern days like a captive tyrant reserved to grace the triumphs of a victorious republic, and should teach us to reflect in thankfulness how highly we have been elevated in virtue and happiness above our forefathers."

William Harrison.

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BY THE EDITOR.

MINING AND SMALL INVESTORS.

THERE is no doubt that Canada's mines are numerous and valuable, that during the next fifty years the quantity of gold and silver taken from them will be very great, and that many men will, because of their mining investments, become very rich. There are exceedingly valuable mines in different parts of British Columbia, in northern and eastern Ontario and in Nova Scotia. They have been waiting a long time for railroads, and capital, and proprietors. Now these have arrived, the boom is on, and Canada is contributing at an increasing rate to the sum total of the world's wealth.

But, at the same time, the usual quota of rogues has appeared. Locations which are not mines, and never will be, are being capitalized by incorporated companies and the stock being sold to the ignorant ones—the small investors. The small investor is always with us. He goes to the races, takes a 20 to 1 shot and loses. He draws his money out of the chartered bank where he is getting three and-a-half per cent, and puts it into the private bank, or gives it to the big man of the neighbourhood and—loses it. He invests his few hundreds in mining stocks at ten cents a share, a 10 to 1 shot, and—he will lose them.

The men who have gone to Rossland or to Rat Portage and have seen the mines, have bought wisely and well. They will, when the returns commence to come in, be found to have secured a profitable investment. The men who have officered joint-stock companies and received free of charge 10,000 shares out of the million which the company has issued, and then turned round and sold that 10,000 at 13 cents a share, will be found to have made profitable speculations. But the man and the woman who have stayed at home and read the daily papers—those most unsafe of all guides—and have invested fifty dollars here and fifty there, to them will come the cruel awakening. The shares in good companies are worth ten cents apiece, but they are seldom offered at that.

The politicians are busy with the grinding of their own axes; the high-browed, blue-blooded citizens are busy with Society, and Titles, and Victorian Orders, and Indian Famine Funds; the newspapers, the much-vaunted watch-dogs of freedom, are in their kennels gnawing the toothsome bones supplied by the advertisers of mining companies—and who is there left to guard the interests of the people? The question echoes down the avenues of silence.

A LITERARY GATHERING.

Four years ago this month the first issue of the *Canadian Magazine* appeared, and while it was welcomed and wished good-speed, it was not expected to live beyond a year. Its phenomenal growth and its manifest popularity were scarcely anticipated by even its sanguine founder, Mr. J. Gordon Mowat,

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nor by its unselfish financial supporters. That it has succeeded is due in a certain measure to the magazine-advertising and magazine-reading age during which it had the good fortune to be born. To a still greater measure its success is due to a growing national sentiment and a deepening national culture.

In its four years' history there has been but one event which has here to be recorded, and that is the change of editors, which took place in September, 1895.

To commemorate the fourth anniversary of the founding of this publication there was held in this city on February 17th a literary banquet which proved to be a most successful affair. About one hundred and ten invitations were issued, and seventy-one persons sat down to the dinner. The invited guests included His Excellency the Governor-General, the Premier and all the members of the Dominion Cabinet, the President of the Royal Society of Canada, and nearly all the leading writers of Canadian prose and Canadian poetry. The toasts were: The Queen, The Dominion, Our Educational Institutions, Canadian Art, Our Poets, and Our Prose Writers. The speeches were, viewed collectively, the best that were ever delivered at any one gathering in Canada, and the resulting effect on Canadian art and literature should be most potent.

This gathering, which is more fully reported elsewhere, was undoubtedly the literary event of the month. The Toronto papers, with a liberality for which they are noted, reported the speeches at great length, while the Canadian press generally gave it adequate notice. It is to be hoped for the sake of our growing art and expanding literature that the event will be an annual occurrence.

HORATIO HALE.

On December 28th, after a few days' illness, there passed away at Clinton, Ont., a member of the Royal Society of Canada, a man whose reputation had extended over all the English-speaking world. Horatio Hale was born in Newport, N. H., on May 3rd, 1817, and was a son of the distinguished authoress, Mrs. Sarah J. Hale. He was graduated from Harvard in 1837, and was admitted to the Chicago bar in 1855. A few years later he went to Clinton to reside and remained there until his death.

One of his most important books is "The Iroquois Book of Rites," published in 1883. He contributed to the proceedings of many important societies and to leading periodicals in Great Britain, the United States and Canada. He was on the organizing committees of the Anthropological sections of both the American Association for the Advancement of Science and the Royal Society of Great Britain. He was one of the vice-presidents of the American Association and president of its Anthropological section.

The writer has often seen him in recent years in Clinton, where he was most highly regarded as a person of more than ordinary culture. He was very modest and retiring in disposition, but very much interested in all matters which related to education or to literature. He was small in stature, pleasant of countenance and dignified in bearing and in speech. Horatio Hale was one of the few men who were not touched by the sordid motives which animate the money-gatherers of this grasping age, preferring rather to give to his fellows the results of earnest labours in the field of literature and science.

The accompanying cut is from a photograph taken some ten years ago.

AGRICULTURE AND EDUCATION.

Our recent remarks on education in Ontario and its relation to agriculture may be supplemented by a suggestion which comes from Renfrew.

In the Jan. 1st issue of the Renfrew *Mercury* appeared an editorial suggesting that the Board of Education of that town should be the pioneers in the establishment of an agricultural depart-

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ment in connection with a High School. It was pointed out that the present High School system tended to give the pupils a distaste for farm life and to lead them into the already over-crowded professions; that the Renfrew High School was commodious enough for the purpose, that it was close to a creamery and to the broad acres of a farm, and that an agricultural course might be tried which would last during January, February and March, closing in time for spring farm work.

The only real difficulty lay in the fact that there was no teacher to do the work. The Board of Education took the matter up and wrote the Minister of Education at Toronto concerning the project. They asked that he supply the teacher—a graduate of the Ontario Agricultural College—and the expenses of the experiment. The Minister thought the season too far advanced for the experiment, and there the matter rests.



THE LATE HORATIO HALE, F.R.S.

It is to be hoped that the Minister of Education and the Minister of Agriculture will fully consider this important suggestion and devise some plan whereby some experiment such as this may be voluntarily carried out in any Ontario High School which is situated in the centre of an agricultural district. Ten thousand dollars spent in this way might mean hundreds of thousands to the province. It is certain that something must be done to reform our High School system.

SPORT IN LITERATURE

Some sharp criticism of Canadian newspapers was made at the "Canadian Magazine" banquet, one result of which was an editorial in the Toronto *Globe*, under the heading, "Sport in Literature." Some extracts from it run as follows:

"Complaint was made at the recent literary banquet of the amount of space given to sports in the daily newspapers, especially as compared with the space given to eulogies on Canadian literary men. The newspapers may plead that in this respect they are in good company. When one literary man writes of others, his work is more likely to take the form of a dunciad than of a eulogy. And the great writers do by no means disdain to "run a sporting column." When in the course of his wanderings Ulysses sits among the Phæacians, the song of the blind minstrel makes him weep for his home—a eulogy which ought to have satisfied the most exacting bard. He is asked whether he will not try his skill in some game, and so banish his care; and when he declines is taunted with looking more like a trader than one who can wrestle or box. . . . This is only one instance, taken at random. What would Greek and Latin literature be with the Olympic games, the chariot races, the boxing and wrestling, and running all left out?

"To come down to the moderns, it was the chariot race than made Ben Hur famous. Ivanhoe teems with matter that a good sporting editor would delight in. To say nothing of the tournament and the mêlée, there is the passage describing the bout between Gurth and the Miller in the noble game of quarter-staff, where the combatants were so quick and dexterous and made the greenwood so ring with the sound of their blows that you would have supposed there were "six persons engaged on each side." There is the archery contest, where the great English outlaw splits the willow wand,

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"THE BROKEN MELODY."

(A Cartoon by S. Hunter.)



SALISBURY (as Signor Sherman tries it on the piano): What a beautiful thing that would be if that rattle-trap instrument did not so rob it of all "harmony."

"rather thicker than a man's thumb," at a hundred yards. There is the scene where the jolly hermit and the distinguished King exchanged blows in perfect good humour, and "the buffet of the Knight was given with such strength and good will that the Friar rolled head over heels upon the plain."

"'Pickwick' was begun with the idea of describing the adventures of a sporting club, and traces of this intention may be found in the adventure with the tall brown horse, in Mr. Winkle's uulucky effort to skate and in his still more unhappy adventures with a gun.

. . . . . .

"Barrie's Little Minister has a famous description of curling. When the minister arrives on the scene he hears 'two weavers and a mason cursing the land,' illustrating the democracy of the ice, and is told a story of the marvellous recuperative power of the game.

. . . . . .

"On reflection, we are inclined to ask our literary men and artists whether they might not profitably pay a little more attention to Canadian sports. How many of our authors have tried their hands at a description of the national game of lacrosse? How many pictures of the mighty struggles that occur around the goal are to be found among innumerable yards of canvas devoted to conventional subjects and to scenes that might be located anywhere from China to Peru? The sculptor has much to contend with in the modern garb of mankind; it seems to be a misdirection of artistic energy when he is employed in carving out a frock coat and trousers bulged at the knees. But the human athlete (anywhere but on a wheel) is still a worthy object for his chisel."

NEWSPAPERS AND POSTAGE.

It was an exceedingly pitiful sight to see, in Toronto on February 4th and 5th, the leading newspaper men of Ontario endeavouring to justify class legislation and to show reasons why they should not assist the Postmaster-General in carrying out a reform. About seventy of them had assembled at the annual meeting of the Canadian Press Association, and the main topic up for consideration was the proposal of the

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Hon. Mr. Mulock that it was desirable in the interests of the country that a small rate of postage should be paid by those newspapers which made use of the mails. The subject was discussed at considerable length and a resolution was passed, by a vote of 44 to 18, to the effect that the association disapproves of the payment of postage by newspaper publishers. Later, when it was felt that postage would be reimposed in any event, another resolution, slightly more consistent, was passed, to the effect that if postage was imposed the duty should be taken off presses, type and paper.

No one had hardihood enough, except two or three clerical editors, to maintain that the absolute principle of the free use of the mails by newspaper publishers could be justified on any ground; but the main reason advanced in favour of retaining the present system was that the publishers had adjusted prices to existing conditions and circumstances, and hence these should not be changed. Arguing along this line, it would be equally just to say that the duties on manufactures of cottons and woollens should remain as they are; for have not mills been built, capital invested, and prices adjusted under present circumstances? Again, it would—arguing as the newspapermen, the leaders of Canadian thought, argued—it would be unfair to every Canadian importer to change the duties on Canadian goods, because the value of all his importations would be seriously affected by any reduction in import duties; and yet one half or more of these same newspaper men have for many years been advocating reductions in duties.

It is exceedingly strange how our righteous anger is changed to strange solicitude when our own pockets are threatened instead of our neighbour's. Self-interest makes cowards of us all.

John A. Cooper.

THE PICTURE.

SHE gazes with eyes as true
In the light of their old, sweet smile,
As if there was naught to rue,
As if in the after while

There never had come to me
On the flood of the pitiless years
A sorrow past pledge or fee,
A loneliness past all tears.

A. B. de Mille.

THE WALTZ PLAYER.

I DO not greatly love the sweeping din,
The mad flow of her merry melodies.
But I follow, and take sweet pleasure in
The dance of her quick fingers on the keys.

Marry Marstyn.

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THE BOOK OF THE NATIVE.*

A POET who has had sufficient encouragement from the public and the publishers to give the world four volumes of verse must be taken seriously. It is time that he was either checked in his song flights or encouraged and stimulated by just appreciation to yet loftier work. "The Book of the Native" is a new volume of lyrical poetry by Charles G. D. Roberts, and the quality of it is such that we are going to judge it, not as verse done by a young bard of promise in a young land of promise—for a poet in his fourth volume must have achieved something, or he is unworthy of consideration—but by the same standards that we would use in a criticism of a work of Wordsworth, or Shelley, or Tennyson.

At the outset we may say that we are fully aware of the difficulties that lie in our way in judging thus a living writer. His poetry has not yet become a part of our life and character; and, indeed, while this is being written it is doubtful if the lyrics about to be examined are known to a hundred thoughtful men and women. We know, too, how easily we may deceive ourselves; how our judgment may be the judgment of enthusiasm, of admiration, of gratitude, of sympathy—judgments against which Matthew Arnold would warn us. We know, too, that in attempting to write on the work of a friend we may unwittingly do that friend serious harm by our biased criticism. We keep before our minds the riotous enthusiasm of the worshippers of Shelley, which called forth a piece of one-sided and unjust criticism from no less a critic than Matthew Arnold, a criticism which has doubtless closed many minds to the beauties of Shelley's poetry, and to his true position as a force in literature. We have, therefore, in reading "The Book of the Native," kept watch over our enthusiasm, and at every step have asked how much of the personal factor has entered into this or that judgment. Therefore, in order to keep our judgment temperate on a book that has stirred us more deeply than any volume of poetry we have read in many days, we will first examine closely its demerits.

The note in these verses is too often borrowed. It would seem that the author, when reading poetry, was seized by the music of the poet, and found words of his own accompanying that music. He has lived much with Wordsworth, and many of the poems have a Wordsworthian tone and colour and phrasing. Such diction as "mendicants of summer," "soft incommunicable," "of incommunicable rhyme," is so Wordsworthian that the poet should have recognized the imitative character of the work and rejected the words suggested by contact with the master. "Beside the Winter Sea," a piece of exquisite pathos,

* "The Book of the Native," by Charles G. D. Roberts. Boston: Lamson, Wolffe & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clarke Co.

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full and sweet, might be considered altogether great were it not that in the opening lines we hear too distinctly the voice of a dead master:

> "As one who sleeps, and hears across his dream
> The cry of battles ended long ago,
> Inland I hear the calling of the sea."

And these are not the worst defects; several times, not often, we meet with distinct weakness. It is hard to pardon such a line as

> "But for *ludum* say read *libros*."

That "say" can have no forgiveness. Again, in "Love's Translator" we have:

> "A sudden warmth awakes my blood
> Thinking of thy mouth."

Such lines as these are too trivial in fancy and too sensuous in expression. It is true that these weak lines occur in poems in lighter vein, and might under other circumstances have passed unnoticed; but coming upon them in a volume of strong thought, of serious verse, of art as chaste and severe as a Greek temple, they shock us as would profanity during the singing of a Te Deum.

The faults just mentioned we cannot condone, but the fault of imitation is another matter. There is nothing in which it seems to us contemporary critics are so unjust as in their eagerness to find the thought, the rhythm and the phrasing of the masters in any new volume. It is cheap criticism, easily done, and takes with a public that has a few stock ideas on literature. Of course if a man is nothing but an imitator do not waste time with him; go to the fountain head for enlightenment. But every great poet has been more or less of an imitator. Pope is full of the classical poets and Dryden; Goldsmith is an imitator of his English predecessors and of the Latin poets; Shakespeare got much of his manner from Marlowe and Greene; Wordsworth, in some of his most admired poems, has calmly accepted the rhythm, the verse form, the thought, the phrasing of Burns; and Tennyson has in his best poetry a mixed Miltonic and Wordsworthian music, and a form and colouring captured from Theocritus, with, of course, an added Tennysonian manner. Every great artist is, then, an imitator; the ages have been working to some purpose, and no poet can afford to ignore what has been well done by his predecessors. He must, if he would do abiding work, accept what they have done, and find the voice with which he is to speak to his own time and the future.

Roberts, we believe, has found that voice. He sits reverently at the feet of Wordsworth and Tennyson, but in many of his poems there is a note that is distinctly his own. We find that note in such a stanza as:

> "Tell me how some sightless impulse,
> Working out a hidden plan,
> God for kin and clay for fellow
> Wakes to find itself a man."

Or in

> "Laughed the running sap in every vein,
> Laughed the running flurries of warm rain,
> Laughed the life in every wandering root,
> Laughed the tingling cells of bud and shoot.
>
> "God in all the concord of their mirth
> Heard the adoration-song of earth."

Or again in

> "Hark! the leaves their mirth averring,
> Hark! the buds to blossom stirring;
> Hark! the hushed, exultant haste
> Of the wind and world conferring!
> "Hark! the sharp, insistent cry
> Where the hawks patrol the sky!
> Hark! the flapping, as of banners,
> Where the heron triumphs by."

The voice that we hear in these lines, taken almost at random, has been steadily growing in the author's seventeen years and more of earnest poetic work.

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It was, indeed, a small voice in "Orion and other Poems," published in 1880; it was lost to some degree in "In Divers Tones," where the poet wrote in mixed mood, poems serious following so close upon, or followed so closely by, poems light, trivial and unworthy that we feel as we peruse them now that the poet was "resting in an inn"—the inn of art, and had not fixed his eye on the end of the journey; but in "Songs of the Common Day," where he endeavours to see

"What beauty clings
In common forms, and find the soul
Of unregarded things!"

the voice that we find strong and assured in "The Book of the Native" is speaking.

And now we are going to make yet broader claims for our poet. Every singer, to be worthy of consideration, must have spontaneity, must "harmonize his genius to the spirit of his times," and, most important of all, must have a message for mankind. Roberts, in our opinion, possesses these three essentials.

Stedman has said that, "In the case of the minor poets, excessive culture and wide acquaintance with methods and masterpieces often destroyed spontaneity." This was true to a very large extent of the previous work by Roberts, but in the "The Book of the Native" he has used simple ballad measures—used them with the freedom and naturalness of the early balladists, and in their use has shown an art conscience which is not obtrusive, but which never leaves him while he is serious, and only deserts him once or twice when in lighter vein—and, by the way, there should have been no lighter vein in this volume. He has likewise harmonized his genius with the spirit of his times. He is at once broadly religious and accurately scientific. A few lines from "Origins," a poem, terse, packed with suggestive sentences, will serve as an illustration:

"Inexorably decreed
By the ancestral deed,
The puppets of our sires,
We work out blind desires.
And for our sons ordain
The blessing or the bane."

Space will not permit us to dwell on this at greater length, and we must hasten to examine his message.

It is threefold. The first is borrowed from Wordsworth's

"Of joy in widest commonalty spread."

a message eternally fresh and needful to be reiterated in each age. He has stated his point of view in "The Heal-All," a poem which is a palpable imitation Wordsworth's "The Lesser Celandine," which we, craving the Wordsworthians' pardon, think a finer poem than the one that doubtless inspired it; finer because the writer has "the sense for form and style, the passion for just expression, the sure and firm touch of the true artist" that are lacking in Wordsworth's sadly inartistic and gloomily thoughtful poem. The closing stanza gives a centre for the student of Roberts' work:

"Thy simple wisdom I would gain—
To heal the hurt life brings,
With kindly cheer, and faith in pain,
And joy of common things."

Along with this austere yet profound simplicity we have a yearning after the beautiful, an instinct for it, as strong as the instinct of a Keats. He, too, realizes that "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty," but we find in his work that while he has taken this point of view of Keats, he has so combined it with Wordsworth's message,

"Of joy in widest commonalty spread,"

that he has really given us a message of his own:

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"Beside his threshold is the shrine
Where truth and beaut, dwell!"

Keats gave the message that

"Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits;"

but instead of looking to his threshold for beauty he expected her from her height; he found her in the past; he saw her on a Grecian urn, in the glorious mythology of the Greeks, which gave us his Endymion and Hyperion. But Roberts has restated his message with a new meaning. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and that joy we find not in "wreathing some flowery band to bind us to the earth," not in conning the dreams of the ages, but in the threshold facts of every-day life, in "the joy of common things." He does not ask,

"Where is it now, the glory and the dream?"

The commonest facts of existence contains it for him.

We now come to what seems to us the poet's greatest contribution to literature. This, too, will at first sight seem to be partially borrowed from Wordsworth and Goethe. Wordsworth felt:

"A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

Goethe looked on the seen universe as "the living mantle" of the Unseen Artificer which had been woven in the whirring looms of time; but neither poet, it seems to us, *brought man into vital, concrete contact—physical kinship with the universe about him.* Roberts, we are of the opinion, has done this. He has taken a step in advance of his predecessors. There are, it is true, suggestions of the step he has taken in several of Emerson's poems, but the utterance given in "Origins" is distinctly his own:

"In ignorance we stand,
With fate on either hand,
And question stars and earth
Of life, and death, and birth.
With wonder in our eyes
We scan the kindred skies,
While through the common grass
Our atoms mix and pass.
We feel the sap go free
When spring comes to the tree;
And in our blood is stirred
What warms the brooding bird.
The vital fire we breathe
That bud and blade bequeathe,
And strength of native clay
In our full veins hath sway."

This is mature work; these are important truths which give the poet who stands on them an assured position and undoubted longevity. It would be difficult to work out any of these veins; they have all three rich ore, and stretch from eternity to eternity; and the poet who works them is no longer a poet of promise, but a poet of real achievement.

We cannot close without making special reference to several poems that are in parts as perfect as the worker in words could make them. "Up and Away in the Morning" has a swing and rush that it would be hard to excel:

"Long is the heart's hope, long as the day
(Oh, up and away in the morning.)
Heart has its will and hand has its way
Till the world rolls over and ends the day
(Oh, up and away in the morning.)"

The "Laughing Sally" is a ballad that has touches which, in fire, in force, in the music of great guns and the booming of great seas, in pictorial fulness, rhythmic strength, and felicity of phrase, make it an excellent companion piece for Tennyson's "Revenge." Less in power, it is true, but of the same brood. It is full of such lines as:

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"The hunt of the tireless hound."

Or:

"By the grimmest whim of chance."

Or this magnificent burst:

"Blood and fire on the streaming decks,
And fire and blood below;
The heat of hell, and the reek of hell,
And the dead men laid arow."

But in the whole volume, in all of his poetry, indeed, there is nothing finer than "An Epitaph for a Husbandman;" nay, we will go farther. We believe, and we believe after almost two years consideration—ever since it appeared in the "Cosmopolitan"—that it has several stanzas which make it a poem to be placed beside Wordsworth's "Daffodils" or "The Solitary Reaper." It is true that the two opening stanzas are marred by the anacoluthon, and that the closing stanza has lost something in rhythm in the line

"Tenderly now they throng."

But it has three stanzas, flawless in workmanship, tender and delicate in feeling:

"Busy, and blithe, and bold,
He laboured for the morrow—
The plough his hands would hold
Rusts in the furrow.

"His fields he had to leave,
His orchards cool and dim;
The clods he used to cleave
Now cover him.

"But the green, growing things
Lean kindly to his sleep—
White roots and wandering strings,
Closer they creep."

Here the manner is distinctly the poet's own. It has the "lyrical cry," but it is individual. The closing stanza has a "natural magic," and the simple line

"He laboured for the morrow"

has a "moral profundity" that stamps this verse poetry of the highest kind. The line just quoted is a powerful repetition of a truth uttered by the poet eight years ago, when he wrote "The Sower:"

"Godlike, he makes provision for mankind."

"The Book of the Native," coming at a time when the world is in a mad rush for power and gold, is like a balmy spring day. Certainly there is in it little trace of the *saeculum realisticum* in which we live. The poet is steeped in the worship of Nature and Nature's God, and the humanistic interest he adds to Nature will refresh any sojourner in life who meets with his poems. So much of a nature poet is he, that in a poem entitled "Twilight on Sixth Avenue" he fails to become a part of the life about him, and his spirit wanders to where

"A lonely ocean
Washes a lonely wood."

T. G. Marquis.

THE NEW POET OF THE ENGLISH RACE.

THE publication of Rudyard Kipling's volume of poems, "The Seven Seas," marks the rise of a new star of the first magnitude above the poetical horizon. Those who have read his occasional verses in the magazines and the headpieces in his Indian stories, and compared them with his previous performance in "Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads," have awaited with expectant interest a new volume promising richer fulfilment. "The Seven Seas" places Mr. Kipling far in advance of all his younger contemporaries. No other poet of to-day has

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written such vigorous, manly, melodious verse. It would be hard to find throughout the range of English poetry a greater mastery of lyrical forms. In many of the shorter poems, the apt epithet, the choice phrasing, and the rush of melody ennoble thought otherwise unworthy of poetical expression. The English public has been quick to recognize the extraordinary merit of his new book of poetry, is testified by its immense sale. It cannot be doubted that when these poems are known they will be as widely circulated in the colonies as in England.

For Rudyard Kipling is a poet of the English race. He is the poet of the "Four New Nations" and the "Seven Seas." Here are some lines from a stirring song, "The Native Born":—

"I charge you charge your glasses—
I charge you drink with me,
To the men of the four new nations,
And the Islands of the Sea;
To the last least lump of coral
That none may stand outside,
And our own good pride shall teach us
To praise our comrade's pride!

. . . . . .

"We've drunk to the Queen—God bless her!
We've drunk to our Mother's land;
We've drunk to our English brother
(And we hope he'll understand.)
We've drunk as much as we're able,
And the Cross swings low for the morn;
Last toast—and your foot on the table!—
A health to the Native-born!

"*A health to the Native-born (stand up!)*
We're six white men arow,
All bound to sing o' the little things we care about,
All bound to fight for the little things we care about,
With the weight of a six-fold blow!
By the might of our cable-tow (take hands!)
From the Orkneys to the Horn,
All round the world (and a little loop to pull it by),
All round the world (and a little strap to buckle it),
A health to the Native-born!"

The note of many of these poems is patriotism—not merely the love of England—Mr. Kipling is a native of Bombay—but that wider patriotism which embraces the nations of the world's greatest empire. One is startled by the exuberance of his enthusiasm as it pours itself out in the rich melody of song. The reading of these poems must stir in the most sluggish heart pride of empire and pride of race. If ever a party in this country had to fight for the maintenance of British connexion, they would find in this volume the most effective sort of campaign literature ready to hand. Take this lyric, "The Song of the Sons," from the group called "A Song of the English":

"One from the ends of the earth—gifts at an open door;
Treason has much; but we, Mother, thy sons, have more!
From the whine of a dying man, from the snarl of a wolf-pack freed;
Turn, and the world is thine. Mother, be proud of thy seed!
Count, are we feeble or few? Hear, is our speech so rude?
Look, are we poor in the land? Judge, are we men of The Blood?
Those that have stayed at thy knees, Mother, go call them in;
We that were bred overseas wait and would speak with our kin.
Not in the dark do we fight, haggle and flout and gibe;
Selling our love for a price; loaning our hearts for a bribe.
Gifts have we only to-day—Love without promise or fee.
Hear, for thy children speak from the uppermost parts of the sea!"

Then follow the songs of the cities of the empire, among which are Halifax, Quebec, Montreal and Victoria; and then, "England's Answer:"

"Truly ye come of The Blood; slower to bless than to ban;
Little use to lie down at the bidding of any man.
Flesh of the flesh that I bred, bone of the bone that I bare;
Stark as your sons shall be; stern as your fathers were.
Deeper than speech our love, stronger than life our tether;
But we do not fall on the neck nor kiss when we come together;
My arm is nothing weak, my strength is not gone by;
Sons, I have borne many sons, but my dugs are not dry.
Look! I have made ye a place and opened wide the doors,
That ye may talk together, your barons and councillors—

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Wards of the Outer March; Lords of the Lower Seas;
Ay, talk to your grey Mother that bore you on her knees!
That ye may talk together, brother to brother's face—
Thus for the good of your peoples; thus for the Pride of the Race.

Also, we will make promise. So long as The Blood endures,
I shall know that your good is mine; ye shall feel that my strength is yours;
In the day of Armageddon, at the last great fight of all,
That Our House shall stand together, and the pillars do not fall."

But Rudyard Kipling has wider claims to eminence than that of a singer of patriotic songs. He is the new poet of the sea. In that marvelous monologue, "McAndrew's Hymn," he says:

"Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the song o' Steam."

He is himself the new Robbie Burns. Those who think that, with the advent of steam, the romance of the sea has fled, will be rudely undeceived by reading the sea-pieces in his volume. To the poet every part of the machinery joins in his sea-symphony.

"Fra skylight left to furnace-bars, backed, bolted, braced an' stayed,
An' singin' like the Mornin' Stars for joy that they are made;
While, out o' touch o' vanity, the sweatin' thrust-block says:
'Not unto us the praise, or man—not unto us the praise!'
Now a' together, hear them lift their lesson—theirs an' mine:
'Law, order, duty an' restrain, obedience, discipline!'
Mill, forge an' try-pit taught them that when roarin' they arose,
An' whiles I wonder if a soul was gied them wi' the blows.
Oh, for a man to weld it then, in one trip-hammer strain,
Till even first-class passengers could tell the meanin' plain!"

No other poet has sung of the sea in notes so varied. The "Song of the Dead" is a mighty sea dirge, full of majestic dignity; while for the note of pathos, what could be tenderer than this:

"The Liner she's a lady, an' she never looks nor 'eeds—
The Man-o'-war's 'er 'usband, an' 'e gives 'er all she needs;
But, oh! the little cargo-boats that sail the wet seas roun',
They're just the same as you an' me a-plyin' up an' down!

"*Plyin' up an' down, Jenny, 'angin' round the yard,*
All the way by Fratton tram down to Portsmouth 'ard;
Anythin' for business, an' we're growing old—
Plyin' up an down, Jenny, waitin' in the cold!"

For an example of the stirring narrative style in sea poetry, "The Rhyme of the Three Sealers" is unsurpassed for vigour of language and movement. "The Last Chantey" is in still another tone; it might be called the Deep Sea Chantey. As to its subject-matter, it is enough to say that, beside it, Byron's "Vision of Judgment" is stale and flat.

A long article might be written on Mr. Kipling's range and choice of metrical forms. No one else is at present writing in such varied and tuneful metres. The "Song of the Banjo" makes us wonder how even an undoubted genius can manipulate the English language so as to produce such perfect accord in sound and sense. Doubtless, it is very largely this tunefulness in metre that commends these poems to the popular ear, and the question must arise as to their fitness as a vehicle for lofty thought. But that is a matter for criticism, and our object here is not to enter into a close analysis of the relations between matter and form, but only to endeavour to secure a wider reading for these poems among our own people. It may be said, however, that the book is greater in promise than in achievement, and it is impossible to yield higher praise than that, for Mr. Kipling is already enrolled in the great line of English poets. High water mark in this volume is reached in the beautiful and dignified lines, "To the True Romance," and it is in this poem that we find the promise for the future. As Mr. Kipling leaves his youth behind him he will correct faults of taste in his poetry,

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of which there are several in the volumes he has so far put forth. He will probably see also that he is called to higher work than to go on making barrack-room ballads; though we should be sorry to miss those he has given us, and it is hard to resist the flattery of having one's songs sung by camp-fires wherever the British soldier is found.

There is much to interest Canadians in this volume. We find ourselves celebrated as one of the "Four New Nations," and as a great and increasingly important factor in the British Empire. This notice of "The Seven Seas" may fittingly conclude with a few quotations from poems in which Canada is mentioned. Among the songs of the cities in "A Song of the English" are:

HALIFAX.

"Into the mist my guardian prows put forth,
Behind the mist my virgin ramparts lie,
The Warden of the Honour of the North,
Sleepless and veiled am I.

QUEBEC AND MONTREAL.

"Peace is our portion. Yet a whisper rose,
Foolish and causeless, half in jest, half hate,
Now wake me and remember mighty blows,
And, fearing no man, wait!

VICTORIA.

"From East to West the circling word has passed,
Till West is East beside our land-locked blue;
From East to West the tested chain holds fast,
The well-forged link rings true!"

In "The Native Born," the poet celebrates Australia, Canada, South Africa and India. Here is the stanza on Canada:

"To the far-flung fenceless prairie,
Where the quick cloud-shadows trail,
To our neighbour's barn in the offing
And the line of the new-cut rail;
To the plough in her league-long furrow
With the grey lake-gulls behind—
To the weight of a half-year's winter
And the warm wet western wind."

Lastly, from the "Song of the English," a poem every Canadian might well take pride in committing to memory:

"Draw now the threefold knot firm on the ninefold hands,
And the law that ye make shall be law after the rule of your lands,
This for the waxen heath, and that for the wattle-bloom,
This for the Maple Leaf, and that for the Southern broom.
The law that ye make shall be law and I do not press my will,
Because ye are Sons of The Blood and call me Mother, still.
Now must ye speak to your kinsmen and they must speak to you,
After the use of the English, in straight-flung words and few:
Go to your work and be strong, halting not in your ways,
Baulking the end half-won for an instant dole of praise.
Stand to your work and be wise—certain of sword and pen,
Who are neither children nor gods, but men in a world of men!"

I. O. Miller.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER'S EPIGRAMS.

A half-dozen persons strolling together amid the scenic splendours of nature will find that their tastes vary, one person finding an idyll in one scene, the second in another, the third in still another, and so on. Take the same half-dozen people into an art gallery, and their tastes will be found to vary as widely. Let them set out to choose their life companion from among their mutual acquaintances and no two will select the same individual. Why, then, should we all expect to admire the same novelist, the same historian, or the same poet? As our countenances differ, so do our tastes. If, then, I read a volume of poetry, I cannot expect that all the moods of the poet will find an echo in my mind, but rather should I be satisfied if several, of a large number, touch my heart and please my fancy.

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Arthur J. Stringer's little volume* of "Epigrams" contains forty quatrains, each embodying a thought of more or less importance. They vary in theme and in power, and each particular reader may select those which suit him best. To those who have felt the need of extraneous sympathy the following should be pleasing:

REMORSE.

Red lips that dumbly quiver for his kiss,
And now but fondly touch his graveyard stone—
Ah! lips he loved of old, remember this:
He had not died, if he had only known.

To those who admire a sharp criticism this will be pleasant:

THE SHADOWING GODS.

"I scorn your empty creeds, and bend my knee
To none of all the gods adored of men;
I worship nothing, that I may be free!
'Mayhap,' said one; 'you kneel to freedom then.'"

The following contains a noble thought on the subject or our "new religion":

THEOLOGY.

The gods dwelt nearer men in olden days,
And through our world ethereal feet once trod:
Since now they walk their more secluded ways,
Men struggle nearer each exalted god.

The work in the volume lacks variety, but that is intentional; but no one can deny that it possesses polish and evidences taste.

The romance of the Canadian North-West is fast passing into history—for there is little romance where the threshing-machines, the railroad, the steamboat and the town-constable are to be found. The Riders of the Plain are soon to pass into memory and civilization is forcing itself along close in the wake of an increasing population. But the history of this part of America, during the past two hundred years, has furnished and must continue to furnish plenty of material for the novelist. Gilbert Parker embodied some of it in "Pierre and His People." He has given us a further instalment in his new collection of tales entitled, "A Romany of the Snows."†

In this book, Mr. Parker shows more artistic power, more humour, and more dramatic ability than in his previous volumes, and it is difficult to believe that any person could be disappointed in the book. It is bright all the way through and must still further add to Mr. Parker's popularity in Canada—and yet at the present moment, he, among novelists, stands highest in the favour of Canadian readers.

Some men win fame as writers because of the facts they present; others because of their manner of presenting these facts. Among the latter is Prof. Goldwin Smith. Because of his pure, smooth, classical English, he is the model of nearly every Canadian writer of to-day, and also of many persons in the United States and Great Britain. Perhaps no other living writer has been so daring in running counter to people's prejudices, tastes and beliefs; and that, in spite of this, he has retained the respect—yea, the admiration of all literary and political

*Epigrams, by Arthur J. Stringer, author of "Watchers of Twilight," etc. London, Ont.: T. H. Warren; paper.
†A Romany of the Snows, by Gilbert Parker. New York: Stone & Kimball. Cloth, 203 p.p.

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classes, is a notable circumstance and an evidence of the power of the man's personality as evidenced in his work. He has created no new school of literary or of political thought, yet he has more or less affected all schools. During the past few years he has devoted his power of scientific analysis to the Christian Bible, and the result of his labour is published under the title "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence."*

Dr. Smith's views will suit many people, but startle more, even though his preface says that "it is hoped that nothing in these pages will be found fairly open to the charge of irreverence or of want of tenderness in dealing with the creed which is still that of men who are the salt of the earth." The book aims at a new interpretation of the Jewish history and of the gospels. The titles of the fine Essays, of which the book is composed, are Guesses at the Riddle of Existence, The Church and the old Testament, Is there another Life? The Miraculous Element in Christianity, Morality and Theism.

Under the title of "Phroso,"† Mr. Anthony Hope has given us a most thrilling tale of adventure, one which holds the reader fascinated from start to finish, and which may be ranked among the masterpieces of sensational and exciting fiction. Although highly improbable in many instances, the reader's interest and curiosity are so stirred that for the time being he is quite willing to accept it all as real and natural. The story is told by Lord Wheatley, an English lord who has purchased the island of Neopalia in the Mediterranean (?), and is an account of his own adventures on trying to take possession of the island which legally belongs to him, but being a stranger the Neopalians are hostile to him and make a bold fight for their Lady Euphrosyne, the "Phroso" of the story. Eventually, however, Lord Wheatley and Phroso become friends, and even more. At the end of the story they are left living together happily and peacefully on their island, thus settling the difficulty of rulership.

A story very similar to "Phroso" in the realistic adventures through which the hero passes, but much more probable in its incidents, is John Strange Winter's "Grip."‡ It is the tale of a young bull-headed Englishman whose motto is "Grip," that is, he never ceases to pursue an aim which he has once conceived. His desires to many a young lady whose parents dislike him because of his comparatively low position in society, and in pursuit of a successful rival he goes to France, only to get into endless trouble and to spend several years as a *forcat* in the *Bagne* of Toulon.

There is a freshness and vivacity about the tale which must make it extremely popular, and it deals with a peculiar life, somewhat horrible in its details, yet not too much so to disgust the reader, nor is it anywhere unwholesome.

Canada's history has yet to be written in an intelligent way. Events must be considered in the light of their results and men in the light of what they accomplished. So far our histories have been recitals of facts, dates and names, while the social and economic sides of the different periods have been ignored. In "Topical Studies of Canadian History" (Toronto: Chas J. Musson), Nellie Spence has come nearer to the mark in the spirit of her book, although she has not attempted a complete history in her 187 pages. As a topical study, however,

* Guesses at the Riddle of Existence, and other Essays on Kindred Subjects, by Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, $1.25.

† New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. Toronto: The Bain Book and Stationery Co. Cloth, illustrated, 306 p.p.

‡ Grip, by John Strange Winter. New York: Stone & Kimball. Cloth, gilt top, uncut edges, 245 p.p.

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her work is broadly conceived and excellently done. The introductory topic is "The Canada of To-day," and the closing one is "Canadian Literature and Art."

Arthur G. Doughty, of Montreal, has recently completed another illuminated volume, which makes the eighth book he has executed by hand. The title of the work is "The Song-Story of Francesco and Beatrice," and many of the initial letters and handpieces are from designs suggested by specimens in the British Museum, the Bodleian Library, etc. The book is now in the possession of Sir Donald A. Smith.

Five new candidates for entrance to the "little corner book-shelf" of Canadian poetical works are about to step into the arena from the busy press of William Briggs. They are John Stuart Thomson's "Estabelle and Other Poems," Dr. Theo. H. Rand's "At Mina's Basin and Other Poems," Dr. Chas. E. Jakeway's "The Lion and the Lilies: A Tale of the Conquest, and Other Poems," Margaret Currie's "John St. John and Anna Grey: A Romance of Old New Brunswick," and Walter A. Radcliffe's "Morning Songs in the Night." When the London *Spectator* remarked that "Canada is going to be a land of poets," its editor evidently had assumed the mouth of prophecy.

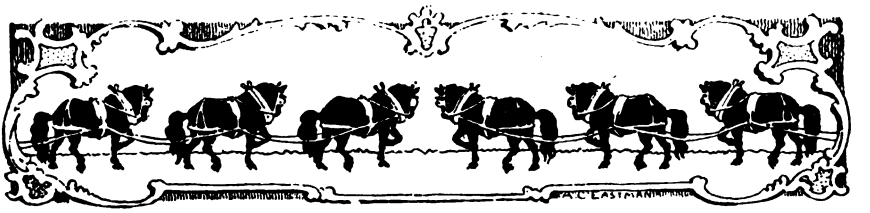
The interest aroused by the announcement of the coming issue of the History of Annapolis County, began by W. A. Calrik, left unfinished at his death, and now finished and edited by Judge Savary, has induced an increase of the edition from the original 1,250 to 2,000 copies. Its treatment of the expulsion of the Acadians will be of special interest to the student of the early history of Canada.

William Briggs, Toronto, has just published a critical "Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada," appearing in 1896, together with some of the more important of the publications of 1895. This is the first of a series of "University of Toronto Studies in History." The "Review" is edited by George M. Wrong, M.A., Professor of History in the University of Toronto, and among the contributors are Dr. J. G. Bourinot, C.M.G., Clerk of the House of Commons of Canada; the Rev. Abbey Casgrain, the well-known writer and Professor of History in Laval University, Quebec; Sir J. M. LeMoine, of Quebec; the Hon. David Mills, Q.C.; Dr. George Stewart, of Quebec; James Bain, jr., of the Toronto Public Library; Professor Clark, of Trinity University; Professor Shortt, of Queen's University; Professor Mavor, of the University of Toronto; Professor Coleman, of the School of Practical Science, and many others.

The term "historical" has been interpreted in a liberal sense, and books of travel and exploration are included. In France, England and the United States, as well as in Canada, works are continuously appearing which bear upon the history of Canada. Probably few persons realize the number and range of these works, or the steadily growing interest which the history of Canada is arousing. The review is a useful Bibliography, and as it will be continued annually it will form a permanent record in the field of literature which it covers.

It is seldom that you get a book of 405 pages so thin that it will slip easily into a pocket, but this is the case with a handsome little edition of Gulliver's Travels. It is printed on thin, strong paper, is sold at 50 cents, and is published by Dent's, in Great Britain; Macmillan's, in New York; and Wm. Tyrrell & Co., in Toronto. As a political satirist, Jonathan Swift is still worthy of being read; yea, studied.

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"THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE" BANQUET.

THERE is nothing extremely new in the idea of holding a banquet to which might be invited all the persons interested in one publication. Such gatherings have often been held in London and New York. Yet the idea is a new one so far as Canada is concerned, and "The Canadian Magazine" Banquet, in Toronto, on February 17th, can, without egotism, be designated an evidence of enterprise on the part of its management. That it was attended by so many notable persons, that the speeches were of so high an order, and that the event was regarded by the public as one of extreme importance, shows, not only that "The Canadian Magazine" is regarded as a national publication, but that Canadians take a deep interest in those things which pertain to the higher life of the nation, viz., national sentiment, education, art and literature. The unanimous verdict of all who attended was that the gathering was the finest of its kind that they ever witnessed. The dinner itself was a sumptuous one, being supplied by Webb, who is the Delmonico of Toronto. The wit and humour, the eloquence and the thought were of an exceedingly high order, and, taken as a whole, were never equalled at any other gathering in Canada.



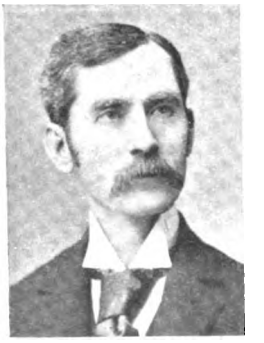
HON. J. C. PATTERSON,
President "The Canadian Magazine."

Owing to the fact that the Manitoba Legislature was called together for February 18th, the Honourable J. C. Patterson, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, was unable to leave Winnipeg to attend the Banquet. This was much regretted by the many who would have been pleased to have an opportunity of congratulating him on the success of a publication which owes much to his generosity and support. In his absence the chair was taken by the Honourable Thomas Ballantyne, ex-Speaker of the Ontario Legislative Assembly. The vice-chairs were occupied by Mr. Barlow Cumberland and Mr. John A. Cooper (editor).



HON. THOS. BALLANTYNE
Vice-President.

The guests present were:—J. S. Bour-



T. H. BEST,
Business Manager.

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JOHN FERGUSON,
Vice-President.

inot, C. M. G., LL.D., Hon. Sec. of the Royal Society of Canada, Ottawa; Dr. Geo. Stewart, editor of *The Chronicle*, Quebec; Dr. W. H. Drummond, Montreal; and Hon. G. W. Allan, Principal Parkin, President Loudon (University of Toronto), Professor Mavor, Mr. B. E. Walker (Bank of Commerce), Alexander Muir (author of "The Maple Leaf,") O. A. Howland, M.P.P.; Lieut.-Col. G. T. Denison, E. E. Sheppard, J. S. Willison (editor of *The Globe*), W. J. Douglas (*Mail and Empire*), and Alex. Fraser, Toronto; G. Frank Rossire, New York. The guests who accepted invitations, but were unavoidably absent, were: Chief Justice Sir W. R. Meredith, W. F. Maclean, M.P., Honourable G. W. Ross; Honourable A. F. E. Evanturel, Rev. Dr. Teefy and C. W. Taylor. Letters of regret were read from His Excellency, the Governor-General, the members of the Dominion Cabinet, the members of the Ontario Cabinet, Lieut.-Governor Mackintosh, Hon. R. R. Dobell, Sir James M. Lemoine, Principal Grant, Charles G. D. Roberts, Duncan Campbell Scott, Archibald Lampman, Frederick George Scott, Professor Clark, Hon. J. W. Longley (Attorney-General of Nova Scotia), John Reade, Louis Frechette (Poet-Laureate of Canada), Chancellor Boyd, Martin J. Griffin, Ottawa; Dr. G. Dawson, Ottawa; Speaker J. D. Edgar; Hugh Graham, Montreal; Archbishop O'Brien, President Royal Society.



THOMAS MULVEY,
Secretary.

Seventy-one persons sat down to the tables; the speaking commenced at nine-thirty, and it was an hour past midnight when the last speaker concluded.



JOHN A. COOPER,
Editor.

The toast list as actually carried out was as follows:—

The Queen—Proposed by the Chairman.

The Dominion — Proposed by the Chairman. Responded to by Lieut.-Col. G. T. Denison.

Our Educational Institutions — Proposed by Mr. Barlow Cumberland. Responded to by President Loudon.

Canadian Art—Proposed by Professor Mavor. Responded to by Hon. G. W. Allan and Mr. B. E. Walker.

Our Poets—Proposed by Mr. John A. Cooper (editor). Responded to by Dr. Drummond. Mr. A. H. U. Colquhoun read poems sent by Archibald Lampman and Charles G. D. Roberts.

Our Prose Writers — Proposed by J. G. Bourinot,



J. G. BOURINOT, C.M.G., LL.D.



HON. G. W. ALLAN.

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DR. J. WYLIE,
Director.

C. M. G., LL. D. Responded to by Principal Parkin, Mr. George Stewart, D.C. L.; Mr. J. S. Willison, O. A. Howland, M.P.P.

The committee which had charge of this successful affair was composed of the following gentlemen: Barlow Cumberland, chairman; Thomas Mulvey, secretary; Thomas H. Best, Adam Ballantyne and John. A. Cooper.

Some of the newspaper comment was as follows:

The Toronto *World:* "The first annual Banquet of 'The Canadian Magazine' at the Harry Webb Co's rooms Wednesday was attended by a large number of the shareholders of the Company and their friends. The event was conceived as a celebration of the success which has marked the efforts of 'The Canadian Magazine' to foster and promote art and literature in Canada, and the result was most gratifying to the committee who carried the affair to a successful issue. . . . The dinner was a success."

The Montreal *Star:* "For the publisher to dine his authors is a good old custom which was revived last night by the publishers of 'The Canadian Magazine' of Toronto. There was a time when a dinner was more to [an author than it is now, but there never was a time when one could get more authors to a dinner."

The Toronto *Mail and Empire:* "A unique and congenial company assembled last night at Webb's to 'The Canadian Magazine' Banquet. Literature, art, and science, politics and the professions, were represented, and a more pleasant function it would be difficult to devise. The Directors were generous with their invitations, and a large number of covers were laid. The dinner and service were admirable, and a toast list, apt and excellent, followed. In the unavoidable absence of his Honour, J. C. Patterson, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, the president of 'The Canadian Magazine,' Hon. Thomas Ballantyne, the first vice-president, occupied the chair, and in the vice-chairs were Mr. Barlow Cumberland, M. A., Chairman of the Banquet Committee, and Mr. John A. Cooper, the Magazine's energetic editor."





BARLOW CUMBERLAND,
Vice-Chairman of Banquet.

The Toronto *Globe:* "It was a well-planned and happily carried out evening's pleasure that the gentlemen connected with 'The Canadian Magazine,' either as writers, publishers or financial supporters,

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provided last evening for a distinguished company at Webb's, on the occasion of the first annual dinner of the friends of the Magazine. The gathering was representative of the educational, literary and artistic circles of the city; and from distant points came gentlemen like the erudite Dr. Bourinot, Clerk of the Commons; Dr. Stewart of The Quebec *Chronicle*, and Dr. Drummond of Montreal. The speeches were all intensely Canadian in tone, and gave evidence of the rising tide of national sentiment. Col. Denison properly pointed out that the national spirit in the Dominion had been vastly strengthened in recent years. A patriotic and an enlightened literature, it was urged by many who followed, is the most potent influence in promoting this true patriotism. Education, art, poetry and prose were all spoken to by gentlemen who are eminent in these sub-departments of intellectual work. The part played by 'The Canadian Magazine' in the furtherance of literature in Canada was warmly praised by the speakers."



The Canadian Magazine

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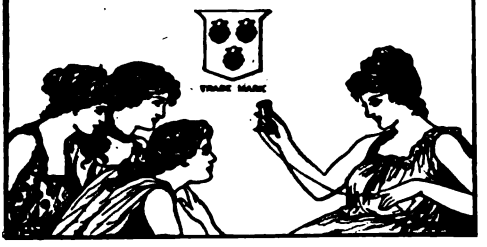
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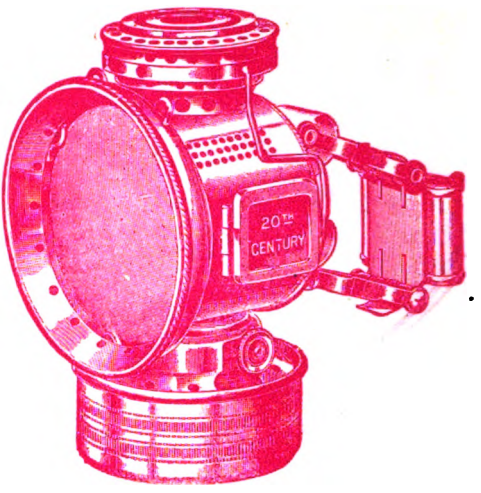
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THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII. APRIL, 1897. No. 6.

SOCIAL AMELIORATION AND THE UNIVERSITY SETTLEMENT.

With special reference to Toynbee Hall.

THE University Settlement idea as a factor in Social Amelioration is but a particular concrete exemplification of a general line of thought, which has been struggling for recognition during the past thirty years, and is now gradually substantiating its claim to such recognition. It may be said that until the late sixties, the attention devoted to existing inequalities of social condition was essentially sporadic. Mankind was divided into two camps —the unscientific alleviators of social distress, and the pessimistic exponents of an assumed natural law, who saw in its rigid and immutable operation the cause and explanation of all existing ills.

The progress which has characterized the world of material advancement has not, however, left untouched the seemingly more immaterial, but none the less important, field of social betterment. The very progress in material things, the attempt to synthesise the world-business, has brought along with it, as a necessary consequence, an attempt to systematize and integrate the existing scattered endeavours towards social amelioration. The great reduction in cost of production, the increased facilities of transport, the world-integration consequent upon such economic changes, have brought out in still greater relief the inequitable distribution which, be it accident or necessary consequence, exists under the present system. People are no longer satisfied with a philosophy which has as its beginning and ending the dictum, "The poor ye have always with you"; they are now, as never before, impressed by the crying evils of the time, and they are, more than ever, in earnest in their endeavour to grapple with these evils.

The scientific search after truth which has resulted in discoveries, whose most shadowy outlines are stranger than the most unbridled fancyings of the romanticist, has also had its place in the social world of storm and stress; coupled with a search into the fundamentals of society, part and parcel of the new interest in its basal principles, there has been a marked desire to rectify the evils that exist.

The social student and the poet have insisted on the oneness of human nature, on the brotherhood of man. One phase of this trend of thought is an insistence on the duty which the more fortunate owe to those who have fallen by the way. This conception is markedly present in the life and teachings of many of the scholars of the younger generation who have graduated from Oxford and Cambridge in the past two or three decades. The ideal of culture brought before their eyes was not that

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of the self-absorbed student who gave us the "doctrine of the enclitic De," but a different, broader culture which saw in the opportunities of the student greater obligations and duties to his less fortunate fellow-men. When we bear in mind that at this time the late Thomas Hill Green, who took part in the municipal politics of Oxford with the same zest which he manifested in expounding the subtleties of Kant's Critique, was inculcating in life and word the duties which scholars owed to society; that Kingsley, Maurice and John Richard Green were giving the best of their lives to the service of the poor; and that at the same time the wider world outside the colleges was being stirred as it had seldom been stirred before by the prophet-voices of Carlyle and Ruskin; it is no wonder that we find going out from the Universities the leaders of a new crusade.

Fired by such precepts and object lessons, young men of the colleges turned their attention to the crowded centres of population where the outcast masses seemed but little benefited by the advances which society, in its corporate capacity, had made. Whereas social work had formerly been essentially transient in its nature, an attempt was now made to live among the poor and share their life, and so, by coming in closer contact with them, to understand their conditions, and render the aid and help which trained men, cognizant of actual facts, might give.

It cannot, with strict accuracy, be said that this phase of social ameliorative work is traceable, in its origin to the definitely outlined plan of any one man. Men in University circles had from time to time discussed the feasibility of such a method of work. Kingsley, the author of Alton Locke, had interested himself in work among the poor of London; Frederick Maurice, the friend of Tennyson, had, in 1860, established the Working Men's College which aimed, through the instrumentality of teaching done by young Cambridge graduates, to spread education and knowledge among the working men of London. In so far as the origination of the University Settlement work in London, and in the world, can be associated with any one name, it is with that of Toynbee; and here the connection is not immediate but mediate. Arnold Toynbee, the brilliant young Oxford scholar who was prominent in the revolt in economic circles against the formalism of the older day, was impressed in perhaps greater degree than other men of his time by the importance of personal work done among the poor by educated men. As far as his health would permit, he spent his vacations in working among the degraded classes of the Whitechapel district of London.

His untimely death, in 1883, rather stimulated the impulse to the carrying on of the methods of work in which he had been engaged; for those who had come within the circle of the influence of his uniquely attractive personality felt that the only way in which to fittingly perpetuate his memory was to establish, in the district in which he had been interested, a memorial of his name. And so it was that there was established in the Whitechapel district, in January of 1885, the University Settlement known as Toynbee Hall.

At first the number of resident members who engaged in instruction among the poor, and who endeavoured in every way within their power to become acquainted with existing conditions and seek out correctives for them, was small. Five men formed the first company who, under the leadership of the Rev. Mr. Barnett, of St. Jude's Church, Whitechapel, began the work in a disused public-house. Soon a more suitable building was obtained, and now there are some twenty-five men actively engaged in connection with the settlement.

Toynbee Hall is situated in the noisiest and most crowded part of Whitechapel. Notwithstanding these surroundings, it endeavours to retain intact some of the associations which had endeared college life to its residents. Situated in a courtyard near to, but yet withdrawn from, the crowd-

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ed thoroughfare, it suggests, with its carved gateway and ivied walls, not the hurry and turmoil of busy London, but the more secluded retreats of classic repose situated on the banks either of the Isis or the Cam. To those who would object to the comfort of the building, on the ground that it is disproportionate to the surroundings, it may with justice be stated, by way of rejoinder, that these comforts and attractions exist not for the residents alone but for the people of the neighbourhood. By becoming acquainted with conditions of which hitherto they had known nothing, the inhabitants of Whitechapel are encouraged in their endeavour to attain a better condition.

This Settlement, the oldest and most famous of settlements, has long passed the experiment stage. Men of renown consider it an honour to be permitted to help on, in any way, the work which it has undertaken. The scope of its usefulness is, in the broadest and most catholic sense of the word, educational. For those whose education has been neglected, evening classes are available. Lectures on current topics of the day are given, and at all times numerous clubs, for men, women and children, are in operation. The rudiments of biology, geology and botany, and in some cases more advanced problems, are thus discussed by the people of the neighbourhood; and in many cases these discussions reveal a latent power of thought and expression which is surprising. In the extension lectures in economics a surprising interest is taken. Problems of the day, co-operation, trade-unionism, relations of employers and employed, are studied with never-failing interest. Thirty-five to forty men are regular members of the Economic club, and of late the interest taken has been so great, and the attendance has so increased, that it has been found advisable to subdivide the work into three sections—a primary course, a more advanced course, and an advanced economic club. Work among children is also an important matter; there is a large boys' club known as "The Whittington," in which a keen interest is manifested. There is also made an attempt to reach a class of artisans and clerks who, possessed of a fair primary education, are desirous of obtaining the advantages of higher education. Adequate opportunity and inducement are given to those who come within the sphere of the Settlement's influence to indulge in athletic exercises.

In order to enable the people of the district to come frequently into social contact with residents of the Hall there is a provision, in addition to the facilities for social intercourse and enjoyment afforded by the various clubs, for the presence, from time to time, at the common table, of men of the neighbourhood. The expense of such entertainment is borne by an entertainment fund which is specially set apart.

The interested observer of the movement will see, perhaps contrary to his expectations, that in the management of Toynbee Hall the formally religious feature is subordinated. In other settlements which have been founded by church organizations the religious feature is in the foreground; with Toynbee Hall it is different. It is not to be assumed, for an instant, that such subordination of the formally religious phase of education is, in any degree, attributable to an antagonism, expressed or implied, to religion. The part taken by clergymen in the work is in itself sufficient to negative such an assumption. The Settlement itself is an outcome of a feeling that an applied religion is needed, and that it is in the working out of the tenets of such applied religion, exemplified in life and conduct rather than in the rigid phraseology of a formal creed, that the solution of the social problem is to be obtained. The reason why the organization deems it fittest not to insist on the formal teaching of religious truth, is to be found in the diversity in point of religious belief in the Toynbee Hall constituency, not only as regards the people of the neighbourhood, but as regards the residents of the Hall itself.

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It is not to be assumed that Toynbee Hall is the only institution of the kind. Oxford House, which lays more stress on formal religious teaching, carries on social work on a larger scale, and includes in its organization a wide ramification of agencies; the Woman's University Settlement supported by Girton and Newnham Colleges is situated at Southwark; various College missions are supported by Cambridge University; one of the most recent establishments is University Hall, which has been brought into existence mainly by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, who has there put into operation some of the doctrines advanced in Robert Elsmere. Some work of the University Settlement nature is also done in Birmingham, Glasgow and Edinburgh. Attention, however, may with advantage be concentrated upon Toynbee Hall, for it was there that the University Settlement movement definitely began; and it is this institution which has, in great degree, influenced the establishment of like institutions not only in England but also in America. Although other institutions may have struck out along lines of their own, in their endeavour to grapple with the problem which called them into existence, yet the fundamental purpose which actuates them is essentially one with that of Toynbee Hall.

The influence of the Settlement idea has not been hemmed in by the narrower confines of the British Isles, but has also spread to the New World. It was not, however, until some years after the success of the experiment had been proved in England that operations were commenced in the United States. In the New World the questions to be confronted are fully as momentous as in the Old World, and at the same time exist on a grander scale. In the slum districts of such cities as New York and Chicago a condition of poverty, wretchedness and misery exists which is not surpassed in the slums of any European city. Earnest students of social movements saw in the Settlement a power which would be of advantage in connection with social endeavour in the great cities of the United States. And in the time which has since then elapsed Settlements have been founded in Boston, Philadelphia, New York and Chicago. In New York, the Rivington St. Settlement, the DeLancey St. organization and the East Side House may be taken as characteristic; in Boston the Andover House; in Philadelphia the organizations in connection with the University of Pennsylvania; and in Chicago, Hull House, the Chicago Commons and the University Settlement. This enumeration by no means exhausts the list, but it may be taken as indicating the scope of the work. In Chicago alone there are seven smaller organizations.

The heterogeneity of the population of Chicago gives an especial opportunity for such work; the foreign immigrants who have drifted into the western city are, in many cases, in poor circumstances, and are at work under conditions which tend to make them still more degraded and depressed. Hull House, which is known far and wide as one of the most typical of American settlements, is situated in a crowded district of the city, in a part which, within one mile of territory, includes representative colonies of nineteen nations. This district is degraded and low, all around misery is evident, and vice in its most repugnant and unabashed forms confronts the passer-by. Into this world of the downtrodden has come Hull House, an institution whose object, as stated in its charter, is to provide a centre for a higher civic and social life, to institute and maintain educational and philanthropic enterprise, and to investigate and improve the conditions in the industrial districts of Chicago. The success which has so far attended this Settlement is, in great degree, attributable to the fact that it is presided over by Miss Jane Addams, a lady whose directorial skill, enthusiasm and tact have been all-important.

In main outline the methods of work bear considerable akinness to those employed in Toynbee Hall. There is a multiplicity of agencies, educational

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and social, the mere enumeration of which would take pages of print. A brief summary of the Hull House methods may, however, be attempted in order to indicate wherein the system here adopted differs from that of Toynbee Hall. In common with Toynbee Hall, the promulgation of formal religion is not kept in the foreground. Clubs of all kinds, lectures, readings, gymnasium classes, educational classes attract the people of the district. Lady visitors go in and out the houses of the neighbourhood, becoming acquainted with the actual conditions, and by their kindly aid and sympathy doing much to alleviate the existing ills. Special attention is devoted to the children, one wing of Hull House being given up to this purpose; here are situated the nurseries and the créche; in one of the rooms of this building there is conducted every evening a children's bank, where deposits of one cent and upwards are received. In connection with the Settlement there are two other clubs situated in the neighbourhood—the Jane club, a co-operative institution which aims to afford a home with all its attractions and protections to shop girls who would otherwise be exposed to the dangers of a great city, and the Phalanx club for men. In one feature Hull House differs from Toynbee Hall, and that is, that while in the latter the resident workers are men, in the former they are, for the most part, women.

The general task which the Settlement has set before it is readily manifest. It realizes the existence of inequalities, it sees that in the terrible pressure of modern society, that in the evolution of pain which attends the upward struggle, there is co-existent with advancement and material prosperity a class whose lot is one of poverty and pain. To go among such classes, to investigate their life, to render them help and guidance, to point out to them higher ideals and render easier their struggles upwards towards respectability, is the peculiar phase of usefulness with which the Settlement is concerned.

The Settlement idea is the personification of the voluntary movement. It works supported not by a corporation or by a city, but by the subscriptions of individuals; even where a Settlement is ostensibly supported by a college, experience has shown the foregoing statement to be true. Most of those connected with the movement pay their own expenses; they are busied not because of the money to be obtained in connection with the work, but because of their interest in and their desire to advance all that makes for social amelioration. In comparison with the results obtained, the expense of the Settlement work is after all but a trifle; Toynbee Hall, with all its work of great and lasting import, costs only some $6,000 per annum to maintain. The Settlement not only renders its residents, and through them the world, cognizant of social needs, but at the same time inculcates in the minds of those who are the subjects of its operations ideals of a nobler citizenship. And the importance of this will at once be manifest when we remember that under representative government, the vote of the untrained and vicious, is as potent in the scale of determination as that of the most highly trained and cultured. The Settlement also attempts to bend the young twig, the child, in the proper direction, and by so doing to prevent the criminal class, the standing menace to established order, from being replenished from the rising generation.

Personal idiosyncracies may so react upon the individual judgment as to induce men to place different valuations upon the methods employed, to estimate in different ways the results attained. But no candid observer who has carefully viewed the facts; who has seen the knowledge of existing conditions in all their evils which has been obtained by those engaged in Settlement work; who has contrasted the men, women and children of the streets with those who have come within the circle of influence of the Settlement, can resist the conclusion

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that here is in operation a force which makes for social betterment and righteousness, that here is a religion which embodies itself, not in the statements of formulary logic, but in the flesh and blood realities of living precept and example.

S. J. McLean.



TO A ROCKY MOUNTAIN STREAM.

O! THOU who from the western mountain side,
O'er prairie and through many a bosky glen
Doth flow, in spring a thund'ring, rolling tide,
To the parched eastward, carrying hope to men
That time shall bring a bountiful return
For all their labour, and that plenty's urn
Shall fill to overflowing; God by thee
Supplies its life blood to the prairie sea.

And when in days of heat, thy mission done,
Beneath the pine and poplar's arching shade,
From the too ardent glances of the sun
Beneath wolf-willows thy retreat hast made.
And there, in silence of the northern wood,
Thou seek'st and find'st a restful solitude.
There nymphs do gambol, in thy pools do play,
And with the dryads sport the livelong day.

There rest thee while the sunny summer days
In soft and slow procession pass thee by,
Bringing the autumn with its smoky haze
And leaves, which, brightly coloured, fall and die;
But are not dead, for in their death is life,
Which, springing fresh in springtimes yet to come,
Shall by their death yet win the bloodless strife
And wind-tossed yet shall hear the bee's low hum.

And then doth come the winter, when the North
With icy hands shall grip and hold thee fast
To his chill bosom, and from then henceforth
Till spring shall blow the cold and icy blast.
But when the winter's o'er doth come the spring,
And Chinook breezes from the south shall bring
A key for all thy fetters, and then, free,
Thou'lt rush again, in gladness, to the sea.

Fred J. Wilson.

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MY CONTEMPORARIES IN FICTION.*

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

V.—LIVING MASTERS.—RUDYARD KIPLING.

I WAS "up in the back blocks" of Victoria, Australia, when I lighted upon some stray copies of the weekly edition of the Melbourne *Argus*, and became aware of the fact that we had amongst us a new teller of stories, with a voice and a physiognomy of his own. The *Argus* had copied from some journal in far-away India a poem and a story, each unsigned, and each bearing evidence of the same hand. A year later I came back to England, and found everybody talking about "The Man from Nowhere," who had just taken London by storm. Rudyard Kipling's best work was not as yet before us, but there was no room for doubt as to the newcomer's quality, and the only question possible was as to whether he had come to stay. That inquiry has now been satisfactorily answered. The new man of half-a-dozen years ago is one of England's properties, and not the one of which she is least proud. About midway in his brief and brilliant career, counting from his emergence until now, people began to be afraid that he had emptied his sack. Partly because he had lost the spell of novelty, and partly because he did too much to be always at his best, there came a time when we thought we saw him sinking to a place with the ruck.

Sudden popularity carries with it many grave dangers, but the gravest of all is the temptation to produce careless and unripe work. To this temptation the new man succumbed, but only for awhile. Like the candid friend of Lady Clara Vere de Vere, he saw the snare, and he retired. But at the time when, instead of handing out the bread of life in generous slices, he took to giving us the sweepings of the basket, I wrote a set of verses, which I called "The Ballad of the Rudyard Kipling." I never printed it, because by the time it was fairly written Kipling's work had not merely gone back to its first quality, but seemed brighter and finer than before, and the poor thing, such as it was, was in the nature of a satire. I venture to write down the opening verses here, since they express the feeling with which at least one writer of English fiction hailed his first appearance.

I.

Oh, we be master mariners that sail the snorting seas,
Right red-plucked mariners that dare the peril of the storm.
But we be old, and worn and cold, and far from rest and ease,
And only love and brotherhood can keep our tired hearts warm.

II.

We were a noble company in days not long gone by.
And mighty craft our elders sailed to every earthly shore,
Men of worship, and dauntless soul, that feared not sea nor sky;
But God's hand stilled the valiant hearts, and the masters sail no more.

III.

And for awhile, though we be brave and handy at our trade,
We sailed no master-galleon, but wrought in cock-boats all,
Slight craft and manned with a single hand; yet many a trip we made,
Though we but crept from port to port with cargoes scant and small.

IV.

But on a day of wonder came ashining on the deep,
A royal Splendour, proud with sail, and generous roar of guns;
She passed us, and we gaped and stared. Her lofty bows were steep,
And deep she rode the waters deep with a weight of countless tons.

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V.

Her rig was strange, her name unknown, she
came we know not whence,
But on the flag at her peak we read "The
Drums of the Fore and Aft."
And—I speak for one—my breath came thick
and my pulse beat hard and tense,
And we cheered with tears of splendid joy
at sight of the splendid craft.

VI.

She swept us by; her master came and spoke
us from the side,
We knew our elder, though his beard was
scarce yet fully grown;
She spanked for home through churning foam
with favouring wind and tide,
And while we hailed like mad he sailed, a
King, to take his own.

Some men are born rich, and some are born lucky, and some are born both to luck and riches. Kipling is one of the last. Nature endowed him with uncommon qualities, and circumstance sent him into the sphere in which those qualities could be most fortunately exercised. It seems strange that the great store of treasure which he opened to us should have been unhandled and unknown so long. His Indian pictures came like a revelation. It is always so when a man of real genius dawns upon the world. It was so when Scott shewed men and women the jewelled mines of romance which lay in the highways and by-ways of homely Scotland. It was so when Dickens bared the Cockney hearth to the sight of all men. Meg Merrilies, and Rob Roy, and Edie Ochiltree were all *there*—the wild, the romantic, the humourous were at the doors of millions of men before Scott saw them. In London, in the early days of Dickens, there were hordes of capable writers eager for something new. Not one of them saw Bob Cratchit, or Fagin, or the Marchioness until Dickens saw them. So, in India, the British Tommy had lived for many a year, and the jungle beasts were there, and Government House and its society were there. and capable men went up and down the land, sensible of its charms, its wonder, its remoteness from themselves, and yet not discerning truly. At last, when a thousand feet have trodden upon a thing of inestimable price, there comes along a newspaper man, doing the driest kind of hackwork, bound to a drudgery as stale and dreary as any in life, and he sees what no other man has ever seen before him, though it has been plain in view for years and years. Through scorn and discouragement and contumely he polishes his treasure, in painful hours snatched from distasteful labour, and at last he brings it where it can be seen and known for what it is.

It is only genius which owns the seeing eye. There are in Great Britain to-day a dozen writers of fine faculty, trained to observe, trained to give to observation its fullest artistic result; and they are all panting for something new. The something new is under their noses. They see it and touch it every day. If I could find it, my name in a year would sail over the seas, and I should be a great personage. But I shall not find it. None of the men who are now known will find it. It is always the unknown man who makes that sort of discovery. He will come in time, and when he comes we shall wonder and admire, and say: "How new! How true!" Why, in that very matter of Tommy Atkins, whose manifold portraits have done as much as anything to endear Kipling to the English people—it is known to many that in my own foolish youth I enlisted in the army. I lived with Tommy. I fought and chaffed and drank and drilled and marched, and went "up tahn" with him, and did pack drill, and had C.B. with him. I turned novel-writer afterwards, and never so much as dreamt of giving Tommy a place in my pages. Then comes Kipling, not knowing him one half as well in one way, and knowing him a thousand times better in another way, and makes a noble and beautiful and merited reputation out of him, shows the man inside the military toggery, and makes us laugh and cry, and exult with feeling. There was a man in New South Wales—a shepherd—who went raving mad when he learnt that the heavy black dust which spoilt his pasture was tin, and that he

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had waked and slept for years without discovering the gigantic fortune which was all about him. I will not go mad, if I can help it, but I do think it rather hard lines on me that I hadn't the simple genius to see what lay in Tommy.

A good deal has been said of the occasional coarseness of Kipling's pages. There are readers who find it offensive, and they have every right to the expression of their feelings. I confess to having been startled once or twice, but never in a wholly disagreeable fashion —never as "Jude the Obscure" startled. Poor Captain Mayne Reid, who is still beloved by here and there a schoolboy, wrote a preface to one of his books—I think "The Rifle Rangers," but it is years on years since I saw it—in order to put forth his defence for the introduction of an occasional oath or impious expletive in the conversation of his men of the prairies. He pleaded necessity. It was impossible to pourtray his men without it. And he argued that an oath does not soil the mind "like the clinging immorality of an unchaste episode." The majority of Englishmen will agree with the gallant Captain. Kipling is rough at times, and daring, but he is always clean and honest. There are no hermaphroditic cravings after sexual excitment in him. He is too much of a man to care for that kind of thing.

What a benefactor an honest laughter-maker is! Since Dickens there has been nobody to fill our lungs like Kipling. Is it not better that the public should have "My Lord the Elephant" and "Brugglesmith" to laugh outright at, than that they should be feebly sniggering over the jest-books begotten on English Dulness by Yankee Humour, as they were eight or nine years ago? That jugful of Cockney sky-blue, with a feeble dash of Mark Twain in it, which was called "Three Men in a Boat," was not a cheerful tipple for a mental bank holiday, but we poor moderns got no better till the coming of Kipling. We have a right to be grateful to the man who can make us laugh.

The thing which strikes everybody who reads Kipling—and who does not?—is the truly astonishing range of his knowledge of technicalities. He is very often beyond me altogether, but I presume him to be accurate, because nobody finds him out, and that is a thing which specialists are so fond of doing that we may be sure they would have been about him in clouds if he had been vulnerable. He gives one the impression at times of being arrogant about this special fund of knowledge. But he nowhere cares to make his modesty conspicuous to the reader, and his cocksureness is only the obverse of his best literary virtue. It comes from the very crispness and definiteness with which he sees things. There are no clouds about the edges of his perceptions. They are all clear and *nette*. Things observed by such a man dogmatise to the mind, and it is natural that he should dogmatise as to what he sees with such apparent precision and completeness.

A recent writer, anonymous, but speaking from a respectable vehicle as platform, has told us that a short story is the highest form into which any expression of the art of fiction can be cast. This to me looks very like nonsense. I do not know any short story which can take rank with "Pére Goriot," or "Vanity Fair," or "David Copperfield." The short story has charms of its own, and makes demands of its own. What those demands are only the writers who have subjected themselves to its tyranny can know. The ordinary man who tries this form of art finds early that he is emptying his mental pockets. Kipling's riches in this respect have looked as if they were without end, and no man before him has paid away so much. But it has to be remembered here that in many examples of his power in this way he has been purely episodic, and the discovery or creation of an episode is a much simpler thing than the discovery or creation of a story proper, which is a collection of episodes, arranged in close sequence, and leading to a catastrophe, tragic or comic, as the theme may determine.

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In estimating the value of any writer's work you must take his range into consideration. Kipling sketches, in emotion, from deep seriousness to exuberant laughter; and his grasp of character is quite firm and sure, whether he deal with Mrs. Hawksbee or with Dinah Shadd; with a field officer or with Mulvaney, Ortheris and Learoyd; with the Inspector of Forests or with Mowgli. He knows the ways of thinking of them all, and he knows the tricks of speech of all, and the outer garniture and daily habitudes of all. His mind seems furnished with an instantaneous camera and a phonographic recorder in combination; and keeping guard over this rare mental mechanism is a spirit of catholic affection and understanding.

Finally, he is an explorer, one of the original discoverers, one of the men who open new regions to our view. A revelation has waited for him. He is as much the master of his English compeers in originality as Stevenson was their master in finished craftsmanship.

(To be continued.)



THE HOUSE OF FAME.

I, who have lived to see come to an end
Each mortal thing immortal men have done,
Know there is nothing left under the sun
For such an one as I to make or mend.
I look back on the days God chose to lend,
And say (perceiving each and every one
But echoes of unfinished deeds begun),
"To-day shall hoard: To-morrow shall misspend!"

So, yielding up the little joys Earth gave,
Gladly, to be released from her great wrongs,
I send my comfort forth to them that crave
The inconstant plaudits of uncertain throngs,—
Like some dead poet, over whose lone grave,
No fair, lost women sing forgotten songs.

Francis Sherman.

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*With original illustrations by F. and F. H. Brigden.**

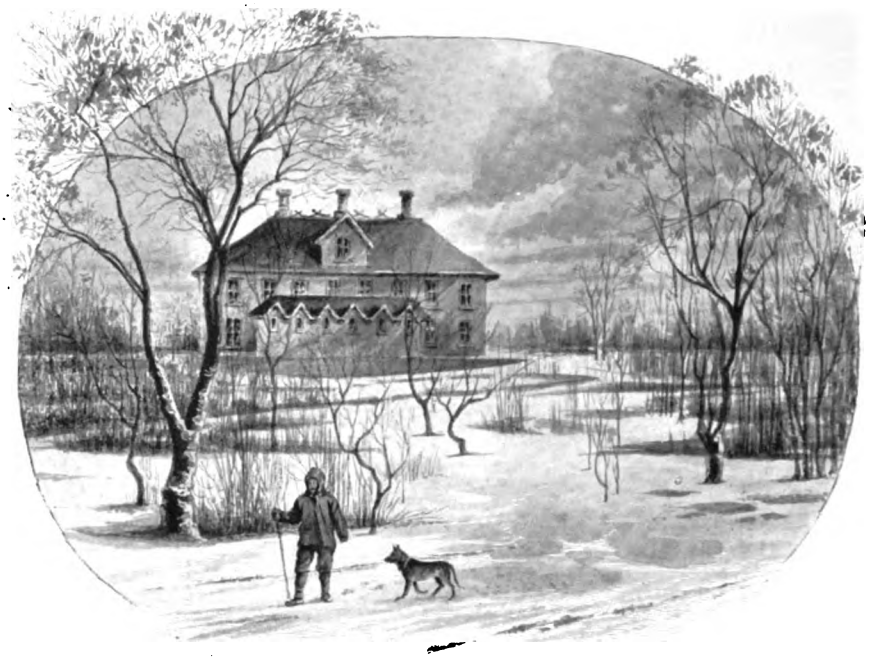
NANSEN is a typical explorer physically and mentally, one of a class whose occupation is yet far from gone, notwithstanding a very general impression to the contrary. An English scientist, Mr. Logan Lobley, at the last Geographical Congress reckoned up the area of the world still awaiting the labour of adventurous spirits ; and his grand total of 20,000,000 square miles, on a large part of which the foot of civilized man has not yet trod, is a startling result. Here, in the conquest of the earth's surface, is scope enough yet for all the energies of the advance guard of humanity. In the ranks of explorers have marched some of the most heroic figures the race has produced. Doubtless fresh openings for all the vital forces of mankind await us in the future, but we are yet far from ready to welcome the extinguishment of this form of enterprise.

Nansen stands before us a fine specimen of heredity—a Viking worthy of his race. He is six feet high, with a finely proportioned physical development in which strength aad quickness are combined in an uncommon degree. His figure, with its long stride and swinging gait, can never pass without attracting involuntary attention. In a crowd he is conspicuous, the commanding power and litheness of his form marking him out as a fit leader of men. The explorer is of Norwegian blood, with the fair hair and blue eyes of the pure Scandinavian. The kindliness which often characterizes the Northmen gives his face an amicable attractiveness, which suffers nothing from the force and firmness betokened by his massive jaw ; while a good broad forehead, from which the fair hair is brushed straight back, gives the finish to a countenance of clear intelligence.

A visitor to his home at Lysaker on a bitterly cold day, with the thermometer 9 degrees below zero, was startled to find Nansen on the railway platform, wearing no overcoat, but dressed simply in a light grey Ski uniform, and standing perfectly at ease among this fur-clad company. Indeed, with Nansen, at home, a top coat was a rare indulgence even in the depth of winter, but he might have been seen at times with one thrown across a shoulder, the long capes acting as a graceful drapery to his tall lithesome form. This disciplined power of enduring the rigours of a north-

*See also Frontispiece, for picture of Nansen.

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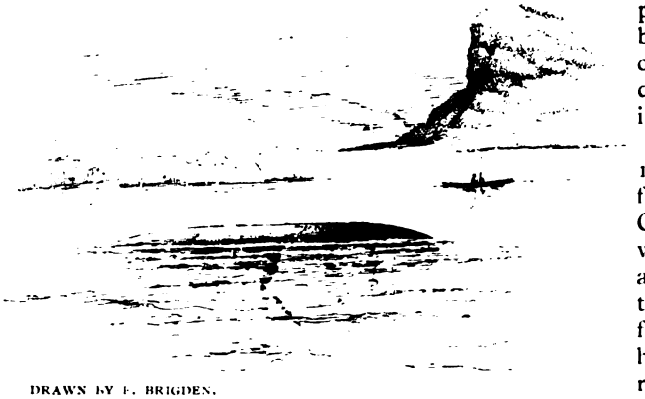


DRAWN BY F. BRIGDEN.

NANSEN'S HOME AT LYSAKER.

ern winter, so essential to the man who dares the Arctic circle, is accompanied with practical experience in every form of Polar adventure.

There is no method of Arctic travel which he has not acquired, down to Kayak paddling, a game dangerous even to the initiated. These frail Eskimo canoes are the most unstable of sea-craft, liable to turnover at any moment ; the catch of a wave, the jar of a piece of ice, the twist of a line will upset them. The more adroit of the natives can right themselves with a twist of the arms alone, but it is commonly done with the paddle. In acquiring this art Dr. Nansen had on more than one occasion a narrow escape of his life. The pluck of the man is unbounded, with a tried coolness and resource in danger capable of facing any emergency.



DRAWN BY F. BRIGDEN.

KAYAK TURNING.

Nansen was born in 1861 on a Norwegian farm some two miles from Christiania. His father was a lawyer, who made agriculture his recreation, and reared a family of boys, in a healthy, vigourous country life, with the hardy discipline of Spartans.

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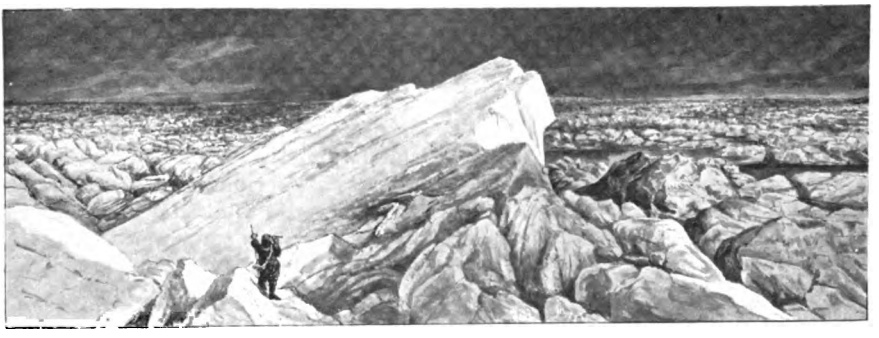
The little Nansen was taught his first steps on the Ski, the Norwegian snowshoe, at the age of four, and as a lad grew into an accomplished athlete, a good shot, and a first-class skater. At seven he and a brother attended school daily in Christiania, trudging to and fro in all weather. This bracing country life continued till Nansen reached fifteen; but there was better stuff in the boy than goes to the making of the mere stalwart adventurer. At eighteen he entered the University with the promise of a distinguished career. His special attraction was towards science, and the proclivities of the sportsman drew him to Zoology, which he pursued with an ardour and success which soon brought him into notice. It was in following out this study that he started on a course that finally led to the recent attempt to solve the problem of the North Pole.



DRAWN BY F. BRIGDEN, FROM PHOTO.

BJÖRNSON.

Nansen is, however, no absorbed scientist and explorer engrossed in his special pursuits. He is a Norwegian to the back-bone, and a close personal friend of Björnson, the famous novelist and leader of the Radical party which aims at the political autonomy of Norway. Their ambition in the earlier days of the movement was complete separation from Sweden and the establishment of a republic; but to-day relief from the more galling conditions of the union and a spirit of mutual concession have considerably modified the Radical programme. A nation which claims the third largest maritime fleet in the world, with between fifty and sixty thousand of the hardiest



DRAWN BY F. BRIGDEN.

PALÆOCRYSTIC ICE—THE ROAD TOWARDS THE NORTH POLE.

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seamen any country can produce, may well cherish strong national pride, and as one of the finest types of his race Nansen inherits that love of country which, with irrepressible fondness for the sea, lives to-day with undecayed force in the descendants of the roving Norsemen, in ancient times the terror of southern sea-coasts.



DRAWN BY F. BRIGDEN.

A GREENLAND GLACIER.

With all his magnificent physical vigour, our modern Norseman is as refined and as cultivated a specimen of nineteenth century evolution as any clime can produce. Although he is no performer himself, Nansen shows, with his great compatriot, Björnson, the sensitiveness to music which not unfrequently marks the strong natures and unsophisticated tempers of the Northmen. Familiar with the art of the day, its national and mental characteristics engage his liveliest interest. He talks well and discriminately on the subject, and the individuality of the man comes out in decided preferences. "I love my pictures," he said to a visitor at Lysker, "and am proud of modern Norwegian art, that is, Werenskjold; he is is our finest artist, to my mind; and that is by Svending, and this by Edif Petersen. Yes, that is Watt's 'Hope,' I bought it the last time I was in England. I liked it so much; and I think Watts and Whistler your most wonderful artists of modern times." The impressionists are evidently his favourites. Nansen's own art capacity is far above the average; as a child he exhibited a power of drawing which long held his future in suspense, and it was not without a struggle that Science finally gained the day over art, as the object of pursuit.

Nansen is no Bohemian, his strong home-loving spirit contrasts curiously with the old Norse strain in his blood, which impels him to a life of adventure and hardship. When about to enter the grip of the Ice World in 1893, he writes with an affectionate earnestness, which one hardly looks for from the stalwart adventurer, of "the dear ones at home" from whom the explorers will be shut out, and around whom their longing thoughts will hover; and it is characteristic of the man, that on his recent perilous return from the attempt on the North pole, with a single companion, when unexpectedly discovered at a critical time by Jackson, his first words, were the questions, "How is my wife? How is Norwegian politics."

Nansen married, on his return from the Greenland expedition in 1888, the daughter of Professor Sars, whose memory is revered by the Norwegians as a Scandinavian Darwin. Frau Nansen is described as "a jolly, bright, little woman, with dark hair, and all the movement and warm colouring of the Southern people, although a pure Norwegian." Nansen holds some of the more advanced ideas of women's position and capabilities, and his wife has been his companion in most of his sports. She is a good sailor and accomplished in the use of the Ski, and is uncommonly attractive in appearance. The terms on which they live may be best gathered from Nansen's own account of an expedition they took together, given in conversation with a friend three years ago:—

"My wife knows Nora Fjeld well, because there it was that I saw her dead-beat for the first and only time.

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Nothing tires her, as a rule; so when I want to make her very angry I tell this story.

"It was New Year's day, a couple of years ago, that we decided to cross Nora Fjeld from Hallingdal, and enjoy a little holiday on ski. At three o'clock in the afternoon the sun set, and we were not even on the top. However, my wife would not turn back, so on we went. It became very dark and very steep, and at last the snow was frozen so hard the ski would not bite at all. Then I had to take mine off, and cut steps in the snow up the mountain-side, with the end of the ski. For nearly two hours I did this before we reached the top. It became absolutely dark, and a bitter wind blew, and it was ten o'clock before we reached the first inhabited hut down the mountain-side. Here an old woman gave us milk and bade us welcome; but my wife would not stay the night, declaring she was not tired, and quite able to go on another hour to the saeter, where we originally intended to remain. So on we skied again. It was so hopelessly dark that every now and then the point of our ski would strike a tree and upset us, and we had continually to call out to make sure of the other's whereabouts.

"At last, almost on the strike of midnight, we reached the little saeter and, entering the door, my wife dropped down on a chair. I went to find some one and make some arrangements for sleeping, but when I returned I found my wife had forestalled me; she was already sound asleep, bolt upright in a chair. Asleep? Yes; and she slept for hours—we couldn't wake her—so we just left her alone. That was the only time I ever saw her completely done up."

A courageous, enterprising woman, evidently, is the frau Nansen. It is on record that she has spent the whole night in the open air on the mountains, in the depth of winter, sleeping in one of the fur-lined arctic sleeping pockets, in which the traveller ties himself up as in a sack. It was long in debate whether she should accompany her husband in the recent Arctic expedition, and the idea was only surrendered with much reluctance on her part at her husband's decision.

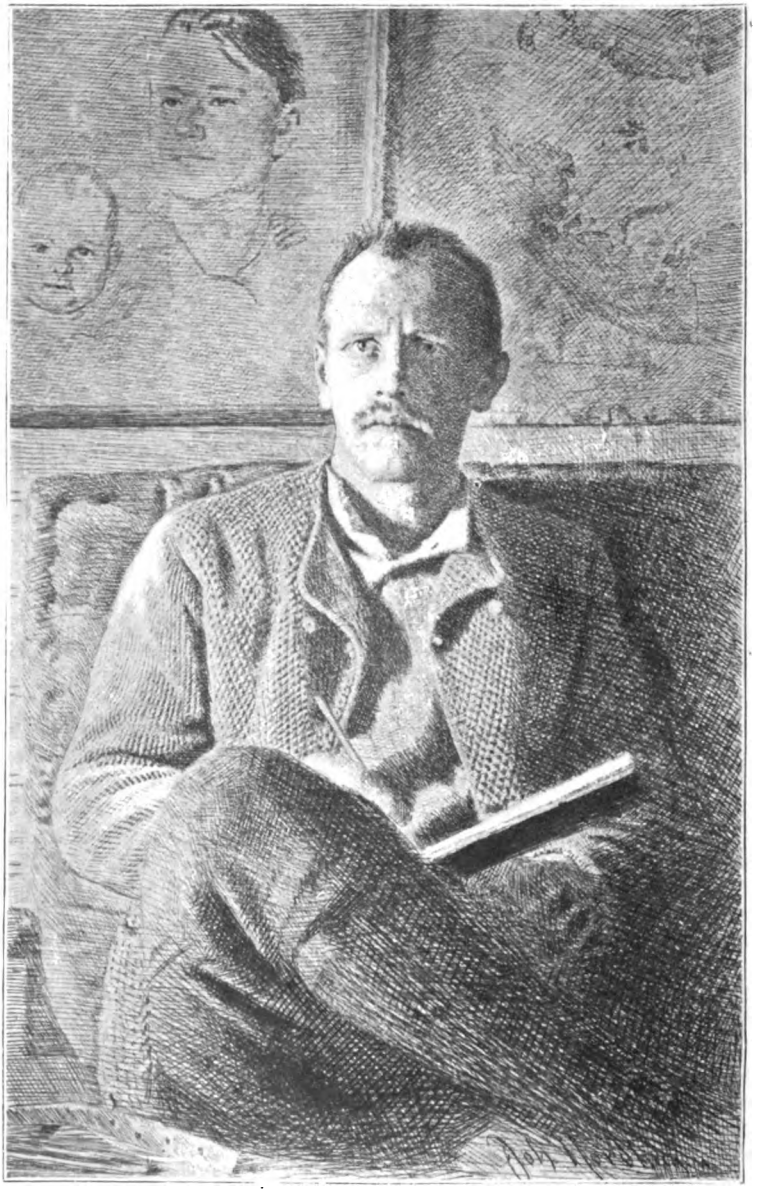
For an account of a visit paid to Lysaker, in 1893, by Mrs. Alec Tweedie, we catch an interesting glimpse of Nansen at home in his studio, more than half-filled with an enormous table piled with bundles of paper, amongst them a packet tied with blue ribbon of over a thousand letters from all parts of the world, from eager applicants for permission to join the then preparing expedition to the North Pole. The chairs in keeping with the imposing table, being formed from solid tree trunks, with curiously-carved arms, in the form of serpents twisting round in quaint fashion. The shelves that lined the walls, held almost every work published on the polar regions. In the general collection modern English litera-



DRAWN BY F. BRIGDEN.

NANSEN ON "SKI" IN HIS WOLF SKIN DRESS.

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FRIDTJOF NANSEN.

Reproduced from an etching by Johann Nordhagen, being the Frontispiece of Nansen's new book, entitled "Farthest North."

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DRAWN BY F. BRIGDEN.

NANSEN AND JOHANSEN RETURNING FROM THE NORTH.

ture predominated, varying in very comprehensive fashion from Spencer to Tennyson, from Mill to Elliott, and from Darwin to Meredith. About the library were piled samples of goods and models of every description connected with Arctic expeditionary work, giving the place much the appearance of a curiosity shop; there was an order of its own, though to the uninitiated it presented a confusion worse confounded. At the end of this long room stood a grand piano, at which the frau would sing to her husband in the evenings.

The visitor to Nansen's home, who had previously gained any idea of the man, would not be much surprised to find his approach heralded with a clamour of barks from a whole kennel of dogs. Nansen would be incomplete without some of these, his inseparable companions; two English setters, a fine Eskimo, and a sharp-eared Fin, being his special favourites. With his love of dogs, the big Norseman with the kindly blue eyes cherishes a great fondness for children, there is a tender note in the sad tones in which he refers to a little lost one, and our genial athlete is in his element with a little four-year-old upon his knee. He will most likely entertain his small companions with some Arctic bear story, and in answer to the imperative importunities sure to follow he will retail the same with infinite gusto, and all the elaborate details so dear to the young ears, and it will be a difficult matter to decide whether the famous explorer or the child is enjoying it most.

With such glimpses of Nansen's home life in the past, we have no difficulty in comprehending the welcome that must have greeted him after the prolonged strain of a three years' disappearance in the palæocrystic ice, and the months of conflicting reports that preceded his emergence.

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BY MRS. EMILY CRAWFORD.

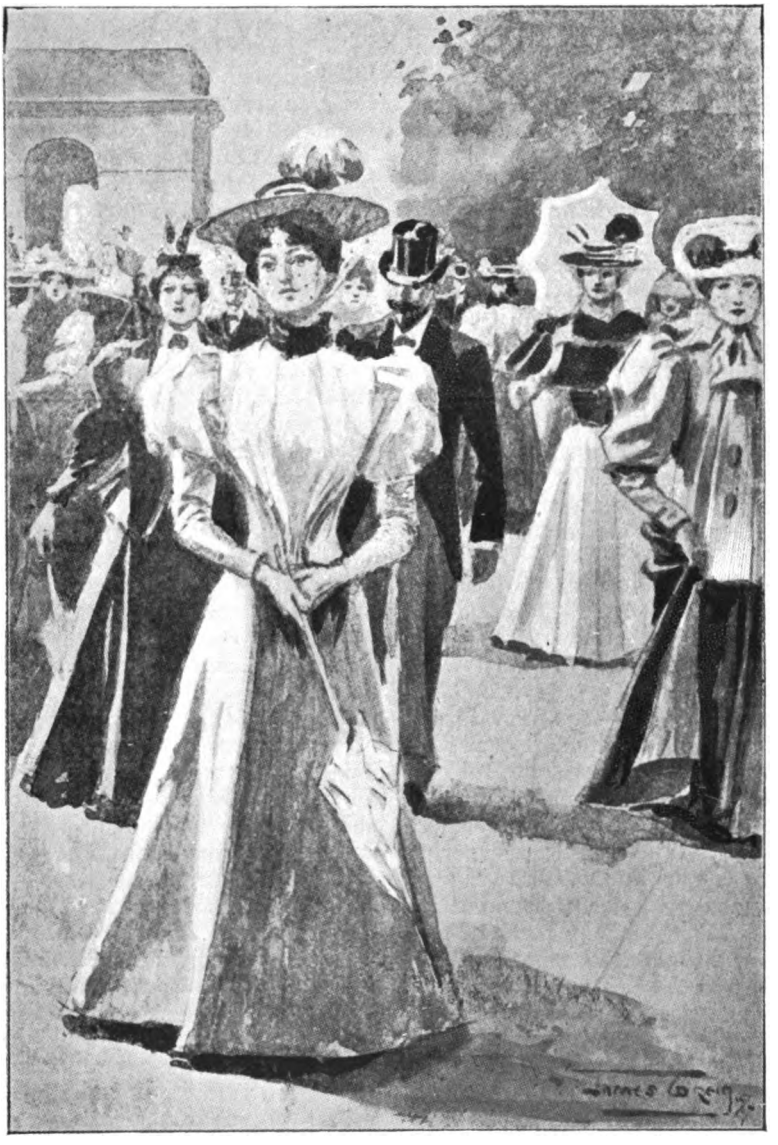
Paris Correspondent of London (Eng.) "News."

EASTER before it was the feast of the Passover was the feast of Adonis, the Syrian, and later the Greek type of Youth. To the Jewish mind it typified the passing from the land of bondage to the Promised Land of Canaan, purified by the Law of Moses from Canaanitish naturism. To the Syrian mind it was the glorification of the youth of the year—of escape from the austerity of winter. It was the time of tender herbage and fresh flowers. To the early Christian mind Easter signified all that it said to Jews and Greeks with a good deal more. Easter meant the clearing away of shambles from the Temple through the symbol of the Last Supper. It taught that God was in everything, though everything was not God; that the human creature became, through a constant effort to fulfil the law of love, the most fitting channel whereby the Divine mind could manifest itself. Its greatest lesson was that human life is not finite, and that good deeds done with a good purpose are as seeds sown in winter, and sure to spring up in fair and fruitful plants in the youth of the year. The Early Church at Jerusalem could not at once shake off the gross sacrificial materialism of the Temple. It gave a narrow and material sense to the doctrine of the resurrection. But in the course of ages that reading has become nearly obsolete in all Christian churches, and a spiritualised symbolism has taken its place. As each human being reproduces in his states of feeling from infancy upwards the history of all his ancestors, so one sees in the Easter celebrations of the Catholic Church the Genesis of the great spring festival. Survivals of ancient Egypt, Syria, Israel, Greece, Rome, are apparent in the symbolism of the Lent and Easter rites. The history of the symbols is forgotten; but they touch deep hidden chords, and are interpreted through emotion. To the intellect merely they are as a sealed book. One must, in presence of old-world symbols that yet speak to the feelings, be as the little child, more ready to accept and admire than debate and criticise. The heart of Nature in and out of the

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church speaks to the heart of mankind.

In Paris, Easter is a time of general gladness. The trees in the parks and gardens are in full leafage, but the leaves are still of the most fresh and tender green. The sky is bright; a vitalising, genial force permeates things material and ethereal. The morning sun smiles in the rooms that look southward, and its reflected beams flit over the ceilings like Ariels released from winter bondage. There being no more need for fires, fireplaces are covered over with screens. The freestone Parisian houses almost glare in the sun, which discovers all the hues and tints of blooming flower beds in the public gardens. Passion Week is a period of conventional mourning, religious ceremonies, and flowers. Goods trains



EASTER IN PARIS—THE CHAMPS ELYSEES.

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laden with flowers and greenery for Palm Sunday began to pour in as that festival approached. The supply of flowers goes on increasing until Easter Week, when the whole town seems a flower show. The markets being glutted, the poor can gladden their abodes with fresh and fragrant bouquets. Spring is the time of all others for sweetly scented flowers. The air of the churches is redolent of their incense.

Everyone who has lived in Paris must associate Easter with flowers. The flower markets are then enchanting lounges. These markets seem to be suddenly extended into the streets. Costermongers have there become itinerant flower dealers. The women who deal are neither young nor pretty, neither coquettishly nor dirtily dressed. They are generally middle-aged, for licenses to drag costers' hand-carts are only granted to poor people of good character and well on in years of discretion. The costerwoman is hale, hearty, buxom. Hardship sours Englishwomen. It acts as a fillip on Frenchwomen, and stimulates their pluck and spirit. Their bodies seem to gain strength under the stress of hard work in all sorts of weather. Beautiful the costerwoman is not—at any rate, an artist in love with a silly sort of prettiness would not think her so. But she has the beauty of the sound mind in a sound body, and her weatherbeaten face lights up with shrewd and cheerful expression. She is in good training for drudgery, and does not mind it, provided it fills the big pockets of her coarse blue apron with copper and silver coins. In the Easter glut of flowers lies a chance for quick returns. Easter is to her as it is to most wage-earners in Paris, a blessed time. One sees long lines of costerwomen's carts laden with flowers drawn up at certain hours of the day in certain streets. All who sell at them have a family likeness. No trace of drink can be detected on their faces, or of sluttishness in their clothes. They are tidy, clean, comfortable, and look purposeful and good. Your drunkard is always chilly. Those coster flower dealers go about in rain, hail, sunshine, without shawl or mantle; a thick, easy-fitting jacket or jersey is the favourite over-garment. They rise at four in the morning to secure good places at the flower auction in the central market. A number of them club to buy lots which they afterwards divide, and then all are off on their different circuits. The rests—all regulated by the police—are short. They must not stop, unless a would-be buyer asks them, near a flower shop. They ply their trade until sundown, and then hasten homeward, not stopping a moment either to draw breath or sell. These women are religious in their way. They observe Easter, and often send in flowers to churches and to hospitals.

Easter is the time in France for ghostly shrift. The Catholic church requires that its members communicate at least once a year. That once is at Easter or Paques—a word derived from the Hebrew Passover. Devout-minded persons obey. Busy people do not, and do not look on themselves as sinners for not conforming to the rule. When they feel at death's door they will ask for the final sacraments of the Church, which will be charitably administered and no reproachful word uttered. Irreligious persons, from a sense of what is socially pleasant, also ask for the last consolations. They do so for the sake of those whom they are about to leave behind, and because it is most convenient for friends to gather round a coffin in a church.

Provincial ladies gather to Paris to confess to priests who do not know them, and to consult spiritual directors of broad and tolerant minds, who do not regard rites as incantations, and who see that symbols are only important in so far as they raise the soul to a perception of eternal truths. The French branch of the Catholic church is not superstitious.

A deeply religious spirit is shown in the churches at the Lenten ceremonies and on Easter Sunday. Holy Thursday is in memory of the iniquitous trial at Golgotha and the bearing of the cross to Calvary, Good Friday of the Crucifix-

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ion, Holy Saturday of the stillness of the tomb in Joseph of Arimathea's garden, and Easter Sunday of the resurrection. The crown after the cross —apotheosis after voluntary self-abasement.

Holy Saturday is the day of shrift. Communion services begin on Sunday at six in the morning. The earliest is the best attended, but all the services draw large congregations. Gladness of heart, of soul, and mind reigns. All the tragical symbolism of Passion Week is out of sight. The music is jubilant; the priests' vestments are of brilliant and many-coloured brocades. The perfume of flowers vies with the incense. Sermons are kept for the afternoon, and will be short. Some of them will insist on the Real Presence in the Communion, some will dwell on the mystical nature of the Last Supper —all will enjoin self-sacrifice and humility in order to possess the virtues of faith, hope and charity.

I have alluded to the sun dancing on walls and ceilings. The sunshine of the mind also operates playfully at Easter. The close of Lent is marked by the blooming out of new fashions. This strikes visitors from Protestant countries as a mixing up of God and Mammon, of religion and worldliness. Love of the world is, we are told, enmity to God. But it seems to me that frivolous worldliness is less noxious in Paris, where trifles are treated in a trifling way, than in London. Your English worldling of either sex takes the shows and falsities of the world too seriously. Non-observance of any conventionality that people of "the right sort" observe is in England a social solecism for which there is no remission. English factory girls and maid-servants have their conventionalities, from which they would on no account depart. They are generally imitative, and due to an ingrained love of the material signs of rank and wealth. There is really far more idealism in France than in England (unless in the English hymnology and poetry)—a reason why in things material they are ahead of the French. The French attach a value to ideas and states of mind which most English people could hardly understand. They are far from attaching the same importance as the English to Slavish observance of fashion. If one follows the fashions at a humble distance, or does not follow them at all, one does not risk social outlawry in Paris. The fashionable world itself admits such non-conformity. The set of a bow or the cut of a dressy "blouse" is a state affair in the eyes of a society lady in London. Not so in Paris. One takes the Easter fashions as one takes the Easter flowers—nice to look at, or if one's taste prompts and fortune permits, to wear. They show wonderful invention, cleverness and ingenuity. Recollect that all the originating talent belongs to workwomen who may be daughters of the coster flower dealers above described. It is they who have the prolific fancy, light touch, daring playfulness of style, and the sense of harmony that makes Art and Fashion—*l'Art et la Mode*—a closely united couple. Those workers in laces and ribbons, shreds and patches, silks, satins, velvets and other stuffs, draw the wealth of the world to Paris, and most of all at Easter. Who so well as a French milliner understands the kind of bonnet that will throw out what is agreeable in a countenance? The Parisienne who excels in working for launchers of fashions (*lanceuses de modes*) is, unknown to herself, a psychologist. She understands physiognomy. When making a bonnet to order, she bears in mind the person who is to wear it. It is meant to be a part of a composition, or, to put it otherwise, of a living picture. What wonder, then, that Paris wields the sceptre of fashion, and that ladies and agents for great shops come from all parts of the world for the Longchamps promenade?

This promenade begins on Good Friday and goes on to the evening of Easter Sunday. One sees between the Madeleine Church and the Cascades on the Bois the newest kind of mourning on the first day. On Saturday garments as fresh and bright as flowers come

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EASTER IN PARIS—THE FLOWER MARKET.

out, and on Sunday afternoon one sees fashion triumphant. Non-fashionable Paris crowds into the Champs Elysées, the Avenue des Bois de Boulogne, and the Avenue des Acacies, to gaze and admire. They look on as they might at a play. The desire to dazzle people as a fashionable belle disturbs but few of the gazers. In the brilliant throng one sees the wives and daughters of the millionaires of Australia, California, Porkopolis, New York, the great provincial towns of England, and of the West End of London. Lords and Commons have come to Paris for their Easter holidays. Most of the ladies who want to shine during the London season are here to order the things they hope to wear. It is the thing to spend Easter Week in the French Fashionopolis.

An article about Easter in Paris would be incomplete if it left out the "Easter Egg." The Easter egg is not an egg laid by a fowl, but a fancy article. Taste and fancy are lavished on Easter eggs. Some of these eggs have taken the inventor nearly a year to hatch, and they are amazingly clever and beautifully elaborated. Sometimes they have no intrinsic value, and only charm because tasteful. Straw hats

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trimmed ready to be worn may be filled with eggs that are really trinket or needle cases, or filled with tiny knick-knacks—toys for grown-up ladies. The most costly may be bought by theatrical stars to serve as "nest eggs," good for fetching other rare and expensive trifles. The device may or may not be seen through. But it is almost sure to be so. None the less it will answer its purpose. Man liveth in a vain show, and woman too, but the vain shows of Paris seldom take in Parisians.

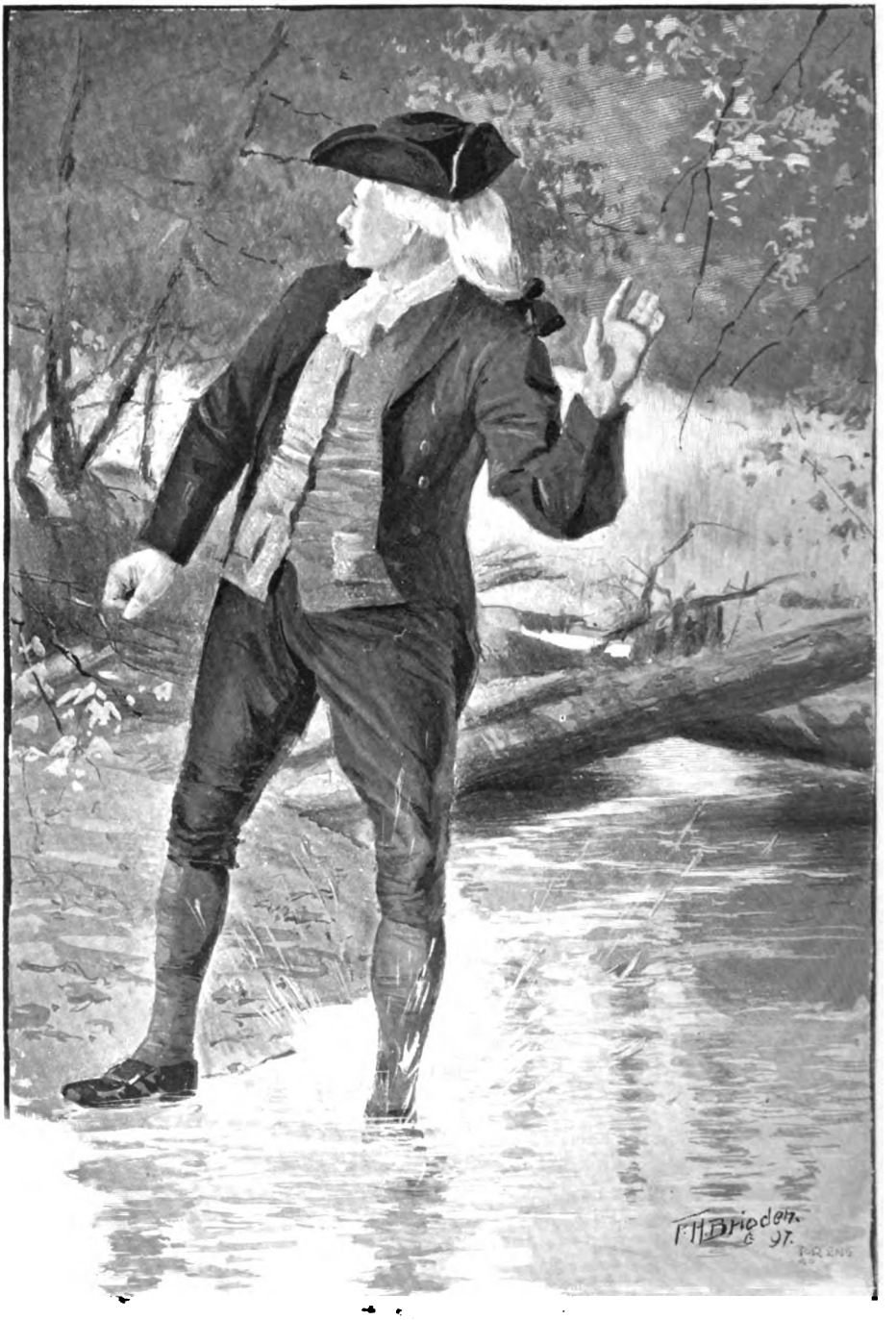
The Easter rites at the Greek Orthodox Church are attended by the diplomatic representatives of the Czar and most of the wealthy and aristocratic Russians resident in Paris, or mere birds of passage. The actual Ambassador is a Catholic, but this does not dispense him from the official duty. The Orthodox Greek Lent is far more severe than the Roman Catholic. No form of animal food is allowed in Holy Week. The long services are fatiguing, as those who attend them have no choice but to kneel or stand the whole time. One has not instrumental music to serve as a background for the Gregorian Chants, the monotony of which grows fatiguing. Much more than in the Catholic Church is the mother of Christ brought in. The Trinity was first sharply defined by a Greek theologian, Athanasius. As things now stand, it is widened to four persons, to include the Θεοτοκος or Mother of God. The Mother's lamentations are on Good Friday intensely pathetic. On Easter she rejoices at the resurrection, and seemingly at the coming ascension and assumption. The Easter services at the Orthodox Greek Church in the Rue Daru is jubilant. I think there is more worldiness in the air than in any Catholic Church I can think of. Poor Russian students do not go there. The Armenians have now the beautiful old church of St. Julien the Pauper. It is a small church that had long lain idle, and is in a slum neighbourhood. Armenian Christainity is neither Catholic, Greek, nor Protestant. The Armenian Church is the oldest of the Christian Churches—save the primitive Church of Jerusalem. In view of the storm that has swept over Armenia and her children, their church in Paris is well named. St. Julien was a patrician who voluntarily renounced wealth and station to devote himself to the poor. St. Martin cut his mantle in twain to half it with a beggar. St. Julien lay in the bed of a houseless and a loathsome leper in the dead of winter to keep him warm. He was counted the most charitable of all the saints in the Hagiology. The Armenian Easter is a joyful festival. But what jubilation can there be when Easter next comes round at the Church of St. Julien the Pauper? The strains of Milton's sonnet on the Waldensian massacres would be more in tune with the feeling of worshippers there than the glad words of the Resurrection Hymn.

LIFE.

This life is only a yearning
For what we may never attain,
Without the clay returning
To the hands of the Potter again,

Bradford K. Daniels

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DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

"Five minutes running brought me to a shallow, woodland brook."

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BY NIAGARA'S BANKS.

An Incident in the War of 1812, Being an Excerpt from the Memoirs of the late John Henry, formerly an Officer of the York County Militia, written for his Granddaughters.

I RAN swiftly through the underbrush, spurred on by the clamour behind me, but as I passed from the level ground and began the ascent of the hill I noticed with a sudden chill at my heart that the thick copses of larch which had shielded me began to yield to a more open forest, while at its summit the great maples kept a stately distance from each other, making an open space which I could hardly hope to pass without being seen.

I heard men shouting to one another in the woods, as they ran, and if there was danger in going forward, it was death to remain. Thus reduced to a desperate choice I dashed up the slope, keeping in the lee of the great trees, and had reached the top in safety when the crack of musketry and the spattering of bullets about me revealed the presence of a body of my foes a short distance to the left. A glance showed me a squad of militiamen and Indians charging in my direction. The presence of the latter boded no good to me, for their fleetness of foot left little chance of escape to one so spent as I. A horrid vision of myself lying prone in my blood under the forest trees with my reeking scalplock at the belt of a savage passed through my mind, and it gave me new speed. When I reached the denser forest at the foot of the hill my pursuers were but at the summit, and in a moment I was lost to them. Five minutes of desperate running brought me to a shallow woodland brook, and I ran down its bed, the current cooling my tired feet. In a great dead elm which stood on its banks, a mile further on, I noticed a narrow rift made long years before by lightning, through which a cavernous interior showed itself. With one bound I was within this shelter, and, luckily, in my passage I struck down some wild vines which so fell as to partially hide the opening. There I lay behind my shield of wood and vine, my heart beating violently and my frame in a tremble. Soon I heard the sound of running footsteps, and three Indians, hideously painted, tomahawks in hand, passed by on the other side. Slower-footed militiamen, puffing and blowing, followed, one of whom passed so near my hiding-place that his musket stirred the vines.

Then there came the trampling of horses' feet, and a voice that I knew only too well, said:

"Surely they will run him down. He had but a short start."

"Trust our Indians to find him," said the other, who, as I afterwards knew, was Colonel Boerstler. "They are pretty sure to dash his brains out within the next hour."

"Well, if they do," his companion repeated, "it will save us a rope to hang him with—the cursed spy."

The other laughed roughly. "It will not avail him much," he said, "if the braves spare him, to fall into your hands."

"No, indeed," said Willcocks, for it was none other than that coward and traitor. "As you know, I do not love my countrymen; but these Henrys are my especial abomination. They gave me much trouble in days past in York County. I would like to hang the whole pestilent lot, and hope to make a beginning to-day."

"Speaking of hanging," said the other with brutal frankness, "they say not even this," laying his hand on the United States uniform which Willcocks wore, "would save you from that fate

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were you to fall into the hands of the British."

Willcocks's reply I did not hear, for they were now moving down the stream, but his lowering face and the vicious way he smote his horse showed the black humour he was in.

When they passed out of sight a grateful silence fell on the forest, but I did not venture forth from my hiding-place until nightfall. Then, taking a drink at the stream, I went cautiously forward through the woods, the hoarse booming of the Great Falls before me giving me my direction toward the British camp to the northward.

All night I kept on steadily, though my progress was slow, for many detours were necessary to evade the American pickets scattered through the wood, and it was nearly dawn when I reached the swift-flowing Chippewa. I judged that this stream marked the enemy's outposts, and when I clambered out on the north shore, shivering from the chill of its water, I felt that my troubles were behind me.

But many long leagues lay between me and the British headquarters, and, having eaten nothing since I left Fort Erie, nearly twenty-four hours before, I was nearly famished. So I walked on with the determination of seeking a breakfast at the first likely farmhouse.

. . . . . .

A break in the forest showed a log dwelling-house with straggling fields behind it. The front door was ajar, and a team of horses stood in the yard ready for the plow-field. These signs of peaceful husbandry in the midst of war gave me a pang of home-sickness. It came upon me that, had the times been happier, I would at that moment be busy in my fields in York instead of being a wanderer in the woods, shivering and starving, with the hunters of my life close behind.

Though there was no certainty that the people of the house were loyal, for not a few border families were disaffected, I walked boldly to the door, and to the man who came out in response to the loud barking of the dogs, I said that I had left the Beaver Dams the previous evening to search for some cows, and, having lost my way, had wandered about all night in the woods. To add to the likelihood of the story, I said further that I was new to the country, having come but recently from the north. I asked for breakfast and said that I could pay for it.

The farmer greeted me civilly enough and invited me into the house. Two young men, evidently sons, were rising from the table, at the foot of which sat a hard-featured woman of fifty.

The man explained the reason of my appearance; and the woman set about preparing me breakfast, while the boys passed out to the yard. Meanwhile my host engaged me in conversation, and the matter of the war coming up, he cursed the Yankees roundly to my great joy. He said he hadn't seen any of them around yet, although he knew a detachment had crossed the Niagara, and he made loud assertions as to what he and his musket would do when they did appear. So fervid were his loyal utterances that more than once I was on the point of revealing myself and asking for a horse; but my native caution restrained me. While thus listening to my host, meanwhile industriously plying knife and fork, the doorway was darkened by a girl. Ah me! even yet after these long, long years, my heart grows young again when I recall my first sight of Ann Lloyd.

A rudely-made gown of homespun grey was an ineffectual disguise to the budding promise of her form; her skirt was bespangled with pearls of dew; and from beneath a wide straw hat there looked a face of haunting beauty, with great grey eyes that glowed. She seemed to typify youth in its glory and its promise; and as she stood in the doorway, superbly poised, I looked at her eagerly, as one might at any abstract presentation of beauty. As her eyes met mine, trouble came into their liquid depths; and she flashed a look of such unmistakable warning that my heart thundered at my ribs. She made some remark about the weather to the man, whom she called uncle, and then

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set about clearing the table. As she passed me a low voice said:

"Danger! Get away from here."

I had sufficient self-control to show no immediate concern; but I soon arose and said I must be going. My host demurred to this and refused to put a price on my meal, so I threw down two shillings and walked to the door.

As I stepped through it the two young men closed with me, while from behind I felt the farmer's strong arms go round me; and, my furious struggles availing me nothing, I was soon lying bound in a corner. My host stood over me, grinning. "We've got you now, you d——d British spy," said the patriot of ten minutes before.

The men held a conference at the door; I could, now and then, hear the word "Willcocks;" and then one of the boys unhitched a horse and set off on a gallop, while the father sat down in the yard where he could watch me and began whittling to pass the time. The girl, with a heightened colour, continued her work. Hearing me groaning at my thews, she stepped to my side, apparently to give me some ease; but she said, her lips scarcely moving:

"Trust me; where are your despatches?"

It came upon me as an inspiration that here was a loyal soul that would be faithful to the death; and when, a moment later, my guard came charging down the room and profanely ordered her to get home out of that, the despatches were in her keeping.

"Better get out of here," he repeated in a less unkindly tone, as she flushed under his oaths. "There is likely to be a hanging bee here shortly, and I guess you wouldn't enjoy it much, seeing as how you and your folks still swear by crazy old King George."

Without a word she turned and left the house.

The morning hours seemed interminable, but high noon came at last, and with it the clinking of arms without. Then there was a heavy step on the floor, and Willcocks stood over me. A wintry smile played about his features.

"Well, my dear John," he said, "we meet again you see."

To this I made no answer.

He stirred me with his foot. "We will find you a tongue presently," he remarked.

He sat regarding me with that hateful smile on his features until Boerstler came in. Then he spoke, and his voice, even in its oiliness, told of the rancour of personal hatred and the lust for vengeance.

"John Henry, you were yesterday discovered within our lines and are liable to the penalty of death. But if you will deliver to me the despatches you bear and give us such information as we may desire touching the forces at Fort Erie, it may not go so hard with you."

Despite my extremity I laughed in his face. The despatches then were safe; the girl was true. And being thus assured, the bitterness of death passed.

I made no reply to Willcock's mingled entreaty and threat; and subsequent enquiries having no better success, a detachment of men was called in and a rigourous search for the despatches begun, in the course of which my clothes were all but torn from off me. They even pried my jaws apart, thinking that the obstinate silence which I maintained might be due to my having the document in my mouth.

Their failure to find the despatches evidently nonplussed them, for they went outside and conferred, returning again and again to the attack with no better success, though they sought to force me to speak by the primitive torture of applying their heavy cavalry boots to my sides until I expected nothing less than the breaking of my ribs.

To their inability to get the information, which was evidently regarded of prime importance, I owed my life. Had they secured it a tomahawk would have been dropped through my brain and they would have ridden off in high spirits; but as it was they would not

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admit failure, and it was not until the lengthening of the shadows told of approaching night that Willcocks owned defeat, and called out angrily: "Since the dog won't speak, let's hang him and get back to camp."

I was instantly seized and hurried out to a huge oak in the door-yard. A trooper threw a rope over a branch; and while it was being tied about my neck I turned one long despairing gaze on earth and sky and forest.

As I looked westward where the sun was dipping under the tree-tops, I seemed to see horses' heads come rushing out of the sunset; and behind were stern set faces ablaze with the light of battle. Was it a phantasm to mock my dying eyes?

The rope tightened; a thousand pangs wrenched my nerves; my breast heaved in its desperate gasp for air; blood burst from my nostrils—but through all my agony I heard the roar of a British cheer.

Consciousness came slowly back and I opened my eyes to see kindly faces above me, while all about were British dragoons. As they picked me up to put me on a horse before a stalwart rider, I saw an American trooper who had jested as he tied the hangman's knot about me, lying in the grass, his glassy eyes staring at the darkening sky and a great crimson blotch on his breast. Such are the tricks that Fate plays on mortals!

Later I learned that shortly after noon on that day, a boy came galloping into the British outpost at Beaver Dams, bearing the despatches and the intelligence of my capture. There was instant saddling; and furious riding brought them to my rescue in just the nick of time. The Americans had been completely surprised and several of them killed; but among those who escaped was Willcocks, whose infamous life had yet one year to run.

I could not get much information about the boy whose hard riding had saved my life. He was "a nice looking young feller," the sergeant said; and he had guided the troops back, but had disappeared before the fighting began.

I knew, of course, that he had been sent by the brave and loyal girl. But I could learn nothing further; and being upon my recovery ordered to Montreal on courier duty was obliged to postpone further enquiry.

. . . . . .

It was not until July of the next year that I rejoined my troops. The York Militia were then encamped with Col. Scott's force at Twelve Mile Creek in the Niagara Peninsula. Fifteen miles to the south, General Riall's corps lay stretched across the country, showing its teeth to the invading enemy.

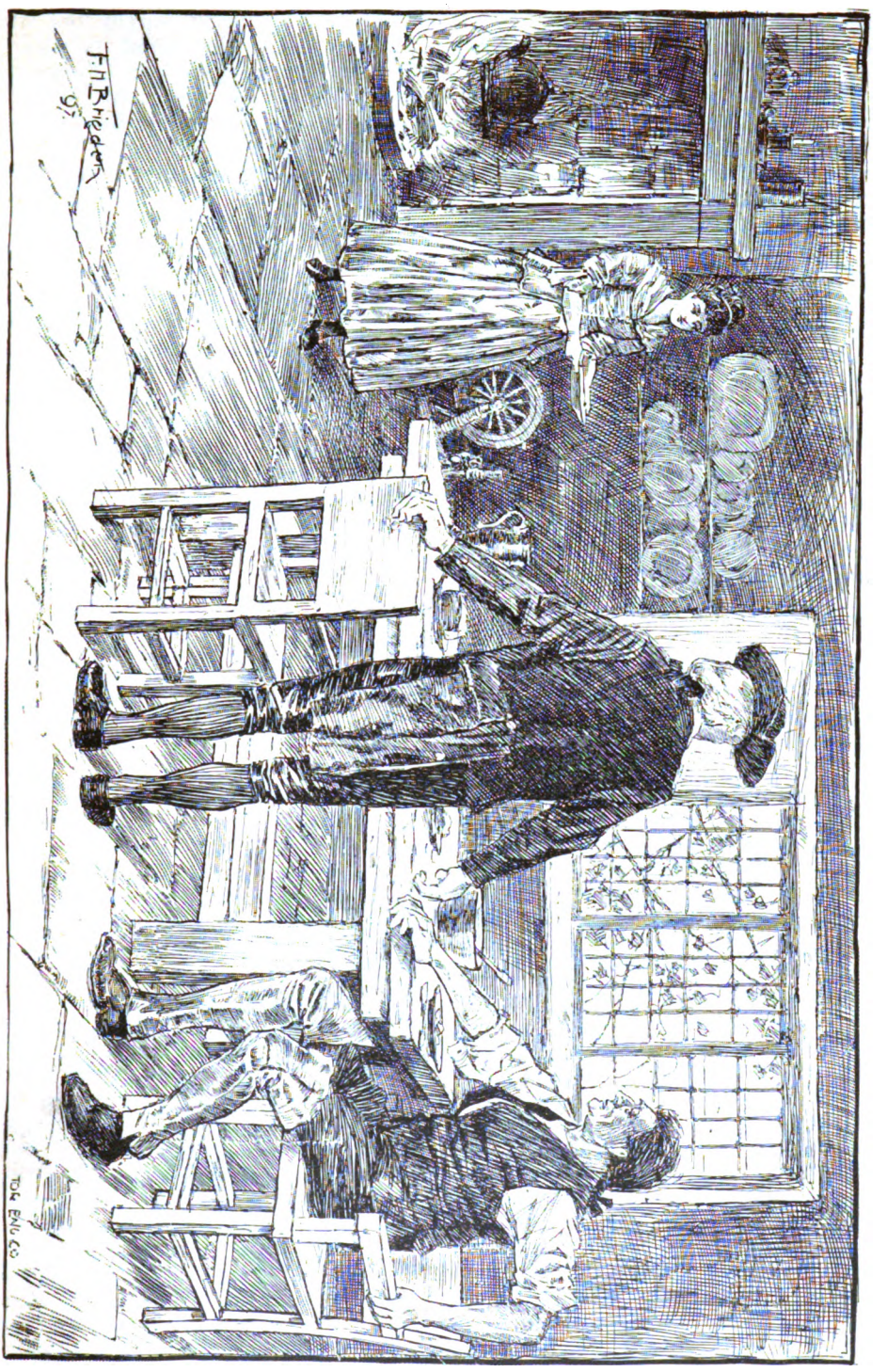
I had been stationed there but a day when we got word late one afternoon to go at once to the front, where an engagement was imminent. Through that blazing afternoon we hurried forward; and a spur to flagging energy came when about six o'clock a great volley of musketry crashed up from the southward, followed by the booming of cannon. To this overture succeeded the steady rumble and thunder of the distant battle. With this music to march to, we rushed along the country roads, burning with that passion for battle which has ever distinguished the British soldier. We knew that our forces in front were hopelessly outnumbered; but hurry as we might the miles would not shorten themselves, and twilight had deepened into night before we reached the battle field of Lundy's Lane.

The hill, which formed the centre of the British formation and the key to the whole field had just been captured by the enemy and we met at its foot blood-stained, powder-begrimed men retreating before the American bayonets.

The word passed along that we must retake the position; and though by this time it was quite dark, we moved swiftly forward up the slope.

Of the mælstrom of carnage which whirled and raged about that hill for the next three hours I do not mean to write; for no words could picture its horror. We fought the Americans, hand to hand, wherever we could find

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DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

"I threw down two shillings."

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them. Around me in the darkness I could hear the trampling and neighing of horses, the curses of contending soldiers, the death shrieks of bayoneted men, the ringing command of gallant General Drummond that we should "stick to them, boys;" the frightful crashing and shredding of bones as the cannon balls tore through our ranks.

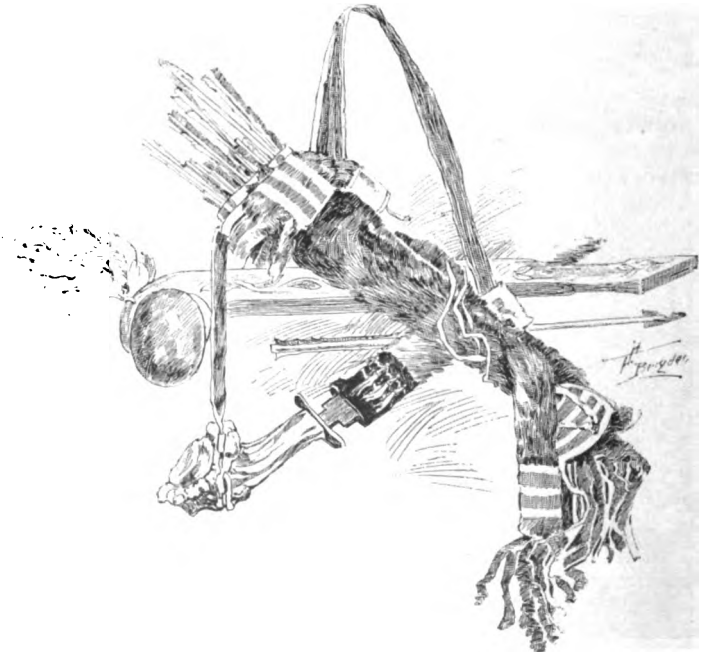
Foot by foot we won the slope; reached the summit; held it against the desperate charges of the American infantry. I was steadying my company to resist a new onset, for I could see the glitter of the bayonets converging on us through the darkness—when the world went roaring by and the night enshrouded me.

When I came to myself I was lying in a barn. The fitful glare of torches revealed the wounded lying all about me; and the deep moans of strong men in agony filled the air. The sorry scene was further lit up by the late rising moon which poured its silvery rays through the open door. Surgeons were busy at their cruel tasks of kindness; and moving here and there among the suffering and the dying on errands of mercy and consolation I saw Ann Lloyd again.

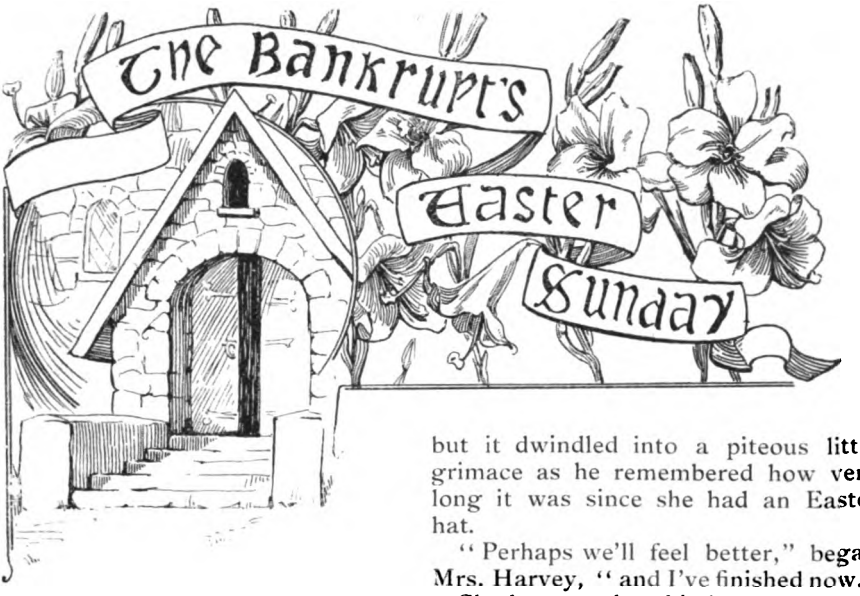
You do not need, my dears, to be told the rest of the story—how Ann Lloyd nursed me through the Valley of Great Shadows, and how before I could be moved, minus an arm, to my home in York, we had agreed to walk together the great way of life.

But it was not until we were man and wife that I learned that to save me from the treachery of her uncle and to do the Flag she loved a service she had, dressed in the clothes of a younger brother, carried the warning herself to the Beaver Dams.

John W. Dafoe.



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"SHALL we go to church, Henry?"

There was no answer. The man addressed was lost in his own thought. His hands were deep down in his pockets, his chin pressed his chest, and, stretched far in front of him, his shabby boots, at the ends of his shabbier trousers, rested heels upon the floor.

His wife looked up from her dish-washing to wonder aloud at his silence, but his hopeless attitude, his pitifully-puzzled eyes, his white, strained face drew a sigh from her instead. She turned away with a glisten in her eyes, and it had nothing to do with happiness.

The clatter of the spoons and forks went on. The woman's patient footsteps sounded along the passage-way to the pantry, up and down the cellar stairs, back and forth across the kitchen floor. The clock struck ten, and the man shifted in his chair. A coal dropped into the stove-pan and he started up.

"Shall we go to church, Henry?" his wife asked again.

"I—I don't know. What do you think? Do you want to wear your Easter hat?"

He spoke lightly and with a smile that had its beginning in cheerfulness, but it dwindled into a piteous little grimace as he remembered how very long it was since she had an Easter hat.

"Perhaps we'll feel better," began Mrs. Harvey, "and I've finished now."

She hung up her kitchen apron and joined her husband as he stood staring down at the stove with his hands clasped behind him.

It was a dreary day for them both. A couple of days ago their little dry-goods shop had not been opened in the morning, and the whole town was aghast and a-gossip at the news that Henry Harvey had failed. For five years they had struggled on bravely, losing money and keeping hope. One year they said to each other it was the hard times, the next, bad debts. Another balance-sheet told yet plainer truths, but they reasoned that if they could only hold out for one more year they might sell and make a little. Again it was proved a losing game, but there was enough to pay the debts. This last year had been the hardest of all. Settling day found them unprepared, though they had struggled to make ready for the fourth of March, that graveyard of many a dry-goods man's best hopes. It was no use trying to tide it over. They were worn out with the care and fret of it, and Henry made an assignment, insisting with sturdy and rare honesty that his household goods be sold to swell his assets. So they were penniless and would be homeless on the morrow.

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"We'll go to the city," Henry had said when first he and Mary had talked it over.

"Not without money," she pleaded. "We'd starve there. Nobody 'd know we were poor, and they wouldn't believe we were honest." Then they had talked of a clerkship that Brown, the other dry goods man, had offered Henry. It was open yet. The answer was to be given Monday.

"To tell you the truth, Mary, I don't feel much like going to church. It's like being exhibited as a curiosity."

His wife looked mournfully into space and was silent.

"I hate being stared at," he said, in an explanatory tone, after a moment.

Mary was still silent. Her battle-ground was silence. Her victorious general was self-repression. Her tongue ran too easily to be allowed to think for her on great occasions, and she had come to understand it. But their misfortune was a bitter disappointment to her. Her oft-repeated assurance that it would surely come right had pressed down into her own mind and rooted there, so that the trouble which had been so surely coming for years was in this wise a shock to her.

"We'll have to go out some time," she said, doggedly—"that is, if we stay here—we might as well go today."

"Yes, if we stay here," her husband answered, with crafty emphasis.

"Oh, you're not thinking of going to Toronto—not till you get something to do, Henry." Her words were only the lettering of her anxious face. Harvey looked down into it, and though he knew that it exhibited good sense and should be respected, he grew unreasonably pettish.

"You'd stay here and have me Brown's body slave, with a crust thrown at me now and then. It's all the same to you. Women can't understand these things, and I'd rather starve on a doorstep than beg here."

The poor fretted wife gulped down a sob and began brokenly: "I feel as bad as you do, Henry, and every time I think of the store it gives me a shiver. I keep feeling something heavy on my mind all the time. When I wake up in the morning I know something's the matter. It's like it was when the baby died, only it aint nearly so bad." There was a burst of tears at the last, and then Mrs. Harvey went on more smoothly. "But we're bound to see folks sometimes, and they're good folks, Henry. They've known me ever since I was born, and you, these eight years. They know we're honest, and that's a good deal."

Henry made no reply. He was bitter as he thought of the whispering and guessing that was going on about them in the little village. He wanted to get away from it all. He was in that state of mind in which a man so frequently is when, thinking to better things, he leaps from the undeniably hot frying-pan into the undoubtedly hotter fire.

"I believe church will take us out of ourselves," said Mrs. Harvey presently, "and I guess that's what we want."

Henry paused irresolute, and the quarter bell rang.

"I'll go and black my boots," he said, with sudden determination. "You'll have to hurry, Mary," but his wife was already on the stair.

Some of the villagers turned to look at the Harveys as they stepped up the aisle to their pew. There was no unkindliness meant. It was only curiosity—a somewhat indelicate one some of us might say—and it deepened the lines on Henry Harvey's face and tightened the muscles of his mouth, while his wife's cheeks flamed behind her veil.

They were a few minutes early. The hush was disturbed only by the aspirated voices and timid footfalls of the gathering congregation. Two or three lilies stood beneath the pulpit, and the whisking about of wraps and coats rolled waves of their heavy perfume here and there. An old man took his seat behind the Harveys. He leaned over the pew-front, and put his cracked, red hand on Harvey's. "Glad to see ye," he quavered, "an' you jest

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bear in mind we're all feelin' fur you, an' bearin' you up. Fine day aint it, but it's cold fur —"

The minister's voice broke in upon his sentence, and the old farmer drew back to fumble the leaves of his clumsy hymn-book.

Dim-eyed, feeble and half-palsied from a life of hard toil, with sunken cheeks, and straggling wisps of white hair, he stood up and mingled his tremulous voice with the others, looking forward to the Easter text with the anticipation of simple goodness. He did not know it, but he had already preached the sermon of the day to the man in front.

Many an eye wandered to the Harvey's pew. Many a woman sighed for sympathy with the wife. Many a man said "poor fellow" in his heart, and some still looked from curiosity. This business failure was a home production of a city novelty. To many, a man who had failed was as much a sight as the elephant at the circus.

Harvey heard little of the sermon. His brain was making swift journeys to and from the various points in his life. He contrasted this Easter with last, and a sense of relief came to him as he felt his hands emptied of the cares which had weighted them so heavily. The past five years had many a sleepless night folded away in them, many a day in which he had dragged himself about with aching eyeballs, parched lips and hot, glazed skin. Last night, from sheer exhaustion, he had slept like a baby.

All rose to sing presently, and Harvey, mechanically, with the rest. He was very tall and round-shouldered. His coat, black once, was green with age, and shiny, and frayed a little; but his face was the face of a man wealthy by his thought. It was pale from intense mental effort, but strong and brave and hopeful. He had come into the church bitter and suspicious, and prepared to be aggressive towards all his fellows. He was burdened with disappointment and his heart was nursing its wounded pride. The simple kindliness of a simple old man had turned the trend of all his thought.

As they walked home Harvey said to his wife: "I feel like a different man; I'll take the clerkship from Brown, and we'll board until we get ahead enough to go housekeeping."

"When will they sell our furniture and things?" asked Mary.

"I don't know exactly," he made reply, and he wondered why his wife sighed.

"You're not sorry we gave them up," he said, half-reproachfully, bending to look at her face.

"No, oh, no," was the dreary answer, for she was as honest as he, but in her woman's heart she had a special shrine where she worshipped in no idolatrous way, her poor little household gods.

Ella S. Atkinson (Madge Merton.)



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With illustrations by Conacher.

LONGMORE pressed the red end of his half-smoked cigarette, and flung it into his waste-paper basket. The several clocks downstairs had just struck two.

He crossed the room and took down his long racing skates from the high shelf on which his many divers sorts of skates stood arow—hockey skates, Halifax "skeletons" for fancy skating, and the wide-runnered pair which he had brought from Holland, and which he used when the ice was soft. He fondled the racers for a half-minute or so, as a smoker fondles a favourite pipe, and for the same reason. Then he ran a critical thumb all along their twenty inches of blade, feeling the edges as one passes one's thumb along the edge of a razor, and put a new pair of laces into the boots to which they were riveted.

He meant to skate a five-mile race that evening at Lindsay, with a Norwegian skater who was accounted a fast man in his own country, and whom Crawford, the celebrated hockey-player, and the holder of many skating records, had beaten by only a yard at Montreal two days before.

The race was to be skated in the big Aberdeen open-air rink, which had a six-lap track. Longmore preferred short laps and many to the mile, being very quick at the ends. But he had heard that the European was not expert at swinging around the ends, and so he had chosen the Aberdeen because of its size; for he was a thoroughbred sportsman.

Longmore was living then at Whitesideville, which is a small country place ten miles west of Lindsay, on the Midland spur of the Grand Trunk. At three of the clock the slow-running afternoon "mixed," from Toronto, reached the big Midland town, not as late by half-an-hour as it was wont to be; and out of its battered and dirty smoking-car a tall, slight young man, who moved with a singularly easy swing of his whole lithe body, stepped into the arms of a score of his friends. This was Longmore, and his friends greeted him with loud and continuous shouts. Their eyes glowed hotly with admiration of him, the genuine sort of adulation which famous football, hockey, lacrosse and cricket players, cyclists and skaters receive in Canada. The younger men of Lindsay and of Whitesideville adored Longmore, who was their champion all-round athlete; they had set a mental image of him upon a very high mental pedestal.

Several fellows seized the bag which contained his skates and knickerbockers and sweater, jerking it from him, and all formed what looked like a Rugby scrimmage about him and hustled him across the platform to a cab, from which they unhitched the horse. Then with much more shouting and occasional bursts of cheering and the inevitable "For he's a jolly good fellow," they hauled their idol up town to the Hotel Benson.

The lanky and cheerful-looking Norwegian skater, burning a cigarette at the hotel office windows, grinned when he heard and saw the yelling crowd dragging the cab up to the pavement-edge. The varied manifestations of intense enthusiasm recalled to him exactly similar scenes at home. Five minutes later he and Longmore were shak-

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ing hands, exchanging commonplaces, and drinking whiskey and water for form's sake—a tablespoonful of whiskey to a glass of water.

At seven of the clock—the race was to be skated at seven-thirty—a couple of thousand people crowded the Aberdeen rink. The unceasing hum of their loud-voiced talk was like the sound of a strong wind blowing through a forest of naked trees. And when Longmore, wearing the Toronto Athletic Club's colours, which he had carried to the front in many bicycle, skating and foot races, appeared on the ice they cheered madly, and shouted loud greetings.

Longmore swung swiftly several times around and around, as if to take a possible stiffness out of his legs. A minute or two afterward the Norwegian stepped upon the ice, was heartily cheered, and "did" three or four laps much more rapidly, but more laboriously, than the Whitesideville man had.

The race was started immediately. At the crack of the pistol the foreigner jumped ahead, making a red-hot pace, and was regarded as a certain winner by the greatly chagrined onlookers, who supposed that Longmore was doing his best and could not narrow the space between his opponent and himself. They told themselves that their favourite had at last met his match and consoled each other by comparing his long-measured swinging with the jerky and tremendously laborious skating of the European.

Round and round they dashed, their long skate-blades catching the white glare of the many electric lights, and flashing like heliographs; Longmore, easily and gracefully, with hands locked behind him; his antagonist with great apparent exertion, with arms held downward, so that a handkerchief which he held in his right hand trailed upon the ice.

At the end of the 26th lap, Longmore, a grin breaking out upon his face, increased his speed with hardly an added effort, and swept by the European skater as if the latter had been standing still, which caused so clamourous a cheer to ring out that the frosty air seemed to quiver with the resonance of it. His pace was so terrific and his tremendous swings so easy and graceful that he seemed to be flying through the air rather than skating, and he finished two laps ahead of the Norwegian, who was as much astonished at the sudden sprint as the spectators.

He brought himself to a stop about twenty-five yards from the finish line, ploughing up the ice with his great skates so deeply that a shower of tiny fragments flew high into the air. Then, shouldering a path through the yelling enthusiasts who instantly swarmed about him, he dived into his dressing-room and locked the door. He wished to escape from his friends, who would fain have borne him to his hotel upon



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their shoulders, and given him champagne to drink, and forced him to make a speech and made speeches themselves, all about the athletic prowess of Canadians. He did not particularly object to this sort of thing; on another occasion he would hardly have looked upon it as an ordeal; but on that night he would have none of it. For he desired to fulfil, without unnecessary delay, a mental resolution he had made during the afternoon. If he won the race, he had promised himself he would propose to Her immediately afterward.

He hastily removed his racing clothes and skates. His heart drummed furiously,—not from over-exertion, he had not exerted himself greatly in the race, and he was trained "fine,"—but from sheer nervousness. He was very much in love with her, and she had shown no signs of being in love with him, and he could not imagine himself continuing quietly to exist without her companionship, and he knew that if she rejected him, it would be quite impossible for them to be chums afterward. But they had been "going together" as it is called in rural districts, for a year, and she must, he argued, have at least a strong liking for him.

His most intimate friends were outside, pounding on the door and yelling. His desire for privacy struck them as singular, and they were remarking this to each other in loud tones. Would he abandon his intention, break his promise to himself, unlock the door and allow them to do with him what they greatly desired to do? No, he would not. He had finished dressing, and picking up his bag he passed out by the street door.

He went straight to the house at which she was staying. It is a good mile, but he did it in ten minutes, walking at a racing pace. His mind was quite made up now; he would force himself to do it. But at the house door he received an answer to his short question, "Is Miss Muriel in?" which made him grow quickly cold with disappointment.

"Has she gone home? Was she at the rink?" he asked hurriedly.

"She returned from the rink only ten minutes since. Captain Brown drove her and May. She left again at once, taking her skates, saying she meant to skate to Whitesideville."

He instantly decided to follow her.

"Good night," he said, passing down the steps.

"Good night, and let me congratulate you on having won. Muriel seemed greatly pleased."

"Oh!" he returned, in a tone of deprecation that was impolite, and made for the river.

He chanced to have the key of a boathouse with him, and left his bag therein, having exchanged the boots he was wearing for those to which the racing skates were attached. Then he went off up the river flying like a train. He knew that she would give him a hard chase, for the ice was particularly good, and she was a fast skater, and had had a long start.

It was one of those splendid nights of which there are so many in our four-months-long Canadian winter. There was not a breath of wind, it was cold and strangely clear, and the moon laid a wash of soft luminance over the snow-blanketed country.

At the junction of the Scugog with the smaller stream which, fifteen miles above, passes through Whitesideville, he came in sight of her flying figure a half-mile or so ahead, and quickened his speed. And when he came sweeping up behind her she was much astonished.

"Why!" she cried, "I had no notion that you meant to skate home to-night."

"That is not extraordinary. How could you have had? You are not a medium."

"Indeed, I am not." She gave a merry laugh.

He took her arm and they moved forward again.

"I never saw the ice so good here," he declared.

"You beat the Viking easily, did you not?" she asked.

"Yes, rather."

They were silent for some minutes; only the low ringing of their skates and

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the rustling of her skirts broke in upon the utterly dead quiet of the winter night. Her eyes were upon him, and if he had seen the light which burned in them he would not have hesitated. For she had loved him for more than a year, and knew that he loved her—she had been certain of it for months. And she had begun to think him a little timid, though his pluck had been proven on many a playing field and race-track. For she had waited a tiresome while for him to speak, and was growing impatient. And every day her love grew greater, and hurt her more. But she had given him no hint or sign; she had only allowed him to see her oftener.

The sight of the ribbon-like stretch of moonlit ice, fenced by naked swamp-willows and the lance-like brown reeds, and dotted with mud-and-stick muskrat houses recalled, as it often had, the night of the last year's winter when, while skating with him, she had discovered that she loved him. On that night Love had entered her heart as a ghost might enter one's room. (But love is never an unwelcome visitor).

A recollection of the same sensations was brought often to his mind by the familiar landscape, and the moon glowing like a great lamp, and the dry, frosty air. For by a singular trick of Fate both had been made suddenly aware of their love at the same time. He had watched her closely since for some sign that his love was reciprocated, but had noted none. For, being a woman and perverse by instinct, she had not given the faintest indication of the passion that was torturing her. And he had always feared the consequences of a premature proposal, and had set himself, with the enduring patience of a strong man, to wait.

And even now, despite his resolve, a dread that the fitting time had not yet come, filled him, and though he hated to break a promise made to himself quite as much as if it had been given to a friend, his mind began to vacillate, and, after holding fierce mental debate with himself for several miles he again put off proposing, telling himself over and over again that the feeling that had prevented him was not one of timidity, but of caution. And when the sleeping village was reached they said cold "Good-nights" who should have parted with a kiss.



II.

It was a charming night, and a delightful garden, and the month was June, and there was an enchanting smell of roses swimming in the Japanese-lantern-lit dark. And underneath a magnificent maple, from the lower branches of which green and yellow and red paper lanterns hung and effused soft light, stood Longmore and the girl whom you know, and her head was upon his shoulder, and in her eyes were tears—the hot tears of inconceivable happiness.

After a time she sat down upon the rustic garden seat beneath the tree and lifted a greatly flushed face to the steel-blue sky, which was like a vast velvet pin-cushion with stars that were not unlike protruding heads of pins. She wiped her wetted cheeks with a

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handkerchief and made a pretty pretence of annoyance.

"You horrid boy," she said reproachfully, "you must have kissed me a thousand times. My face smarts." And then she gave a little hysterical laugh.

"Sweet," he said gravely and softly, "how timid and spiritless you must think me. If I had known or guessed I should have spoken months ago. Forgive me, dear heart."

She leaned her splendid shoulders and head against the great rough-barked trunk behind her.

"I cannot forgive you for that," she said, seriously. "Oh, if you could imagine what I suffered!" She gave a little gasp, like one who has narrowly escaped a terrible danger.

He bent over her.

"Some time you'll forgive me, will you not?"

"Perhaps."

He bent lower, and she put up her lips, like a child, to be kissed-again.

Marry Marstyn.



ALLONS!

Allons! Allons! look up—work on!
Hope is the star that lights the weary way!
Entangled with the thorns that pierce our feet
Are Autumn flowers that failed us in life's May.

Allons! Allons! take heart! grope on!
Fix on the heights thine eye; and through the night,
And o'er the tempest's loud alarm, will come
The Dawn, dispensing shadows with the light,

Allons! Allons! I grieve not that we met—
Nor do I weep that you did fail me, Friend!
Within my heart there's gladness with regret,
(I do not count this pilgrimage the end).

Allons! Allons! face every woe! fight on!
The bravest hath the scars! Ere victory's won
Some in the dust must lie! But I, with lip tight drawn,
Still cry "*Allons! Allons!*" until life's day is done.

Mary Markwell.

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"Le Treizième"



Illustrated by C. H. Kahrs.

"CLA-UDE!" sang a voice from an adjoining room.

"Yes, dear."

"Mabel is coming on Wednesday—a week from yesterday; I have just received a message."

"That's cheerful news," replied the husband of the voice, with enthusiasm, and John Louis Claude Morin, diplomat, resumed his arduous occupation of blowing smoke rings into space, exerting himself at the same time to train his thoughts down to the zero point, or what he called a "brain-rest."

He had just about achieved this difficult feat, and was enjoying the fruits of his labour, when a shriek brought him again to intelligence.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed with a humourous groan, "something horrible has happened." Fine wavering rings floated toward the ceiling, and their progenitor lay back in his chair to await with fortitude the coming trouble.

His wife rushed into the room.

Morin sprang to his feet and, holding his hands out before his face, exclaimed, tragically, "Darling, don't tell me.. I know. O, heavens! Is there no end to these calamities? They pile upon us; they crush our lives; they ——"

"Claude!" reproachfully.

"They glory in our wrongs; they multiply, until Xerxes' army, Biscay's sands, or heaven's countless stars are altogether less than they. Dearest," with mock resignation, "it is Fido. I *know* it is Fido. Yesterday, it was your—our—darling cat; to-day, our sweetest, dearest Fido lies in death's cold arms. Saddest of ——"

"*Claude!*" stamping her foot in rage. "What do you mean by such nonsense? Have you blown all your senses out in smoke? If you can be serious for a minute, look at this—Friday—thirteenth. Did you ever hear of anything so awful? I wish Mabel were here now!"

Morin took the letter from her hand and read it slowly and reflectively. He turned it sideways, and held it up to the light. He examined the address; then looking at his wife, said, with well-feigned awe: "Serious—Very. This is even worse than I expected," dropping into a chair, "much worse. That Koh-i-nur of men, the Count, can't come. We can never, *never* afford extra table decoration to make up for his absence."

"Claude, why *can't* you be sensible? I think he is a charming man."

"Delightful! Irreproachable! Entrancing! *le grande roué*, and all that."

"Why, Claude?"

"Well, doesn't he think himself so, with his tales of women that are languishing for a smile from his withered

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lips? Ha! Ha! Ha! You should see the way—that is, you should hear Rocheforte tell of the way Louise Noir at the Grande mimics him. It was very funny, and the best of it was —"

"Louis Rocheforte? You don't mean to say that Louis Rocheforte — — How does he know?"

"Oh! Ah! I don't know—oh, yes, Raneau told him; Raneau has to be around the wings a good deal, you know, seeing that the ideas are carried out, and all that. Wonderful fellow, Raneau—going to bring on something new, she says—that is, the manager says. Managers are always called "she" over here, you know."

"No, I didn't know, and I don't care either."

Morin was devoutly glad she neither knew nor cared, and as a thank-offering he slyly closed one eye in the direction of the portrait of a delightfully wicked ancestor, who would have appreciated it mightily could he have been temporarily animated.

Mme. Morin suddenly remembered her woe: "But this letter, Claude! Can't you understand? Oh, the stupidity of man! Don't you see that the Count's refusal leaves us with *thirteen* at dinner, and Friday, too. For Heaven's sake suggest something."

"Why don't you ask someone else?"

"Ask someone else?" reiterated Mme. Morin. "Didn't we cudgel our brains for a week to get together fourteen people who would not stain the floor with blood? Oh, these politics! Where is your boasted diplomacy? Oh, you men! When will women's brains be recognized?"

"When, I wonder," said Morin, with a grin. "When we all get eyeglasses, I suppose; that magnify," he added.

Mme. Morin drew herself up, cast an annihilating look at her husband, and swept majestically out of the room.

A door slammed, and Morin knew he had a peace to make.

"Bessie!" No response.

"Bessie, dear!" Still no answer.

"Bess—Bess—darling," coaxingly, "forgive me."

"No, I wont," doubtfully.

Morin exchanged another meaning look with the representation of his defunct ancestor.

"I have an idea, Bess, that will get us out of the difficulty. May I come in?" tenderly.

"What is it?" with some show of interest in her voice.

"I must whisper it, dear."

"Well, I suppose so."

"You're the sweetest little woman in the world, Bess. There; am I forgiven now?" Although there was no verbal response, Morin was satisfied.

"Now, what is it, dear?"

"What would you say to a *Treizième?*"

Mme. Morin stepped back a pace or two, and looked at her husband admiringly. "Claude, you're a genius. What made you think of it? The very thing. But, do you know of one?"

"Know of one? Lots; heaps," he said, with more confidence than conscience.

"Then, run away, dear, and see about him, *at once.* No time must be lost. He must be good-looking, Claude," as Morin was going out of the door, "and fair, and clever. And Claude," she called after him, I would like him to be literary, dear. You know Mme. Riviere dotes on men with minds, and we can give him to her. Don't be long."

Mme. Morin closed the door, and thought reflectively, "We might as well have a good one, when there are so many to choose from. Although Claude is so big and stupid, he occasionally has an idea." Then sinking into a chair, she said softly, "Wouldn't it be funny if I hadn't Claude to order around?"

Morin started off briskly. The fact of the matter was that his acquaintance with men who rented themselves out at so much per night, to act in the capacity of thirteenth guest, and so take all responsibility of the ill-luck attending that fatal number, was limited to the very insignificant quantity—if it may be called such—of none at all.

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He had been talking very glibly to his Canadian wife a few evenings before about this custom, and had been very circumstantial—as is often the way when a man's knowledge is more theoretical than practical. Now that he had thrown this idea into the breach, something, he felt, must be done. He had gone some distance down the street when an idea seemed to strike him. He hesitated, walked along slowly, and then, as if seized with a sudden determination, retraced his steps and made a detour which brought him up at his own stables.

"James."

"Yes, sir."

"Come here. I want you."

"Who is that young fellow that you tell me sometimes comes in as he is passing, and looks at the horses? An Englishman, I think you said."

"Yes, sir, an Englishman, a literary chap."

"Do you think he wants a job—at my dinner party to-morrow evening?"

James shrugged his shoulders. "I guess he's not over-rushed with work; but he's a gentleman, sir, every inch of him."

"Well, that's what I want."

"Oh."

"What does he look like, James?"

"Oh, he's tall and fair, and—he looks just like an Englishman, sir."

"Do you think he would be a "treizième?"

"I don't know, sir," said James, doubtfully. "They're very queer, those Englishmen. Would you like me to ask him, sir?"

"Oh, I don't know—I guess not; perhaps I can hunt up someone else."

"Here he is, coming along now, sir."

"Well, I tell you, James, I'll get behind this stall and you can sound him. Gently, now. Twenty-five francs, or you may even go fifty." And Morin withdrew to his hiding-place, feeling rather criminal, but very well pleased that madame did not see him in this, what she might consider, disgraceful act of policy.

"Bon jour, monsieur."

"Bon jour, James. How is old Satan, to-day?"

"Oh, getting along all right. Come in and see him. Sorry I can't offer you a seat, sir. Smoke? Yes, yes, no danger."

"Well," thought Morin, "he smokes; that's a good sign. I rather commence to like him."

"Monsieur is having a dinner-party to-morrow night," said James, working up to his point by easy stages.

"Yes!" assented his visitor. "I suppose you don't object to that. Ex-



ENGAGING A TREIZIÈME.

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tra work, of course, but then you have lots of tuck after. Heavens! It would have been a shame to kill that beast."

"Yes, he's a beauty. You don't know, I suppose, where he could get a 'treizieme'?"

"A 'treizieme'? No. What the deuce is that?"

"Why, a thirteenth."

"Yes, I know that; but a thirteenth what? Horse, cow, or what?"

"Man, of course, for his dinner."

"Shades of Josephus! Does he eat men?"

"No, no," exclaimed James, gesticulating wildly. "A thirteenth man to eat his dinner."

"Heavens! Does it take thirteen men to eat his dinner?"

"Ah! Mon Dieu! It takes fourteen. He wants you to be the thirteenth. Twenty-five francs—fifty francs—dinner—one of—"

By this time Morin was bursting with laughter; and seeing that it would be impossible for James to extricate himself, he came out and frankly confessed the whole affair. The Englishman's face flushed slightly, although Morin had put the matter as one gentleman would to another.

"Fifty francs," he said at last, "is a consideration; and scribbling, I can tell you, doesn't pay. To-morrow night, you say. Well, I'll do it. No thank you," as Morin hinted at fitting him out, "I have my evening clothes with me. They're not gone yet, strange to say. I am to appear in my character, I suppose?"

"Not at all, monsieur. In everything else you are my guest. And—I hope I may say—my friend."

"Thank you," said the Englishman, simply.

"May I ask your name?" enquired Morin.

"Ah, yes. My name is Den—, that is, Percy—Reginald Percy."

"And mine, as I suppose you know, is Morin. I hope we will be friends, Monsieur Percy," said Morin extending his hand; "bon jour, monsieur."

"Bon jour."

The Englishman continued on his way, wondering at himself, and thinking that the harbour is dangerous indeed that a man will not enter when tossed by the heartless sea of poverty.

It was a week later. Mme. Morin and Mabel Hamilton were sitting in the former's cozy boudoir.

"It's delightful to have you back again, dear; it just seems as if you had never been away."

"Oh, I've been to loads of places since I was here. I think I must be getting old, Bess. I'm tired of seeing places, and things—and everything," and Miss Mabel Hamilton, aged twenty, closed her eyes and drew her brows together, as if she would either shut out the recollection of what she had seen, or conjure up something that she would like to see.

"Oh! what will she be at fifty!" said Mme. Morin, merrily. "I suppose, dear," she continued, half teasingly and half tenderly, "that it is Reggie Denbeigh?"

"Oh, I don't know what it is," responded the girl petulantly, but in a tone which suggested that perhaps it was, and possibly they might talk a little about it to find out. "He is in Paris now, I think."

"Here? In Paris? Really."

Mabel nodded.

"What is he doing here?"

"Literature."

"Poor fellow! I pity him. Still, they occasionally have luck."

"Luck," repeated the weary girl, energetically. "Indeed, if Reggie is not appreciated it is not his fault. I wish you could see some of his stories. He is as clever—as clever as—" and failing to find a parallel for Reggie's brains, she finished, "as anything."

"What does he look like? When is he coming to see you?"

"That's just it. I don't know his address; and he doesn't know I am here. Oh, it's all my fault. I was a fool," sobbed the girl. "And just when he had quarrelled with his father, and needed a little sympathy, too."

"What was the matter?" asked Mme. Morin.

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"I suppose, dear, that it is Reggie Denbeigh."

"His father, Lord Burkley, wanted him to go into the Church and Reggie wanted to be a journalist. He's a brute—his father, I mean. And so Reggie came over here to study Royalist times and that sort of thing, and support himself in the meantime by writing. Starves on it, I suppose. But he would die before he would give in."

"Poor fellow!" said Mme. Morin, sympathetically. "There are such thousands of them here in Paris. I wonder how many of them become famous, and how many kill themselves in despair."

"Oh, Bess! How horrible. Don't suggest such a thing.

"Forgive me, Mabel; I didn't mean that. It was thoughtless of me," said Mme. Morin, in tears.

"I know you didn't, dearest; I know you didn't."

"But," continued her friend, brightening, "perhaps he will suddenly awaken to find himself famous—like Mr. Percy. I wonder if you know Mr. Percy. He's an Englishman. Oh! so fair and handsome and clever. I wish you could see him—but then you can, for he is coming here to-day."

"Percy? An Englishman? There are Percys in Suffolk, and," meditatively, "Wessex. What part does he come from?"

"I don't know; I didn't like to ask him."

"Well, I guess he doesn't belong to the Percys I know, for they are all dark, but handsome; and I never heard of a clever one, except with horses. What about him? How did he become famous?"

"It was all so funny. Claude met him somewhere; I forget where he said; at the club, I think, and——."

"Heavens!" sighed Miss Hamilton, "I don't suppose Reggie can afford clubs and things."

"And he dined with us. I'll tell you after you have seen him how that came about; and Claude introduced him to the editor-in-chief of *Le Jour*, who also dined with us, and he was so taken with Mr. Percy that—well, the next day he was famous, and swears by Claude, and Claude by him."

"How interesting! I wish you would ask Reggie here. But, Heavens! where can I find him? I might advertise."

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"And he is so clever——"

"Just like Reggie."

"And handsome——"

"Yes, yes," nodding her head emphatically, "the very same."

"And talks so well about, about these things you can't see," and Mme. Morin waved her hands around airily, in illustration.

"Yes," called a voice from the doorway, and Morin stood there.

"It must be jokes, Miss Mabel; I find English jokes very hard to see; my stupidity, of course. However, Bess, Monsieur Percy is downstairs; shall I bring him up?"

"Yes, of course."

"Come up, Monsieur," called Morin, and in a few moments the two men entered the room. For about three seconds, two at least of the four might have been statues.

"Reggie!"

"Mab!"

Had Madame Morin at that moment suddenly departed this life she would have carried an expectant smile into the realms beyond the blue, for it remained on her face some seconds after surprise had filled her eyes.

"Heavens!" ejaculated Mme. Morin, as the truth slowly dawned upon her that the Honourable Reginald Percy Denbeigh was, "*Le Treizième.*"

Richard Gornalle.

A PRAYER.

I WOULD be sinless, Lord; nor know the tears
That memory pays as tribute to past deeds,
As irremediable as the years
On which the heart, insatiable, feeds;
Tears of remorse, that fall too late, like rain
When drought and heat have seared the golden grain.

But I would walk, dear Lord, in Thy sweet way
Of constant honour and unstained worth;
Growing in strength forever day by day
To that nobility ere sin had birth,
Fearing all, steadfast, forward still from thence,
Yet backward to my childhood's innocence.

Make sweet, dear Lord, my thought and deed and word;
For thought has grown so dark, 'tis misnamed thought;
And I have shaped swift speech a sudden sword
To wound dear hearts that, loving, answered not;
And deeds have grown so ill, that thought and speech
Have blushed that deeds could such transgression teach.

And I have striven in the night, and wept
O'er some false freedom that the day hath seen;
Weeping away the tears I might have kept
For very gladness had I sinless been.
Make my day night, dear Christ, and night still night
Till this night's day hath set wronged day aright!

Charles Gordon Rogers.

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A MOUNTAIN PICNIC IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

With Botanical Notes.

"TO myself," says Ruskin, "mountains are the beginning and end of all natural scenery; in them, and in the forms of inferior landscape that lead to them, my affections are wholly bound up; and though I can look with happy admiration at the lowland flowers and woods, and open skies, the happiness is tranquil and cold, like that of examining detached flowers in a conservatory, or reading a pleasant book; and if the scenery be resolutely level, insisting upon the declaration of its own flatness in all the detail of it, as in Holland, or Lincolnshire, or Central Lombardy, it appears to me like a prison, and I cannot long endure it."

Some may accuse the great art critic of excessive love or of too fond a prejudice, but all will feel in a certain degree the truth of what he says. Upon the souls of a few there may fall a dread of the mountain gloom, but all well know the uplifting influence of the mountain glory.

But here in our western heritage on the Pacific slope we are more highly favoured than mountain lovers in "the Old Country." Ruskin and Tyndal, and enthusiasts like them, had to nourish their passion by running off to the Alps at uncertain intervals. We have around us continually the cloud-piercing, "heaven-kissing" heights, veiled from us for a while now and then, it is true, but only to break forth from the mist in ever fresh and more marvellous beauty.

Added, however, to the delight of gazing upon the peaks and chains which wall us from the bleak Northwest, we have the opportunity, when we choose to avail ourselves of it, of making their acquaintance at closer range.

That we make use of the opportunity so seldom is certainly more the fault of our weak and indolent flesh than of the attractive and inviting peaks but a few miles away from the most lowland parts of British Columbia.

Feeling this, a few months ago a party of the Art and Scientific Association of New Westminster determined to take a change from excavating kitchen-middens and burial mounds to the exploration of the mounds whose tops mock the pride of man. It was in the days when the vegetation below was sun-dried and dust-stained, and the smoke of many burnings filled the lower air, so that there was every inducement to forbear dragging forth to the light of day the long-buried relics of primitive man, and to set out to see the abiding glories of nature.

The mountatn fixed upon was Cheam, one of the most interesting peaks of the Cascade or Coast Range, about sixty miles from New Westminster, and about 8,500 feet high. It is really a misnomer to speak of Mt. Cheam as a peak, for, as we found later on, there are no less than eight peaks connected with one another by a narrow and winding ridge. The name Cheam, we were told, was given by the Indians on account of the little creeping raspberry,

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rubus pedatus, which is so common near the summit.

Our party consisted of ten persons, six men and four ladies, the latter of whom proved by no means the weaker half of the expedition.

At 6 o'clock on Monday morning, July 29th, we started, well provided with tents and blankets, on the up-river journey in the steamer *Gladys*. The farm lands on either bank of the Fraser were not seen at their best on account of the prevailing smoke, but there was sufficient evidence everywhere that the country was recovering from the recent disastrous floods, and it was also interesting to see the harvests of the river being gathered in by the numerous boats engaged in salmon-fishing. Every few miles the boat would stop to discharge or receive cargo at some river port, such as Langley, Mission and Chilliwack. Beyond this latter point the steamer seldom goes, but fortunately for us there was some lumber to be landed nine miles farther, at Popcum, and this was just the place to which we were bound.

This last nine miles was not unexciting, as there was a tremendous current running down, and the wreckage of a fine steamboat seen just above the water at one point emphasized the danger of the position. Along the bank the C. P. R. line ran close to the water, and in some of the tunnellings and cuttings we were enabled to estimate the enormous difficulty the railway contractors must have encountered.

At length, just as the shades of evening were beginning to descend, we reached our destination, and were landed with our *impedimenta* near a sawmill. We now felt what it was to be cast on our own resources, and with the mountain looming over against us dark with forest, and white near the summit with snow, we knew we had now to do or die. But there was work close at hand in putting up tents, collecting brush, and making fires, and the mosquitoes gave us so warm a welcome that we had no time to anticipate our trouble of the morrow. Fortunately, however, for the ladies, the owner of the saw-mill and his kind wife offered to receive the better half of our expedition into their house, and they passed the night in comfortable beds, while the sterner sex fought for rest against the onslaught of a sleepless foe.

Either for this reason, or on account of the bracing air of the place, we were up early next morning, lighting the fire and cooking breakfast with hungry zeal, and before very long were ready to start. Attired in what we considered our most suitable and picturesque attire, and grasping long poles of which we had yet to learn the full use, we were glad to pose before the photographer of our party for a picture. Added to our number were now four Indian guides and porters to relieve us of our heaviest packs. Short, squat, unemotional creatures they looked; but before long we had learned to respect them for qualities which, under the circumstances, were truly enviable. To see them, laden as they were, climbing the steepest places, and though moving to all appearance at the utmost leisure easily outstripping us on the upward path, was to learn a lesson in humility, and to witness an agility truly admirable.

The journey at first was along a road used for bringing logs from the mountain to the sawmill, and the grade was easy enough to permit us to admire the delicate yellow touch-me-not, *Impatiens fulva*, which grew abundantly along the trail. The propriety of its name became apparent to those who gathered it but did not immediately proceed to press it. Besides this, the scarlet thimbleberry, *Rubus Nutkanus*, was common, and there was a perfect thicket of the feathery maiden-hair fern and the sweetly-scented *Achlys triphylla*. Presently the trail grew narrower and steeper, and after an hour's steady climb we were glad of a halt by the side of a stream of ice-cold water bounding down the rocky slope. "Jimmy," the guide, who won the favour of the ladies from the first, was on hand with the cups, and a draught was much enjoyed. Besides the plants al-

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ready mentioned we procured at this point specimens of the strange, fungus-looking heath, *Monotropa uniflora*, commonly known as the Indian pipe, or Indian ghost-plant. Its perfectly white, almost transparent stem and blossom, and its peculiar shape, render either name an appropriate one. Several examples were also found of a kindred plant, red in colour, *Hypopitys fimbriata*. Of orchids there were the beautiful *Habenaria leucostachys*, and the less common *Habenaria orbiculata*, with its glossy leaves and delicate petals. Among lilies the snow-white *Clintonia uniflora* was the most noticeable species then in blossom.

Lunch was in order at the next stoping-place, and was partaken of with all the keener relish as we were informed there was no more water to be met with till we got to our camping place for the night.

The vigour, renewed by our rest and lunch, was sorely needed for the next part of the ascent, which included the hardest bits we were destined to encounter. Not only was it steeper, but there were slopes of loose stones which had an ugly habit of slipping away from our hands and feet and descending upon the rearmost members of the party. There were few trees and shrubs to cling to, and among such as were present the prickly devil's club, *Fatsia horrida*, was unpleasantly conspicuous. Moreover, it was not only prickly, but most treacherously brittle.

However, these places were not the whole of the climb, and after a time we gained the "hog's back" of the ridge and moved among noble trees, between which we could see the steep descent which guided our eyes to the country below. There was not a good view, owing to the smoke, but the mighty Fraser shone through the mist like a silver ribbon, and the farm lands showed vivid squares and patches of green among dark masses of virgin forest. The flowers here were the two pretty little plants of the heath order, *Pyrola secunda* and *Moneses uniflora*, both of which were found in great abundance.

About this point the party broke up into two detachments, one of which, the stronger, went forward to reach the camping ground and pitch the tents, and the other took matters a little more quietly, indulging the tired flesh with more frequent rest, and longing for the time when the camp should come in sight.

At last the highest point of this part of the ridge was reached, the aneroid showing 6,500 feet, and a welcome descent began to the gap in which our camp was to be for the night. But, oh! how long that last stage appeared, although new beauties around us revealed themselves at every few steps. At the foot of all the trees shone the tiny star-like blossoms of the *Rubus pedatus;* the welcome sound of water was heard not far away; then came the great patches of snowdrift, and there was a scramble even on the part of the wearied ones to make the first snowball. Soon after there burst upon the vision one of the most glorious views that nature holds for the delight of man. It was a veritable *coup d'œil*—an enormous open valley, walled in on either side by gigantic barriers of snow-capped mountain, and closed at the further end by a broad slope which the July sun had not yet stripped of its burden of snow. From this, as from a glacier, there poured through the valley a stream of ice-cold water, making a silver thread, embroidered with edging of yellow flowers, through a carpet of most vivid green. A month ago and the stream was probably an avalanche, for the mighty trees lay strewn about through the valley like giant warriors slain in one of Nature's great annual conflicts. From a distance they looked like matches tossed about on either margin of the stream, but a closer acquaintance revealed their individual size and the dimensions of the valley.

We were there just about the right time, for seasons are short in these elevated regions. Two or three days before, perhaps, this flowery valley was but an Alpine swamp—we could see the difference in the short space of our visit—and a month later the snow would again be falling, so it was pos-

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sible to realize how quickly the flowers must spring up and bring forth their fruit.

For the moment, however, there was something rivalling in interest the flowers and the snow, namely, the blue, curling smoke ascending from a clump of trees in the distance, which proclaimed the whereabouts of our advance guard. It was good to see the white gleam of the tents and the ruddy blaze of the fire—for the air was chilly here—and how welcome was the sight of the white tablecloth spread upon the grass, with bright bouquets of flowers adding to the attractiveness of the promised repast. It would be impossible to describe the delights of that meal, so we pass it over; but it proved that not what you eat, but the circumstances under which you eat, are of most importance. The fire was welcome, not only on account of its warmth, but as a means for driving off the mosquitoes, who (not by our own choice) were the sole living things to welcome us here. Fatigue vanished as if by magic, but we all sought our beds early, and most slept the sleep of the weary. It occurred, however, to one or two gentlemen that in future it might be as well not to pitch the tent on a gentle slope, as there seemed a tendency on the part of those above to roll down upon those below, and so illustrate the action of avalanches.

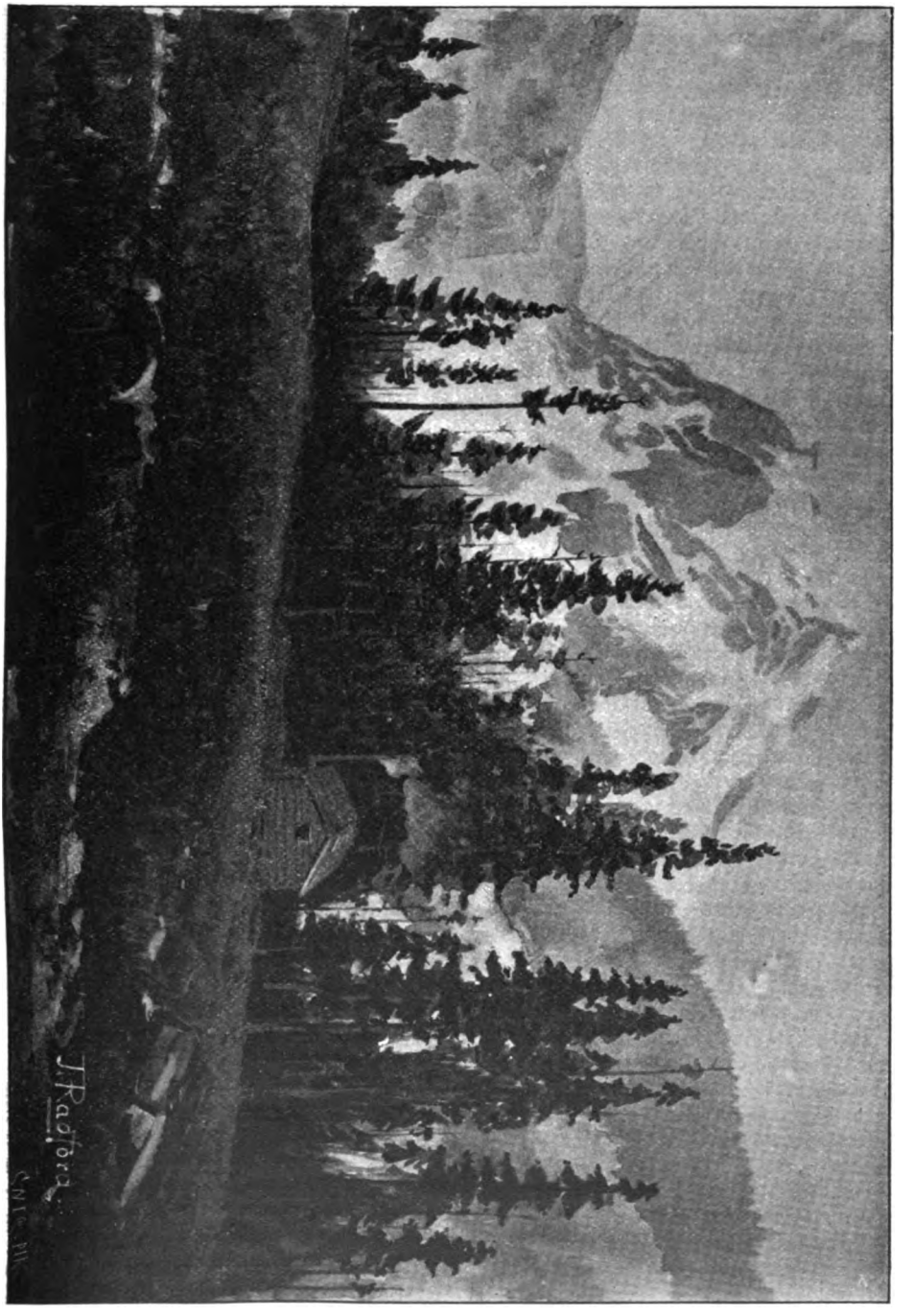
Next day we were all up early, and making plans for the day's work.

In the breasts of some ambition was for the present lulled to rest, and contented with the achievement of the day before there was only the desire to do justice to the comfortable quarters now attained. Besides this there was needed a complete exploration of the valley to collect examples of its botanical treasures. On the part of others there was the desire to ascend yet to greater heights, and learn what nature had yet in store; so the one party, with "Excelsior" for its motto, set out to gain the nearest ridge, and the other stayed below.

Let us describe the work of the latter first. The valley was very wet in the early morning and it was difficult getting about, but when the sun got up everything was delightful and there was ample material to engage attention. The yellow flowers which attracted our attention the night before proved to be the *Arnica latifolia*, and the still deeper yellow *Potentilla dissecta*. Of the same hue was the abundant *Viola glabella* and the less common *Ranunculus Eschscholtzii*. With its delicate white sepals veined with blue there sparkled from every swampy place, following as it were the melting of the snow, the *Caltha leptosepala*, while the same spots furnished a suitable habitat for the *Valeriana Sitchensis*. Our Indians we found enjoying a feast of "Siwash Rhubarb," *Hieracleum lanatum*. Further from the water we found two beautiful heather-like plants, one of which proved to be *Bryanthus empetriformis* with crimson bell-like flowers, and the other *Spiræa pectinata* with delicate foliage and white blossoms. It must suffice merely to mention the rest. They included the mountain sorrel (*Oxyria digyna*), a species of false mitre-wort (*Jiarella unifoliata*), a beautiful little saxifrage (*Parnassia fimbriata*), the scarlet mimulus (*Mimulus Lewisii*), of which however no specimens were fully in flower; *Senecio triangularis* and *Petasiles frigida* among the compositæ, *Juncus Drummondii* and *Carex invisa* among the rushes, and the little scarlet tipped lichen *Cladonia bellidiflora*. The chief find of all, however, was a plant new to the Canadian Herbarium, the *Cimicifuga elata*, and this addition to our Flora has been retained for the collection at Ottawa.

The second party had a stiff climb through brush which was still wet and slippery with the heavy dews, but it reached in time the ridge, which was about 7,500 feet above the sea level, and although deprived of any extensive view by the mists, had a rich reward in the discovery of a lovely valley less swampy than our camping ground and equally bright with flowers. These were of a more Alpine character than what we had hitherto collected, though including several of them. We had

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FROM A PAINTING BY RADFORD.

A VIEW IN THE MOUNTAINS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

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collected in the swamp *Saxifraga punctata*, and here we found *Saxifraga bronchialis*. The rare white Castilleia (*C. pallida*) was also on hand, and, of the same order, *Pentstemon, Menziesii*, var. *Scouleri*, and *Pentstemon confertus*, var. *cæruleo-purpureus*, this latter in a mountain form, which as Professor Macoun says would make a very well-marked variety. Another member of the Scrophulariaceœ was *Pedicutaris racemosa*, a pretty species of Lousewort. The Lily family was represented by the graceful yellow lily, *Erythronium grandiflorum minor*, while the Heath order was well to the front with *Bryanthus glandulflorus*, *Cassiope Merlensiana*, the mountain huckleberry (*Menziesia glabella*), and the very showy shrub, *Rhododendron albiflorum*. Another noticeable shrub or tree was a kind of wild crab-apple, *Pirus sambucifolia*. The remaining examples worthy of notice were the pretty blue veronica *V. alpina*, *Phlox Douglasii* with very delicate light blue blossoms, the deep amber-coloured columbine *Aquilegia formosa*, and the pink aster-like erigeron *E. salsuginosus*.

From the top of this ridge peak beyond peak was seen stretching away in the distance, and the summit was still far away. Two only of the party essayed this third stage, accompanied by one Indian, although it is probable that had not "Jimmy" proved a gross deceiver, at least one lady would have made the venture too. However, the wily "Jimmy" foreseeing no doubt hard work for himself if such had been the case, deliberately pointed out a peak in the far distance as the summit instead of one much nearer at hand, so he had the satisfaction of leading his detachment back to camp instead of making any further conquest.

The adventurous two had indeed all they could do to attain their Pisgah. For the last two or three hundred yards the climb was a scramble up the rocks in which all the strength of every nerve and finger-joint was needed, but the top-stone was won at last, and had the atmosphere been clear, a glorious view, extending over a sea of mountains to the north, east and south, and to Victoria on Vancouver Island to the west, would have been the result. As it was, it was no "blind summit," and there was a sense of exhilaration in the victory over so many difficulties. The little red pink, *Silene acaulis*, was the only vegetation blooming on the bare rock of the actual top, but not far below was one of the cruciferse, *Smelowskia calycina*, a genuine Alpine plant, and a bright yellow stonecrop, *Sedum Oreganum*. There were also the two species of Castilleia, *C. miniata* and *C. pallida*, another lousewort, *Pedicularis Grœnlandica*, and a thistle, *Cnicus foliosus*, very much resembling the well-known holy thistle.

Of animal life there was little sign. A few blue grouse were startled in their solitary haunts, tracks of mountain sheep were seen, and the whistle of the groundhog sounded so strangely ever and anon that it was difficult to believe it was not one member of the party whistling to the other.

The animal life in general was very little in evidence. The bears come out in any number only when the huckleberries are ripe, and it was too early for this. A few birds called by the Indians "Jacks" were so tame that they would come and share our breakfast, lighting on a log a few feet away to carry off any bits that were thrown to them, but other birds there were none. Of insects, mosquitoes represented (and sufficiently) the whole entomological kingdom, with the exception of a few aphides which here, as below, infested some of the plants.

After the descent a few photographs were taken before the sun set, and then we had a very jolly evening around the camp fire, when song and story came freely from almost every member of the party.

Thursday was our day for the descent, but the morning opened so clear that less than half the party could resist the temptation to make a second ascent to the upper ridge, and this time the climbers were rewarded with a glorious view of mountain, lake, stream, forest and farm.

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In their absence, the minority determined to make an early start by themselves on the downward way, and found it a more difficult task than they imagined. The blazes on the trees looked very plain when you could see them, but they did not seem at hand just when you wanted them, and as for trails, the trouble was that there were too many of them, the fault, no doubt, of the Indian women who ascend in search of huckleberries, and are independent of any recognized pathway. However, it was a good lesson in humility, and it was good practice in quickening the faculty of observation. After some circumlocution the right ridge was discovered, though after a more difficult climb than was necessary, and not long after the wanderers were overtaken by the rest of the expedition with the Indian guides. A halt was made for lunch, but the time consumed in the morning's ascent made it necessary to hurry on with all speed to avoid being overtaken by the darkness. It was just going down, down, as fast as wearied muscles would permit. To some, going down was harder than going up, and it was certainly very tiring and very hot work. There was thus but little time for botanizing; but one or two species were collected not hitherto mentioned, namely, *Streptopus roseus* and *Stenanthium occidentale* among lilies, and the curious looking orchid, *Corallorhiza multiflora*.

Our fears were realized in so far that we were still in the bush when the sun was setting, but the experience was worth the risk, as the solemnity of the woods at night, with every tree and plant assuming ghostly shapes, is of a kind never to be forgotten. And weirdly sounded the Indian *coo-ee*, as one guide called to another, keeping us together, guiding our steps along over logs and through streams and thickets until at length the log-road was reached, and the way to the river-side plain.

Our thankfulness at being back was unbounded, our meal was delightful, and not all the romance of camping out could prevent the ladies from being glad to accept once again the hospitality of their friends at the saw-mill.

Next day we journeyed from Popcum to Chilliwack, some by coach, some walking, and here we found the *Gladys* once again, and, embarking, reached New Westminster on Saturday afternoon, all in the best of health and spirits, and without having sustained a single mishap.

We had had a most enjoyable trip, and only needed more time to achieve substantial results from the exploration of Mt. Cheam.

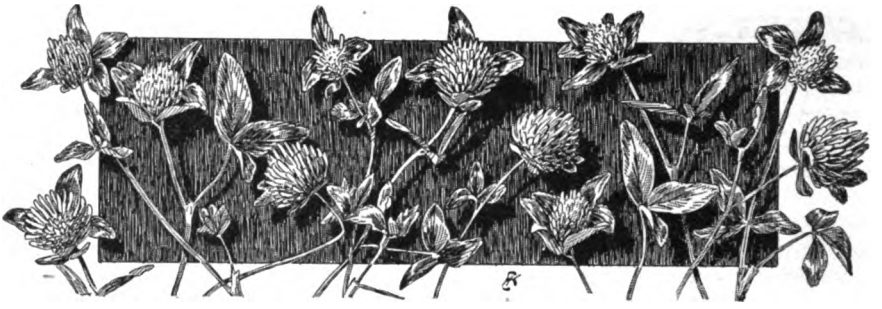
As it was, we have collected, as will be seen from the foregoing, quite a number of botanical specimens not before reported from the Coast, and have succeeded in adding one species to the known Flora of the Dominion.

In conclusion the writer begs to acknowledge his indebtedness to Professor J. M. Macoun, Head of the Botanical Department of the Geological Survey, Ottawa, for the correct determination of plants submitted to him, and for much interest shown in the expedition.

Herbert H. Gowen.



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ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.

I love this land of forest grand !
This land where labour's free ;
Let others roam away from home,
Be this the land for me !

—*McLachlan.*

LAST year Alexander McLachlan, well known during the past twenty-five years throughout the Dominion as the Canadian Poet, passed away somewhat suddenly from the scene of his labours.

For a number of years Mr. McLachlan had lived, in almost unbroken retirement, on his farm in Amaranth, a few miles from Orangeville. Many of the friends of his more ambitious years had passed away, and he was left alone with the memories of his past friendships and buried friends, who in those years were among the bravest and best of the land. Among them were George Brown, D'Arcy McGee, Mrs. Moodie, and many others, who have years ago gone to their reward. So that amidc hanging scenes and new methods and new interests, but most of all new men, the aged poet found himself if not to some extent forgotten, at least very much out of place in the new order of things. But now that he has finished his labours and left us his best, by no means a poor legacy, an approximate estimate of his contribution to Canadian literature is certainly not out of place, is indeed due to one whom fortune treated rather niggardly during his life.

It is safe to say here, whatever be the merits of McLachlan's work, the substantial return for what he gave to the public was much less than the professed admiration which had for some years a periodical but unfruitful outbreak ; and that in his old age the work to which he had devoted his life brought him little or nothing in return. Except in his cherished independence, his farm was equally unfruitful, and it alone stood between him and absolute want. When his son, who managed this, died some three years ago, even the frugality and self-denial which had been gained in the rough school of experience could not at the price of purchased labour make the struggle worth continuing. So the poet gave up his country home and his cherished rural haunts, where he and Yarrow were wont to take their evening stroll together, and moved into town, where, in a few weeks, the curtain fell on the last scene. The now prophetic words of his last written poem found an ample and speedy fulfilment :

But a' our strolling days are dune,
Ne'er to return, and very sune
The turf shall cleed us baith.

Mr. McLachlan has been called "the Canadian Poet," and it is certain it was a distinction which he desired to retain, and one in which he took considerable pride. Why he should receive or covet this title is not very clear, except that at the time when he was at his best

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there was no other Canadian writer of verse, of more than average ability, besides himself and Sangster. McCall, "the bard of Loch Tyne," was not an aspirant for the title, and, therefore, by general consent, whatever honour or distinction there be in the name fell to McLachlan, though his songs of the Dominion are not by any means his best work, nor Canada nor Canadian scenes the true source of his inspiration. So far as phraseology, tone and colour are concerned, no careful reader can fail to see that he has carried the inspiration and moral texture of much of his best poetry across the ocean from his Scottish home; and when he sings of Canadian subjects it is the men and women, the thinkings and doings, and the moral atmosphere of some Old World scene that have been unconsciously transferred across the sea, and set up with a Canadian bush for a background, or a little clearance, as a frame for the picture. This is shown in one of his first poems published in Canada, "Dr. Burns Preaching in the Scotch Block." Here were to be seen:

> Shepherds from the vale of Ettrick
> In the tartan of their tribe.

And the literature by which the moral and intellectual natures of this Covenanters' Conventicle transferred to the wilds of Canada had been nurtured was, "The Bible, Scott's Worthies, John Bunyan, and Burns." In fact, all but the stage scenery of Canadian backwoods is pre-eminently Scottish, of the days of Walter Scott. And it is the moral aspect of the scene rather than the Canadian setting that yields the inspiration. Indeed, in the nature of the case, this inspiration must have been of the Old World rather than of Canada. Even to-day the texture of our thoughts is woven and moulded almost wholly on trans-Atlantic models. Canada has not as yet a language of tradition or history made classic by the records enshrined therein. It no doubt is a fact that the groundwork of the richest poetic thought is abundantly present in Canadian scenery, Canadian history, and Canadian social and moral conditions, but it has not yet been translated into story or song having any special Canadian individuality. Even native-born Canadians still think in the language, and build from the pictures of Scott, Burns, Tennyson and Shakespere. McLachlan was still more limited to these sources for his inspiration than are the writers of to-day. But notwithstanding late efforts in the way of building up a literature distinctively Canadian, it must be many years before we shall be able to dispense with the great fountains of inspiration of the Motherland.

It is, perhaps, contrary to the generally received opinion to say that McLachlan is not great in description. Pathos is in him a stronger element; but Canadian poetry, as such, must rest largely and depend much on descriptive power. The Canadian poet has little else than natural scenery wherewith to build. Canada is not old enough to have any rich background of legend or tradition, and moral heroes are the same everywhere. At least, Canadian heroes have no distinctive features to embellish a literature purely Canadian. McLachlan, then, in assuming the title Canadian Poet, adopted a most difficult character to sustain with credit. It has been said over and over again that the United States has no purely American poet except Walt Whitman, that Lowell, Bryan and Longfellow have moulded their work after Old World thinking, Old World forms and Old World phraseology. If this be true of American poets and poetry generally, how very difficult a task it must be to produce anything very creditable of a purely Canadian type. If Canadian poetry means that the writer lives and writes in Canada, then it means nothing; but if it means that the writer must confine himself to subjects wholly and purely Canadian, then the Canadian poet has yet to be born. At least it is safe to say his song is still unsung.

But even if, as we believe, the title Canadian Poet was not wisely taken nor well sustained, McLachlan is not without his own particular claim to high distinction as a writer of verse. No

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other Canadian writer has so great an introspective power. The analysis of human longings and human desires, and the clear setting forth of the great problems of life, death and immortality, finds nowhere, in Canada at least, so able an exponent. All nature is to him a great scroll written within and without, with infinite and ever recurring questions which appeal to him everywhere and under all circumstances. This, we believe, is the most marked feature of our author's work, and that into which he has put most of his own personality.

Here is a statement of the case, as it appeared in his first volume some thirty-five years ago:

Mystery! Mystery!
All is a mystery!
Mountain and valley, and woodland and stream;
Man's troubled history,
Man's mortal destiny,
Are but a phase of the soul's troubled dream.

Mystery! Mystery!
All is a mystery!
Heart throbs of anguish and joy's gentle dew,
Fall from a fountain
Beyond the great mountain,
Whose summits forever are lost in the blue.

Mystery! Mystery!
All is a mystery!
The sigh of the night winds, the song of the waves,
The visions that borrow
Their brightness from sorrow,
The tales which flowers tell us, the voices of graves.

Mystery! Mystery!
All is a mystery!
Ah! there is nothing we wholly see through,
We are all weary,
The night's long and dreary—
Without hope of morning, O, what would we do?

Again, in "Ah, me!" the same unsatisfied longing breaks forth in:

Go seek the shore and learn the lore
Of the great old mystic sea,
And with list'ning ear you'll surely hear
The great waves sigh, "Ah, me!"

And Death and Time, on their march sublime,
They will not questioned be;
And the hosts they bore to the dreamless shore,
Return no more, Ah, me!

And again in "Who Knows?":

I ponder'd long on this weary life,
And I cried, "Are we what we seem;
Or sail we here in a phantom ship,
In search of a vanished dream?
From deep to deep, from doubt to doubt,
While the night still deeper grows;
Who knows the meaning of this life?"
When a voice replied, "Who knows?"

I prayed for light through that weary night,
And I question'd saint and seer;
But the demon Doubt put all to rout,
And kept ringing in mine ear:
"Your life's a trance and a spectral dance,
And round and round ye go;
Ye are poor ghosts all at a spectral ball,
And that is the most ye know."

And yet again in "The Rain it Falls":

The years they come and they hurry on,
Ah, just as they did in the days agone!
And bear us back to the vast unknown.

For the rain may fall and the wind may blow,
And the generations come and go,
But the why and the wherefore none may know.

And just as this half melancholy introspection is one of the strong features of McLachlan's poetry, it furnishes him with that power of soul analysis which crops out everywhere in his character sketches. One of his best things in this line is his estimate of "David, King of Israel," which is the title of the poem from which we select the following stanzas as a fair example of this kind of work:

Come and look upon this picture,
Thoughtfully those features scan,
There he sits, the bard of Scripture,
Not an angel, but a man.

In his hand, the harp that often
Thrilled the shepherd in the glen,
And has now supreme dominion
O'er the hearts and souls of men.

That same harp which charmed the demon
In the darkened soul of Saul;
And has soothed the troubled spirit
In the bosoms of us all.

'Tis a face that, somehow, tells us
God has made us all the same,
Of one blood, and heart and nature,
Differing but in creed and name.

All that has been done or suffer'd,
All that has been thought or said,
Israel's strength, and Israel's weakness,
Summed up in that lordly head.

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'Tis a face supremely human,
Brother to us, every one,
For he oft has sinned and sorrowed,
Just as you and I have done.

Space will not admit of any more extended quotation, but the reader must feel that this is very genuine work, into which the author has put his best heart's blood, never bearing with it the suspicion that it had been got up to order.

In pure pathos, also, we think McLachlan stands without a rival among Canadian writers. There is nothing in Canadian verse more touching than the story of "Old Hannah." "The Death of the Ox" has been frequently quoted as a humble subject dignified by the true and deep feeling which the author throws around it. "The Old Settler's Address to his Log-house" might also be given as an example of this power of elevating the simplest subjects to positions of interest and dignity.

It is, perhaps, too early to form a correct opinion of McLachlan's place as a poet among the writers of his own day. This much, however, may be freely admitted, as being no more than just to him whose voice and pen are now forever still, viz., that no Canadian writer appeals more strongly and directly to the common sympathies, longings and aspirations of humanity. And no other has written so much in which only what is true, beautiful and good is held up for our admiration and approval.

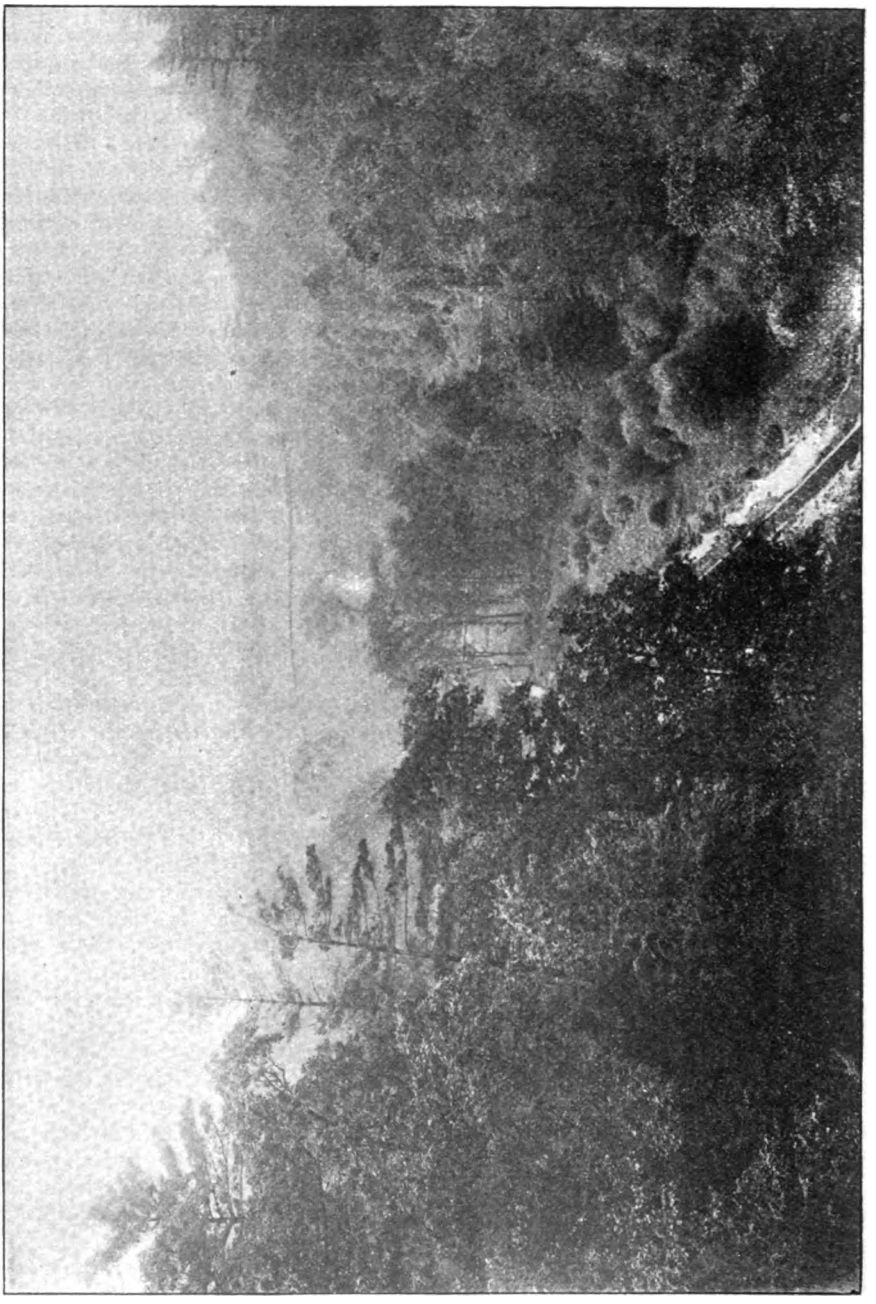
Fifty-six years ago Mr. McLachlan emigrated from his native town of Johnston, in Ayrshire, and settled in the Township of Caledon, County of Peel, Ontario, where he had ample opportunity of becoming acquainted with such phases of early pioneer life as have found expression in his works. Here, too, he was married to a cousin of his own, who still survives him, and who has been his faithful and ever-ready helpmeet in his long and somewhat unequal struggle with fortune. Ten children were born of the marriage, five sons and five daughters. All the daughters are still living, but three of the sons have preceded their father to the grave.

Mr. McLachlan has published in all three volumes of poems, one in the early fifties, one in 1861, and another in 1874. And at the time of his death he had a fourth volume ready for the press. It will be evident, therefore, that our author had enough faith in his mission to devote his whole life unreservedly to his work, without once looking back; and he gave us at least his best and his all. The advantage to himself was certainly very little. But we, as of old, still slay the prophets, and our children build their sepulchres. McLachlan's faith in his countrymen justified more generous treatment. He needed bread and they gave him a stone. He believed that he who ministers to the needs of the human soul should live by the fruits of his labours, but the souls neither heeded nor needed the wares he brought into the intellectual market-place, and left the merchantman to perish of hunger, with his wares lying unsold on the bookshelves. Had he been possessed of more business tact, and less faith in humanity, we might have had less poetry, but he an easier and less anxious journey to provide for. But the shadows and cares have all passed away. He is now fully provided for. Old Mother Nature has made the same bountiful provision for him that she does for her wisest and wealthiest children. He shall not hunger nor thirst any more. And from the mystery and uncertainty of all earthly things, the darkness, for him, shall have passed into the brightness of perfect day.

In closing this brief sketch the writer can truly say that in an acquaintance of forty years, only that which was noble, generous and forgiving ever came to the surface, throughout this long and uninterrupted friendship, and if the good and the true have their reward, we know that "after life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

Donald McCaig.

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EARLY MORNING IN ROSEDALE.

FROM A PHOTO.

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THE INDIAN PLAGUE.

BY JOHN FERGUSON, M.A., M.D., TORONTO.

MOST readers are familiar with the horrors of the plague epidemics that overspread Europe during the middle ages. One of these outbreaks is of special interest, as the one so graphically described by Defoe. The death-rate in these epidemics was very high. Indeed, it has been known to reach the fearful proportions of over ninety per cent. of those seized by the disease.

At Naples, in 1556, as many as 5,000 died daily ; and there were not more than 50,000 left out of a population of 290,000. In 1627, the physician Alessandro describes the Milan epidemic. Under the government of Gonsalva de Cordova there was great poverty. Wars had devasted Lombardy for about a century, and the food of the people was reduced to rice and water. The rice bread became vile through adulterations. The poor became so numerous that the authorities lodged nearly 10,000 persons in a large lazareth. The season was very hot, and symptoms of the plague soon showed itself. The latest great epidemic of malignant plague was at Marseilles, in 1720. The disease has frequently, during the present century, visited different portions of Europe, the latest being the Astrakhan, 1878.

The fearful visitation known as the black death was similar to the present Bombay plague. The black death seems to have started in China after an earthquake and an inundation of vast regions of country. The waters subsided only to leave the moist, muddy land covered with all kinds of dead animals and decaying vegetation. The stench and famine gave rise to an epidemic of unusual malignancy. This spread westward, and finally overran Europe, destroying more than half the population in many districts.

This disease follows closely upon famine, and the neglect of sanitary laws. Large numbers of persons are huddled together in their filthy dwellings. They are compelled to gather their grain before it is ripe. It becomes musty and unhealthy. Fear adds to the ravages of the disease, the terrors of superstition. When the plague is in its earliest stage, timely intervention, so as to avoid overcrowding, filthy conditions of the people and to supply sufficient food, readily controls the disease. But when it has become widespread, and large numbers of the populace are panic-stricken, it is by no means an easy task to stay its progress. With vigourous sanitary and quarantine regulations there is not much danger to Europe or the western countries.

The population of the famine-stricken regions in India is given at some 90,000,000. The average annual earnings of the native labourer is about seven shillings, or $1.75. It is easy to see what must be the fate of such people when overtaken both by famine and disease. The former produces misery

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and apathy, while the plague feeds upon these creatures of famine.

The researches of Kitasato, Yersin, Lowson and Aoyama have shown that there is little doubt but that the disease is of germ or bacillary nature. These germs have been isolated from those ill with the plague, and cultures made. These cultures have produced the disease in animals, especially rats, which are amenable to the plague infection. This is certainly a great step in the scientific investigation of the disease, and will throw much light on its modes of spread.

Europeans and clean, well-fed natives are but little susceptible to the infection. In such cases, prolonged contact is often required to produce the disease; nurses who are handling the sick, and carrying in their arms afflicted children, sometimes escaping, or only becoming ill after long exposure. None of the Chinese students of medicine contracted the disease, although on constant duty for six weeks in the plague hospital.

There appear to be two forms of the disease now prevailing in the East. Dr. Cantlie, who has had great opportunities of observation, divides plague cases into two classes—one a very malignant form and the other a milder type. The malignant form is characterized by sudden invasion, chills, great prostration, glandular swellings, high fever, weak pulse, vomiting and many other severe symptoms. The milder form, or pestis minor, is not so severe and comes on more slowly. It may change into the malignant form. This is one of the causes of the spread of the disease. These mild, or ambulatory, cases may journey to great distance before they become ill. Generally speaking, the plague spreads slowly. It took ten months to spread from Hong Kong to Malao, a distance of thirty miles.

Dr. Yersin claims to have obtained an antitoxine that has yielded excellent results. He first inoculated rats, and then horses; he then tried the antitoxine in a French mission station at Amoy. Some who were already comatose when the injections were given, recovered. He is now in India, where the Government intend trying the treatment in Bombay.

The duty of the British Government is a very delicate one to discharge. It is hard to prohibit the Meccan pilgrimage. This is a religious custom of a large number of the inhabitants of India. On the other hand, the western countries ought to be protected against so fearful a scourge as far as it is possible. While it seems impossible to interfere with the religious customs of the Mohammedans, it might be possible to establish a thorough police, sanitary and commissariat camp to look after the pilgrims, both by land and sea. All suspected cases could be taken charge of and isolated. The pilgrims could also be prevented from remaining over and visiting the bazaars. No pilgrim should be allowed to embark without inspection; and all the pilgrim ships should be under the control of competent sanitary experts.

With our present knowledge of sanitation and the spread of this disease, there need be little fear of its spread in the civilized world. The death-rate also is much lower among the Europeans. In the present Bombay epidemic it is about eighteen or twenty per cent. of those attacked.

There is in this affliction in India a wide field for governmental and private philanthropy. Some 40,000,000 are in a state of total want; whereas 50,000,000 more are in a state of insufficient and dear food, short of total deprivation. It is estimated to cost the Indian exchequer about $30,000,000 to afford a mere subsistence to the starving millions. But there must still be much left for private benevolence. It is to be hoped that this will not be found wanting.



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THE MILITIA MEDICAL SERVICE.

A Plan for its Reorganization.

IN August last I read a paper on "The Reorganization of the Militia Medical Service" before the members of the Canadian Medical Association at Montreal, and pointed out that Canada's Militia Reserve of 250,000 men would, if brought into actual warfare, be unprovided with a proper Medical Service. The system of medical organization in Canada is the old "Regimental System," that is, every regiment takes care of its own sick. This system was abolished in England in 1873, but in all its antiquated and discredited features is still retained in Canada.

From the report which I have seen, the Militia Department does not dispute the necessity for bearer companies nor medical organization, but it points out that I have not submitted a definite scheme, and, even if I had done so, it would be open to the authorities to explain that as there is at present no organization to enable Canada to place or maintain bodies of troops in the field, it would be premature to organize medical arrangements for them.

From this it would appear that without such organization the Canadian Militia is useless as a fighting machine, and as it is impossible that under present circumstances this state of things will be allowed to continue, I would suggest that the military and medical reorganization be carried out simultaneously, as the perfection of both would be required at the same time, and the medical certainly appeals very forcibly to public sentiment, whatever may be thought of its importance from a military point of view.

"Medical, any more than military, organization cannot be evolved in a perfect state at short notice, when suddenly required." Witness the Northwest campaign!

I will now formulate broadly the lines upon which I consider reorganization should proceed—after due consideration of the various systems I have studied, and due consultation with those capable of giving advice in these matters, foremost amongst whom I will name our late P. M. O. in Halifax, Surgeon-General Major O'Dwyer, lately transferred to England on well-earned promotion, a practical expert on military organization.

I should take the present British Army Medical Corps system with some modifications adapted to our conditions, social, political and financial, as the basis of our Canadian Militia Medical service. As the details of constitution, condition, duties and expenses connected therewith, are to be found in the Queen's regulations, or could be obtained from the Imperial authorities, there need be no delay in deciding the question, once it is granted that reorganization is desirable.

Once the government of Canada, as represented by the Minister of Militia and Defence, acknowledges the need of reorganization of the Medical Department, it will be desirable to bring together a representative of the Canadian Militia acquainted with the strength,

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organization and distribution of that force, and a medical officer of experience to discuss the matter.

They would have no difficulty in providing a scheme for consideration.

A medical officer should remain as at present, attached to each military unit.

On active service in the British Army a medical officer is attached to each military unit, but only temporarily; and this is the only provision made for regimental surgical assistance—"first aid." It is a moot question with continental military authorities whether this simple regimental arrangement will continue to prevail. In time of peace in the British service there is no provision for a regimental medical service, though trivial cases of illness in barracks are seen to by a medical officer of the military station, and these treated if they are not considered sufficiently serious to be sent to hospital. One proviso should be an integral part of any scheme propounded—to meet the views of our military aspirants—that is, that the present medical officers should (if they desire it) be allowed to remain attached to their respective corps; but it is a question for consideration whether further medical appointments should not be to the department (when organized), and not to any special corps. The officers appointed might be gazetted to a general medical staff, and then be attached to special regiments when required.

In fact, I consider it desirable, in the case particularly of juniors coming into the service, that they should have an opportunity of studying regimental life, and of mixing freely with the officers and men with whom they will have to deal.

When two medical officers belong to the same corps, as we see now in certain of our brigades of artillery and battalions of infantry, the senior, by preference, might be transferred to the general staff—or, if he so desire it, to the reserve list of medical officers.

So far the Government need incur no expense; on the contrary, there would be a distinct saving of money, as fewer officers in the active list would be required.

I would, however, propose in addition, that a general Canadian medical staff should be formed by volunteers.

They should be an independent body, under a medical head (director-general or surgeon-general) attached to the headquarters of the Canadian army, who would advise and deal with medical affairs, under the orders of the G.O.C. of the force. He should be a paid and permanent official holding office for five or seven years.

In the new staff or department, rank, titles, terms of service for promotion, etc., should be on the lines of the army medical staff, which, however, may be shortly modified by a new warrant. As I have already suggested, the present medical officers should remain with their regiments. It might further popularize the change if medical officers entering the general service were allowed in ordinary times to be attached to particular regiments, with the understanding that they would be liable to be detached for duty elsewhere—wherever most needed in fact—should the occasion arise. They would be dealt with by the Government, not as an integral part of the regiment, but as part of a special body temporarily attached. In time, this scheme should insure in the service officers of different grades.

The number and rank of medical officers would depend on the number of base field hospitals and bearer companies it was intended to establish. In time of active service the reserve list list of medical officers would be largely drawn upon. In time of peace the establishment need only be small.

With regard to bearer companies, which the department thinks desirable, —except in Halifax, where we desire one most and are prepared to aid in equipping it ourselves—I would propose that a bearer company and field hospital, with their stores and equipment, should be established at the headquarters of each brigade, presuming that for fighting purposes the Canadian militia will be divided into brigades with their

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headquarters in some special locality—Halifax, Montreal, Toronto, London, etc., amongst others; but this is a matter for future consideration. However, we hope a half bearer company may be granted to Halifax, where Surgeon-Major Lees-Hall, of the army medical staff, and Surgeon-Lieut. Carleton Jones, of the Garrison Artillery, have kindly volunteered their services as instructors. Both have had extensive experience in this line in connection with the Army Medical Staff Corps or the St. John's Ambulance Association, in which both are zealous workers.

Opportunity should be given militia medical officers for special study and training, and inducements might be held out to them as regards promotion, etc., for doing so. Courses of teaching and training might be established, either in connection with the present scheme of instruction or in connection with some of the leading schools of medicine throughout the country. A course of military surgery and hygiene in each medical school might be given yearly as a voluntary part of the course, attendance upon which might be made obligatory upon a surgeon asking appointment to the militia medical service. There should also be an examination in these subjects. In England, when medical officers of volunteer regiments pass the prescribed examination, an additional capitation grant is given their corps.

I do not propose to enter into the personnel or equipment for field hospitals and bearer companies; all information required is to be found in "The Regulations for Army Medical Service (1896)," "The Standing Orders for the Medical Staff Corps," "The Field Army Establishment," "The Equipment Regulations," and the "Store Tables" of the Imperial army.

The rank and file of the general medical service for employment in bearer companies and field hospitals might be either specially enlisted or be obtained from the various regiments. In Halifax our C.O.'s of artillery and infantry have generously offered to provide the men required to form a half bearer company between them, ten from each corps.

For many reasons it would be preferable to obtain men—easily got in such districts where medical schools exist—by special voluntary enlistment into the hospital corps; but the latter system is cheaper and is that employed now in England amongst volunteer regiments, where men are obtained by transfer from regiments of the brigade to which the bearer company is attached.

In England no base or field hospitals are required by the volunteer forces. These establishments would be supplied in time of emergency by the army medical staff. In this country on active service we should require them, and require them, perhaps, when we least expect to be called upon; and where, I would like to ask you, will we find them?

I will only repeat again the words of my friend Surgeon-Major General O'Dwyer: "Medical any more than military organization cannot be evolved in a perfect state at short notice, when suddenly required." Or is the next campaign to find us as unprepared as the last?

W. Tobin, D'y Surg. Gen'l.

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DREADNAUGHT.

A Story of Military Life.

IT was the last day of the old year, and there was to be a ball at Government House in the evening. This was at a time when entertainments were less stately, but nevertheless far more enjoyable, we old folks think, than the modern assembly could prove to the simple-mannered, kind-hearted aristocrats who led the somewhat exclusive Nova Scotia society of that time.

In those days it was customary to dance the old year out and the new one in, and the feet of the dancers were stayed for the loyal strain of "God Save the Queen" to float with the last breath of the passing year, before tripping it lightly during the first inspiration of its new-born successor; then amid a storm of good wishes they resumed their interrupted evolutions.

Snow had fallen early in the afternoon, and its feathery whiteness was resting on branch and twig, ledge and parapet, imposing the burden so delicately that it seemed a marvel that the mass of tiny flakes could preserve poise or retain a place of repose. The scene grew lovelier as the moon rose, her mellow beams flooding the crisp air, and causing every bright crystal of frost to scintillate; and the bells of the sleighs conveying the guests to the merry-making sounded joyously as the runners sped on their way.

In one of these sleighs sat a young couple, recently married, and only just arrived from England. The two had alighted, and as no other vehicle was in immediate following, the young Englishwoman lingered at the door of the spacious porch to gaze on what, to her, was a novel and unexpected revelation—a dream of the sublime and beautiful.

"O, Jim!" she exclaimed, "I never imagined a winter scene would appear like this. The trees are wonderfully beautiful; and it seems wicked to go inside to dance and leave all this glorious loveliness."

The young husband laughed heartily at her expressions of delight. "What a bundle of romance you are, little woman! I can't tell you how many times I've reproached myself for bringing you to this frigid place to be smothered in snow, and yet here you are actually going into ecstacies over the very thing that worried me most. But the storms are very different from this, darling, you will find."

"A happy heart makes all that happens pleasant," was her rejoinder. "I could not be happier than I am. Thus far I have been thoroughly pleased with all my experiences; but even had they been far different, do you not think I would rather be with you, than far away, and lonely, O so lonely!"

"You're the girl for a soldier's wife, my Blessing," murmured the husband, as they turned to enter the house.

In a few minutes they were in the ball-room, and having been graciously received by the Earl and Countess, they joined the throng of dancers. After several introductions and dances with men of her husband's regiment, Mrs. Heriot found herself alone for a time, as Captain Heriot had been captured to make up a rubber of whist in the ante-room. She was interested in watching the new and, in many instances, handsome faces around her, as well as the toilets, slightly behind the times, worn by the flitting figures. Feeling the realities of the moment so unhomelike, she became for a moment lost in thought, but was aroused by beholding a look of keen enjoyment depicted on the faces of two young people waltzing near her. She did not withdraw her glance, but followed their

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floating movements until with a long concluding sweep the graceful performance ended.

Just at that moment pretty Nellie Drummond eagerly asked her tall and good-looking partner who the lady was at whom he was gazing with undisguised admiration. "She is a stranger, I know, Mr. Esmond, and I think her face the sweetest I have ever seen; who is she, and where sprung from?" And turning to a friend, she continued, "Cilla, don't you think she is lovely?"

"I do indeed, Nellie," responded Cilla, "but it is the mental characteristics that chiefly attract me. If I mistake not, 'true and fast' should be the reading of that fine countenance; she looks like one who would be steadfast through good and ill report."

"You're always saying and seeing things more deeply than other people, Cilla," laughed Nellie. "But, Mr. Esmond, who is she? and where from?"

"She is from what, in this country, you so funnily call 'home,'" replied the young officer. She hails from Lincolnshire, and is—well, my Captain's captain."

"O, nonsense," said Nellie.

"Then I can only say she is the newly-married wife of the Captain in whose company I have the honour to serve as subaltern. But really, young ladies, I thank you for your generous appreciation of my countrywoman. We were neighbours in the county, though I did not know much of her before we came out. She knows no one as yet outside the garrison circle as this is her first appearance, and I will be glad to present you if you wish."

As soon as opportunity offered he did so, with the result that the three ladies were soon chatting gaily together.

It was a merry trio which Captain Heriot contemplated when, after supper, he came to announce that the time for good night civilities had arrived, and to learn his wife's impressions of her first experience in colonial society.

"Those seemed charming girls you were with when I came for you," he remarked on the way home.

"Yes, dear," was her reply, "so frank and friendly, I forgot I was far away from home, and a stranger to place and people."

Time wore on, and the Heriots fell into the pleasing routine which strangers find so charming for a while, enjoying the freedom from conventionality which has always been one of the indemnities of a banishment to Canada.

Every day Cilla and Nellie made their appearance in the little drawing-room, Cilla with new books and ideas to discuss, and Nellie with her never-ending love story, on which she rang the changes, tragic or comic, often calling forth their sincere sympathy. The three, little more than girls, were bound together by their very dissimilarity, each supplying what the other needed, and keeping the balance true by the warmest regard for each other. Nellie was often overwhelmed by despondency, for she had set her wayward affections on Ralph Esmond, whose indignation knew no restraint when the honour of his proposals was declined by Nellie's father, who, a widower, was doubly careful of the one fair blossom blooming under his desolate roof. Military matches were not then esteemed desirable, and men who had made their money and knew its value shrank from allowing their daughters to enter what might be a higher social position than they were born in, but which, in most cases, meant a struggle to keep up fitting appearances on inadequate means.

Nellie's devotion to her father was so steadfast that she would not listen to Ralph's mad pleadings for an elopement. There was nothing for it but that trying virtue, patience; so with groans on his part and tears on hers they agreed to wait, trusting some fortunate occurrence would bless their wearisome, but, at the same time, mirthful engagement.

It seemed strange that as time wore on Mrs. Heriot's face grew paler and her manner quieter. As at first she was the same winsome woman, ready to do a kindness or show an attention; she grew more and more thoughtfully considerate for the young men of the regiment, encouraging every social im-

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pulse; her doors were open at all times to them, and her ear to every discouragement or trouble that disquieted them; none spoke of her but with respect, and her sisterly counsel was sought in every time of need. So time passed until its wings had borne into the irrevocable two fleeting years, and for the third time the thirty-first of December had come round again.

On rising in the morning, Mrs. Heriot felt dismayed as she looked out of the window on what is called a black frost. The streets were frozen as hard as asphalt, and the hail-like swirls of snow were driven hither and thither to become at last as begrimed as the dust in which they were compelled to grovel. It was a day of dreary aspect, and she turned away with something like despondency to poke the fire into brightness, and make the room cheerful for her husband's late breakfast.

She vainly tempted the Captain with the delicacies of the table. All he would take was a cup of coffee, and then saying he would go and see what the fellows were about, added, "Don't wait for me, dear, I will lunch with them."

The wife's lips grew pale for a moment or two, and then, looking wistfully at him, she exclaimed, "O, Jim, do come back early! I am so lonely without you, and I don't think the girls will venture out on this gruesome day."

"Well, I'll see, Molly dear," and he went out humming a bar of a popular song.

The girls, however, did not mind the dismal aspect of the day, and put in an appearance as usual. They were used to braving the cold, and would not neglect their friend for the sake of staying at home. Cilla brought new periodicals, and Nellie a cart-load of troubles. Her father's hardness in regard to her engagement was the chief grievance. "Just think," she said, "he has been at me for over an hour, reasoning with me, and drawing dismal pictures of what my future will be if I marry Ralph; and after he had conjured up all sorts of horrors his dear old voice broke and he spoke of mother. I was now all he had, he said, so of course I could say nothing more. Next came Ralph himself, raving and upbraiding my want of steadfastness. He swears I do not love him, but I know I do, and it is hard to stand these unjust words from him. Then I have another grievance—there is to be no ball to-night. The Government people have lost some relative, and the ball is postponed. Think of my lovely gown wasting its sweetness in my wardrobe; but I suppose it cannot be helped. Many small worries are oppressing me. I let my good cook go home for a rest, and the new one would try the patience of a saint with the mistakes she makes. I was almost disgraced the other night when I had the Colonel and two other guests with us, by the ducks coming in the shape of a stew instead of roasted to a turn. My dismay was so apparent that they all laughed at me, and the *contretemps* was got over in that way. But I am selfish, as usual, telling you all my little vexations, while you are looking anything but well, dear."

"O, I am well—a little tired perhaps, but all the better for your visit. The day is dark and the close of the year brings back so many memories of home in England and the dear ones across the water, that maybe for the moment I have had a touch of *la maladie du pays.*"

Nellie's arms were immediately thrown around her friend and a loving kiss was exchanged. "O, cheer up," she exclaimed, "you are to dine with us to-morrow, and I want my guests to be in joyous spirits on New Year's night. Papa, dear old curmudgeon that he is, hadn't the heart to refuse my asking Ralph to join us." And she, too, went her way after many good wishes, leaving her friend to solitude and silence and more anxious thought than tender-hearted Nellie dreamed of.

Captain Heriot returned at about four o'clock, bringing some scraps of gossip with him from the mess room, with which he amused his wife. The merciless chaffing, Ralph got as to the

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progress of his wooing many droll rumours which had but slight foundation in truth, and chit-chat of the most absurd description which came from the fertile brains of the young fellows, who had little more serious to occupy their thoughts, passed the time away, until Captain Heriot asked his wife to play something; and, lazily stretching himself on the sofa, soon fell asleep to the sound of the music. Mrs. Heriot looked at him and sighed, and then, letting her fingers stray over the keys, she found herself striking minor chords in unison with her feelings, which seemed to comfort and strengthen her to bear the burden that was becoming almost insupportable.

The captain woke up at last and went to dress for dinner, reappearing in uniform. "Burke is ill," he said, "so I must turn out the guards to-night."

"What is the pass word?" she asked, more for something to say than anything else.

"Why do you wish to know, dear? I am glad, however, that you have asked, for I do not think I know it myself. Let me think—it's 'Dreadnaught,' I believe. Bad business if I had forgotten it, eh!"

She laughed with an effort, and managed to keep up a desultory chatting until the repast was over.

The captain took another nap, only waking when his servant came to tell him his horse was at the door; then drowsily shaking himself, he left the room to go on duty.

Mrs. Heriot took up a book and strove to read. Hard work it was, when her thoughts were afloat on a sea of anxiety, to fasten her attention on the pages before her. Presently her maid came to ask if there was anything to be done, for if not, cook and she would like to go to their rooms. Maggie's cold was heavy, and if the mistress pleased they would like to retire.

Presently the steps of the servants were heard ascending to the attic, and the house was as still as the grave.

Taking no heed of time, Mrs. Heriot sat reading on. At last she was startled by hearing a husky voice speaking near her in a low whisper: "Whist, Misthress dear, I've been awaitin' till those gurls got off upstairs to tell you somethin'. Don't be skeered ma'am, but the captain has never ridden one of thim gards this blessid night. I found him, fallen off his horse, in the yard. Could ye not put on a cloak ma'am, and help me in wid him, for sorra a bit of duty he'll do this New Year's eve."

Controlling herself, she went with her faithful servant to the stable where the horse stood, and where Corney had managed to drag his master from the bitter cold without. Together, they raised him carefully, and with much difficulty got him into the house and placed him on a bed in his dressing room.

As she stood breathing hard after the exertion, Corney, who had been considering for a few moments, broke out with: "Oh! Misthress dear, glad I'd be if I could turn out the gards for him, but my poor voice would tell the men who I was, and that would be as bad as iver."

His mistress started and wrung her hands, as the thought struck her of the disgrace, and she cried, "What shall I do—what shall I do!" Then, after a pause, she exclaimed: "Go saddle Calamity (her own horse which was sometimes used by the captain) and then come and help me."

When he returned he stood amazed, for her woman's wit had transformed her; someone with a strong resemblance to his master stood before him.

"Misthress dear," said the astonished man, "ye'll niver think of it."

"God helping me, Corney, no one shall know anything but that the duty was done, for I trust you fully. Help me to mount, and be ready for my return."

"That I will, and bless your brave heart."

Out into the storm, with the sleet driving in her face, and the wind furiously blowing, went this brave soul, hurrying to get the difficult undertal-

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ing over. The tempest favoured her deception, and willing enough were officers and men to get through the routine work. She made brief tarrying, dashing on and getting quickly through three of the posts. Her courage rose as she felt herself succeeding in her task, and she braced herself for the final effort at the last one.

On! On! Through the blast, the darkness and the blinding flurries, scarcely daring to think of the consequences should she be detected, she went. The last post attended to, she might trust her horse to bear her home in safety almost without guidance.

Scott, a friend of Esmond's, had dropped in early in the evening before the storm had become so violent, and the youths were enjoying an impromptu supper and a chat on various matters, civil, military and social, to pass the weary hours. Ralph had gone through several moods, all resolving into the saturnine, and trying his companion's patience with his inconsistencies, when the summons came of "Guards, turn out."

After the accustomed formulas had ended, Esmond lingered, he could never tell why, and with an "O, Captain, I wanted to ask you ——," he stood for an instant looking at the mounted figure before him, when a sudden gust of wind almost took his breath away, and the Captain's form tumbled over on him, and a woman's long, fair hair was falling in damp and tangled masses over the military cloak which covered her.

"Good heavens! Mrs. Heriot!" exclaimed the bewildered boy, "What is this?"

"Mr. Esmond," she gasped out, her voice almost hysterical from cold and the awful strain, "Do not, do not betray me, I beseech you."

"Never," was the earnest answer; "but wait one moment," and he was off like a flash, and back again before she realized he was gone, with a glass of something hot he had been compounding for himself. "Drink a mouthful or two," he entreated; and he put the glass to her lips. She put out her hand for it, but so cold and stiff were her fingers that it fell to the ground. He helped to replace her headgear, tucked the cloak around her, and whispered encouragingly, "You're all right now," and turned the horse's head, saying, "He knows his way home."

She urged her trustworthy steed to quicken his pace to the uttermost, and was soon at her own door, with Corney, the devoted, tenderly lifting her off.

Corney placed her by the fire, and flew to attend to the horse, over which he spent but little time, returning to release his mistress from her accoutrements. He brought her hot tea, almost commanding her to drink it. "Now, Misthress darling, while yez able, and before the tiredness overtakes ye, get to bed and lave the rest to me."

She made her arrangements for rest as methodically as if nothing unusual had occurred, and laid her head on the pillow just as the prolonged tension gave way, the last thought, paramount over mental agony, not to speak of bodily discomfort, being the one thing uppermost, "saved!"

In the morning Jane was beside her with a breakfast tray. "Corney says, ma'am, that you have had a bad night with the Captain, and you must eat to keep up your strength, as the Captain seems to be in a bad way with the fever he has got, and Mr. Esmond is waiting below to see you."

"I will be with him soon, Jane; ask him to wait."

She dressed in haste, and passing through the dressing room she took a rapid glance at her husband, whose flushed features and hard breathing confirmed her fears.

She met Mr. Esmond with a piteous look on her sweet face, but beyond a stifled cry and murmured "thanks," she did not mention the secret between them.

"My husband is very ill. Corney has been up all night. Oh! Mr. Esmond," and she tried to speak calmly, "if you would send Dr. Beecham at once I would be so much ——" Here

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she broke down entirely, hiding with difficulty the tears which were hindering both speech and sight.

"Dear Mrs. Heriot, anything that I can do," and he was off and back again with lightning speed.

The Captain hovered many weeks between life and death. The medical attendants pronounced the attack congestion of the lungs, so no one was surprised to hear when convalescence set in, that he was invalided home. Cilla and Nellie were inconsolable, but Corney was jubilant, for he was to accompany the Captain as nurse, and the Mistress as general factotum.

It was shortly after Captain Heriot's assured safety that one day when his wife was toying with the locks already grown scanty on his forehead, and caressing the thin white hand lying listlessly on the coverlet, that he suddenly looked up and asked: "How long have I been ill, Love?"

"About six weeks, dear," she replied.

"How did the attack commence?"

"You took a severe cold," spoken evasively.

Just then Corney came in with some cards, and thinking himself a privileged individual, broke in with: "Ye were officer for the night, sir, and yer honour fell from the horse, and we didn't know how long ye laid there, but the misthress and me brought ye in and laid ye where ye've been lyin' iver since."

"Had I been on duty?" was the next anxious question.

"No, sir," came reluctantly from the lips of Corney, who was becoming conscious of his indiscretion.

"Who did it for me, then?"

"Faix, master, you and the wife are one, so in one way it was yersilf, so it was she that did it; and it was the worst night ye iver saw or iver will see; but sorra a man of thim fellows found her out." And with an irrepressible burst of triumph, the blundering servant retreated.

For a few moments nothing was said, but when she ventured to look at him, she saw the tears, evidencing his extreme weakness, slowly trickling down his emaciated face.

"O, my darling!" he moaned; "can it be that my sinful self-indulgence brought you to this? Forgive me, O, forgive me!"

"Don't speak of it," she said; "God has given you back to me, and I am so grateful, O, so grateful, for His mercy to us both."

It was some years after this that Esmond, now a Colonel, and Scott, now a Major, found them in another garrison together, and on the same intimate terms as formerly. Nellie shared in the renewal of the old friendships, for she had won her battle and married the man she would have called in those gushing days, "the delight of her life and the desire of her eyes."

It was after a cosy little dinner together that Major Scott remarked: "I say, Ralph, I saw the death of that pretty Mrs. Heriot in the English papers to-day. You know Heriot met his fate about a year ago, and now she has followed him. What a sweet creature she was. I remember you used to be so intimate with them, though I never was."

"Is she dead?" sadly responded the Colonel. "Well, if ever there was a saint on earth, she was one." After pausing to collect himself and steady his voice, he called his wife, and told her the sad news. Seeing how deeply it had affected her, when she became calmer he asked her to listen to something he had never told her, "a secret, Nell, that had to be kept, even from you."

"Perhaps you remember, Scott, the night you and I once spent in the guard-room in a certain city by the sea. I was on duty and you lounged in to keep me company on the last night of the old year. We quarreled over Nellie here, and I made a fool of myself, I think."

"I remember it well, and excuse me, old fellow, if I agree with you in your estimate of yourself on that occasion. I was half asleep; but this I know, you

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were all fire and fury until the guard was turned out, but you came back as uplifted as possible, all sweetness in speaking of the women you had been raging against; and I recollect also, now that you recall it, you had a look in your eyes that I could never account for, unless the spirit of the old year put in a bodily appearance and startled you."

"No, Scott, I had neither ghostly nor celestial visitors that night, but I had a vision of a fair woman, and as it can injure no one now that husband and wife have passed away, I will tell you about it."

So, in the hushed interlude, the simple tale was told, of how a brave soul rode out in the storm to save the man she loved from the disgrace of neglect of duty—neglect caused by weak indulgence in drink, from the slavery of which his wife's noble act soon won him, so that he became, before he died a soldier's death, a true and steadfast man.

C. F.



EASTER SONG.

THE shrunken snowheap lies aghast,
Beneath the drenching April rain,
Whose crystal droplets kiss the pane,
While soft winds moan the window past.

The pools increase in the meadow dips,
The freshets dash adown the vales,
The crusted winter's dying wails
Declare an end to the cold eclipse.

And the white light breaks from the white spring sky,
With life for the winter-cradled buds
Which burst to bathe in its silver floods,
And rise, new born, no more to die.

So break, my soul, thy winter's sleep
To bathe in the pure, immortal light
That ever shines upon the Right;
No more to doubt; no more to weep.

John T. Bryan.

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VICTORIA DAY.

THE celebration of Her Majesty's diamond jubilee by making the 24th of May a holiday in perpetuity under the name of Victoria Day, was first proposed in "The Canadian Magazine" for October, at the suggestion of the writer, and since then it appears that a somewhat similar suggestion has been made in England by Sir John Lubbock. The idea has received considerable attention in the newspapers, and seems to be the most feasible and the most fitting from a national point of view, and the most popular of the schemes laid before the public.

Many of the proposals have much merit, but from their philanthropic aspects are adapted rather to private than to national enterprise. Others are impracticable as involving the expenditure of large sums of money on museums and art galleries which would be of benefit rather to those of æsthetic tastes than to the public generally; while others, again, are fanciful, of which the suggestion to have the Canadian Parliament beg Her Majesty to further burden her declining years with the title of Queen of Canada is a fair example. Some clamour for speech-making and processions on the 21st of June; but these are things that last but for a moment. If they are desirable at all, then they might occur on each succeeding 24th of May, not only while the Queen lives, but during the time when her name shall be but a memory.

It is impossible to realize the loss there will be to our athletic and sporting interests generally which the absence of the May holiday will bring about; and the necessity of taking steps for its preservation, when such an excellent opportunity affords, should not be lost sight of. Every small boy is interested in the proposal, for as their fathers shouted:

> "Hip, hip, hurrah,
> For the Queen's Birthday!
> If you don't give us a holiday,
> We'll all run away,"

it would be hardly fair to deny their sons the privilege.

The present Parliament by legislation on the subject can endear its memory to lads of the twentieth century, and it may yet be known among them as "The Good Parliament."

There is no form of celebration which so appeals to young and old, rich and poor, as a holiday in early summer, and there can be no better method of keeping before posterity the great advances and the enormous progress during Her Majesty's reign than by establishing, as a perpetual holiday in Canada, Victoria Day.

It will be a lasting and pleasing memorial of our close relationship with the Mother Country, and of our share in the Greater Britain, which has been built in the last sixty years, as well as a tribute to the womanly qualities of her whom it is thus proposed to honour.

While Victoria Day would be as lasting as bronze or marble, it adds nothing to the national expense. It does not add even an extra holiday, until after such time as a new sovereign shall have ascended the throne. No distribution of political patronage or public funds would be entailed by the adoption of the idea by the nation. It would afford our children and ourselves a holiday at the most fitting season of the year for outdoor festivities; it would hand down the name of the greatest Queen-mother that the world has ever seen to a posterity that must be greatly benefited by the good that she has accomplished in her day and generation; and it would mark an age in the world's history which is akin to "the Golden Age," in which science and literature, art and commerce have made a progress too great to be, at present, properly estimated, and in which the doctrine of the brotherhood of man has come most nearly to realization.

The proposal will undoubtedly come up during the present session of the Dominion Parliament, and it is to be hoped that a statute fixing the 24th of May as a perpetual holiday under the title of "Victoria Day" will be passed.

G. E. McCraney.

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BY THE EDITOR.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

FOR the past year the Eastern Question has overshadowed all Europe, and even America has watched its development with much interest. The point to be borne in mind in all discussions of this question is that the five great powers of Europe are convinced that the forcible intervention of any one of these in Turkey would cause the dismemberment of that weak State, and that to divide the spoil satisfactorily would require a general European war. That Great Britain fears such a war, or, at least is not ready for it, is clearly proven by the refusal of Her Majesty's Government to, single-handed, coerce the wicked Sultan. It has consented to stand by and witness Armenian massacres which have curdled the blood of Christian peoples, and to watch without aiding the game struggles of the Greeks, which brought temporary hope to not a few. In spite of the strong imprecations of a united Christian press, in spite of an adverse desire on the part of the English-speaking people, the British Government has clung to the European concert, and refused to face the results of an armed coercion. As a result the Christian inhabitants of Turkey are still unprotected and Crete is still an island of sorrows and lamentations.

To go back to the 26th of August. On that day twenty-five Armenians raided the Ottoman Bank at Constantinople, and five of them were killed and five wounded; but their rash project in behalf of a suffering Christian people led to a massacre of some 6,000 Christians in that misgoverned city. Further, it caused an increased distrust of Great Britain among the nations of Europe, gave great power to the crack-brained Assassin that misrules at Constantinople, and precipitated further trouble in Crete. For a time it seemed that all Europe was to be armed against Great Britain, and that Britannia's supremacy was at last to be put to the test. Lord Rosebery declared that "there was a fixed and resolute agreement on the part of the Great Powers of Europe, all of them, or nearly all of them, to resist by force any single-handed intervention by England in the affairs of the East."

On November 9th Lord Salisbury made a speech in which he practically told the Continent that they might hold Great Britain in check, but that she would not conciliate the Great Powers by "splendid renunciations," that "Her Majesty's Government did not see in the present problems of the East any cause either for abandoning the policy which had hitherto been pursued, or for relinquishing a single acre of land that they at present occupied." Thus were allayed any doubts that France might have had with regard to an evacuation of Egypt, and that nation learned that the land of the Nile was to be given up only under

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a pressure which she (France) could not hope to bring to bear. The French people at once accepted this statement and the meaning that was apparently intended.

The Czar visited England and France, but it seems doubtful if anything was gained beyond perhaps a better understanding of each nation's position. The prospect of an armed continent against Great Britain faded slowly away as the last months of the year passed. There were no events to mark this with any certainty, but the course of diplomatic intercourse appeared to be more smooth, and the continental press became less and less aggressive and insulting. Yet there was no hope that Russia intended to change her policy and assist in reforming the East. Her policy was seemingly less hostile, but it had not wholly veered round to the British view.

With the opening of February, came a fresh outbreak in Crete. Last year, the Concert proposed certain reforms in the Island which the Sultan accepted. There was to be an international *gendarmerie* under the control of a European officer, whose duty it would be to see that the Christian two-thirds of the population lived peaceably with the Mohammedan one-third. The towns were the scenes of massacres, and the Christians, who are less numerous there, seem to have had the worst of it. At any rate, anarchy was restored before the Concert's reforms had been well carried out. On February 7th, the Greek fleet was sent to Crete, and on February 13th, King George's aide-de-camp, Colonel Vassos, landed near Canea, with 2,000 troops. He is now entrenched in the central part of the Island. The towns are at present occupied by the troops of the Concert, and their war-vessels are blockading the ports. King George and the Greeks are ready for war against Turkey on the mainland, and Colonel Vassos floats his flag defiantly in the centre of Crete.

Great Britain still clings loyally to the Concert, at least her Government does, and the people praise, doubt or blame according to their varying point of view. She has laboured long to preserve peace, and to bring the nations of Europe to view Turkish misrule as she views it. It is undoubtedly because progress has been made in this direction that Lord Salisbury clings to the Concert, even when his sympathy is with Greece. He has succeeded in getting the Concert, and therefore Turkey, to agree to a form of autonomy for Crete, but this Greece refuses to accept, declaring that as Crete has asked for union with Greece, the cry cannot, in the interests of humanity, be disregarded.

To sum up, it would seem that for over a year, Lord Salisbury, backed up as he must be by the best opinion in Great Britain, has laboured hard to bring the European Concert to settle the Eastern Question by demanding and insisting upon immediate and radical reform in the Turkish dominions. At times, he has seemed to be on the point of failing, but again he seems to have almost gained what civilization, humanity and organized society are pressing him to demand. Greece has not been content to await this peaceful settlement, and has interfered by a raid which must seemingly result as did that ill-timed and ill-judged attack in South Africa. Whether there is a peaceful solution for this Eastern Question remains to be seen.

THE CANADIAN TARIFF.

The leading daily newspapers supporting Mr. Laurier have announced that Canada is to have very much the same tariff under Liberal rule as under Conservative, and that means that we are to have no tariff reduction at present. Since 1878, Canada's tax on imported goods, such as were taxed, has averaged between thirty and thirty-five per cent. This is to be maintained.

The session of the Dominion Parliament which opened last week will, therefore, be rather unimportant. A new railway policy, some minor changes in the tariff, and a great deal of useless

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talking will be the main features. The Manitoba School Question is settled, and it is not likely that any serious discussion will take place in this country until after the Ablegate sent by the Pope to investigate the merits of the Settlement shall have made his report to Rome, and the same shall have been there considered. At present the Settlement settles, and Rome's decision is the only power which is likely to bring back the School Question into the arena of party politics. Perhaps the politic course for Rome to pursue would be to give the question "the six months' hoist" as soon as the Ablegate has reported. Otherwise there will be a storm in Canada, the consequences of which would not be pleasant.

But to return to the tariff. The Toronto *Globe* of March 24th gives some reasons why the Liberal party has seen fit to change from a tariff reform to a protection policy. That important Liberal journal points out that to reduce the duties on goods coming into Canada from the United States without any corresponding reduction by the latter country would be a poor bargain; that several attempts have been made to induce the authorities at Washington to negotiate a new reciprocity treaty, but without success; that there is only one way to convince the United States that free-trade on the North American continent would be beneficial to them, and that is by allowing them to "obtain that conviction through the logic of events, and especially by perceiving that the more they raise the wall against us the more they throw us upon our own resources and drive external trade into another channel where it is altogether likely to remain."

The Liberals thus declare that their recent efforts to negotiate a treaty at Washington have failed, and that they as a party have reached the point where the true Britisher quits, and waits for the other person concerned to say or do something. They avow their allegiance to Canada and Canadian interests, declare that the welfare of Canada's industrial life is their first concern, and that they will not humble the pride of this young nation before any foreign power, however great. They uphold their free-trade views, but declare that the ideal trade relations cannot be obtained so long as other countries with which Canada does the bulk of her trading declare themselves adverse. Surely, this view may be considered both reasonable and practical.

At first sight, this change of tariff policy may seem to make the Liberal and Conservative parties identical. True, they will be more alike than the two corresponding parties in the United States, but not more alike than those in Great Britain. There still remains the difference in party sentiment, in party organization, and in historical associations. These will be sufficient to keep them apart and to preserve the present system of party government. Both are alike now, in that neither has any possible ground for denying that the other does not believe in "Canada First."

SHOULD OUR LITERATURE BE CANADIAN?

At the recent literary banquet in Toronto, one of the speakers remarked that he was not in favour of cultivating a Canadian literature, nor a Canadian art, but he approved of the cultivation of literature and art. The meaning to be attached to this statement is, apparently, that our literature and our art should be tested, tried and proven by the standards of the world rather than by any standards which we ourselves might erect, that there should be no narrow provincialism in our literary and artistic productions, but that we should be cosmopolitan in style, quality and matter.

This idea is hardly feasible. In the first place, we have a history which differs very materially from that of any other nation. We have a share in the history of Great Britain of the early and middle ages; but since the sixteenth century we have an addendum distinctly our own. It influences our lives, our thoughts and our institutions, and, consequently, it influences the literature

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produced in this country; and just so far as it does this, we have a literature which, by reason of its special character, must be designated Canadian.

In the second place, the people of Canada differ from the people of any other country in the world. The fisherman, the lumberman, and the agriculturist of the maritime Provinces, the habitan and the mill hand of Quebec, the scientist farmer of Ontario, the rough-and-ready trader and adventurer of the North West—are these duplicated in any other place in the world? Their modes of life, their standards of living, their habits and general characteristics mark them out as a separate and a peculiar people.

Again, nature presents to the people of Canada a face which is unlike the face she presents to any other of the world's nations. The pine, the maple, the beaver—are not these exclusively ours? Other nations may have flowers and trees and animals, but they are not Canadian; they may have an autumn of their own, but they can never have one similar or equal to ours; they may have rivers and lakes, but they have no Canadian rafts and Canadian canoes. If nature, then, differs in these respects, how can the Canadian representation of her and her glories be the same as the representation by the master hands of another nation?

If a Canadian travels on the trains that run through the United States he can easily select from his unknown travelling companions any individual from Canada. Even in the districts of the United States, where Canadians are often found, the residents of the United States will very quickly pick out one of these "invaders from the north." Education, history, natural conditions and mode of life have made the Canadians a peculiar people, and as a consequence the literature of that people must also be peculiar; for literature is but a reflection and a criticism of the life of the people by whom it is produced.

It is doubtful whether we have a Canadian literature as yet. We have a number of histories, poems and pieces of fiction which could not have been written outside of Canada; but we have a still greater number of poems and novels that might have been written anywhere in the French or English-speaking worlds. Literature rests on tradition and on the books of past ages; consequently, for some time to come, Canada's literature must rest upon the traditions and books of France and Great Britain, and Canadian authors must continue to draw inspiration from Shakespere, Milton, Carlyle, Scott and Dickens; from Madame de Stael, Chateaubriand, Hugo, Dumas and George Sand. But as time goes on, the literature produced in this country will grow less and less like that of any other country, though still resembling all of them.

We will then have a Canadian literature, although our standard of style, quality, excellence, must always be the standard of the world's best literary work. While thus producing something distinctively our own, it must be fully equal in quality, though different in matter, to that produced by other nations. No writing that is Canadian must be called Canadian literature unless in quality it is equal to the writings of the world's best authors. Our anxiety to have something exclusively our own must not lead us to be satisfied with anything that is second-class.

And what has been said of literature must also be true of art.

IMPERIAL HONOURS.

But three living Canadians hold peerages of the British realm: Lord Aylmer, of Melbourne, Quebec; Rt. Hon. Lady Macdonald, of Earnscliffe, widow of the late Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, of Earnscliffe, Ottawa, Ont.; and Lord Mount-Stephen, formerly of Montreal, now of Brockett Hall, Hartfield, Herts, England. Lord Aylmer is the seventh baron of a peerage created in 1718 in Ireland. Lady Macdonald and Lord Mount-Stephen received their honours in 1891.

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There has been one "Canadian Peer" since 1880, the only Canadian hereditary title existing. This is borne by Charles Comor Grant, seventh Baron de Longueuil, who succeeded to the honour in 1879. His present residence is at Birchwood, Pitlochry, Scotland.

There are five Canadian baronets: Sir William Johnson (4th baronet) of St. Matthias, near Montreal; Sir Frederick Arnold Robinson (3rd baronet) of Toronto; Sir William Rose (2nd baronet), now living at 18 St. James' Square, London, England; Sir Charles James Stuart, son of the late Chief Justice Stuart, of Lower Canada, now resident at 98 Eaton Square, London, Eng.; and Hon. Sir Charles Tupper, of Ottawa.

Of Knights, we possess twenty-nine, of which the following is a correct list: Sir John Campbell Allen, Fredericton; Hon. Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Belleville; Sir Roderick William Cameron, Staten Island, New York; Hon. Sir John Carling, London; Sir A. P. Caron, Ottawa; Hon. Sir R. J. Cartwright, Kingston; Sir Louis E. N. Casault, Quebec; Hon. Sir J. Adolphe Chapleau, Quebec; Hon. Sir Henry P. L. Crease, Victoria; Sir J. William Dawson, Montreal; Hon. Sir Thomas Galt, Toronto; Sir James A. Grant, Ottawa; Col. Sir Casimir S. Gzowski, Toronto; Sir Arthur L. Haliburton, London, Eng.; Sir Joseph Hickson, Montreal; Sir William H. Hingston, Montreal; Sir William P. Howland, Toronto; Sir Henri G. Joly De Lotbiniere, Ottawa; Sir Alexander Lacoste, Montreal; Sir Hector L. Langevin, Quebec; Sir James M. Lemoine, Quebec; Sir William Ralph Meredith, Toronto; Hon. Sir Oliver Mowat, Toronto; Sir Donald A. Smith, Montreal; Hon. Sir Frank Smith, Toronto; Hon. Sir Samuel Henry Strong, Ottawa; Sir Joseph William Trutch, Victoria; Hon. Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, Ottawa; Sir William C. Van Horne, Montreal.

In the Companionage, we have twenty-six persons: J. G. Bourinot, Major-Gen. D. R. Cameron, Lieut.-Col. Brown Chamberlin, J. G. Colmer, Col. John Geo. Dartnell, Geo. M. Dawson, Hon. C. E. B. De Boucherville, Major H. G. Elliot, Hector Fabre, Sandford Fleming, Lieut.-Col. John Fletcher, Hon. J. R. Gowan, W. H. Griffin, M. B. Irvine, Major-Gen. S. T. J. Jarvis, T. C. Keefer, Hon. W. McDougall, Lt.-Col. A. McEachren, A. B. Milne, Surgeon-Gen. H. T. Reade, Surgeon-Major Gen. John By Cole Reade, Major-Gen. C. W. Robinson, Collingwood Schreiber, A. R. C. Selwyn and Vice-Admiral E. W. Vansittart.

Any reader desiring fuller information concerning any one of the foregoing honourable persons will find it in the "Canadian Parliamentary Companion, 1897," edited by J. A. Gemmill, and published by J. Durie & Son, Ottawa.

LEGISLATIVE COUNCILLORS.

Section 69 of the British North America Act enacts that the Legislature of Ontario shall consist of the Lieutenant-Governor and of One House; there is therefore no legislative council. Prince Edward Island has an elective legislative council which it has several times tried to abolish. Manitoba abolished its legislative council in 1876, and British Columbia dispensed with a similar organization when she entered the Dominion in 1871. New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Quebec still have Crown-appointed legislative councils.

On May 20th, 1896, at a meeting of the Royal Society of Canada, J. G. Bourinot, C. M. G., LL. D., read a paper on "The Constitution of the Legislative Council of Nova Scotia," which has now been published. He gives a historical review of this, the oldest legislative body in Canada, and shows the legal and constitutional conditions under which its members hold office. The work done in this direction, by Mr. Bourinot, is important, as showing that—in his view—there is but one way of abolishing the Legislative Council of Nova Scotia.

He finds three well-defined periods in the constitutional history of Nova Scotia:

1. From 1719 to 1758, when the governor and council, with executive

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and legislative powers, alone carried on the government.

2. From 1758 until 1838, when the government was in the hands of a governor, a council with legislative and executive functions, and an assembly elected by the people.

3. From 1838 to 1867, when the government was entrusted to a governor, an executive council, a legislative council and an assembly; and the province obtained the concession of responsible government.

During the first two periods, the members of the legislative council could not be dismissed or suspended arbitrarily or without cause. The Crown, through the governors, kept the right of the councillors intact, and they held office during the pleasure of the Crown. The power of suspension or dismissal was in reserve, though seldom exercised.

During the third period, the theory was, at first, practically the same, but "there had grown up a sentiment in the maritime provinces, with the desire for responsible and self-government, that legislative councils should have such guarantees of stability as had been given by statute to the members of the councils in Canada." That is, the legislative councillors should hold office for life (*i.e.*, good behaviour), and not at the sovereign's pleasure. New Brunswick Legislative Council had asked for the same privilege in 1844, and Lord Stanley had replied on 23rd of August, 1844, to the effect that Her Majesty had not seen fit to accede to the request. Nova Scotia asked for the privilege in 1845, and it was practically granted by the Colonial Secretary of the day, Lord Stanley—afterwards the Earl of Derby, Premier of England—in a despatch to Lord Falkland. He concluded his communication by saying: "We think that the same or similar rules ought to be introduced into Nova Scotia, as a necessary accompaniment of the proposed alteration in the tenure of the office of a legislative councillor. On these terms your lordship will understand that Her Majesty would be prepared to accede to the suggested change in that tenure."

This change was duly acknowledged by the Nova Scotia Legislative Council in an address to the Lieutenant-Governor in 1846, and from that date a legislative councillor held his office for life, subject to the rules laid down with respect to disqualification for bankruptcy, crime, and non-attendance.

Mr. Bourinot thus reaches the conclusion that as, since the B. N. A. Act of 1867, the Nova Scotia Legislature (lieutenant-governor, council and assembly), is the only power that can alter the constitution of that province (sec. 92, sub-sec. 1, and Hodge *vs.* The Queen, Appeal Cases 117), it alone has the power to abolish the legislative council of the province; and that even the Crown cannot, under existing law, accomplish the abolition. Under these circumstances, it would seem that the Nova Scotia Legislative Council will remain in existence until such time as it may see fit to abolish itself.

EXCESSIVE NEWSPAPER AND NOVEL READING.

A man of great intellectual vigour declared not long ago that he had foresworn newspaper and novel reading and taken up the stiffest kind of metaphysics, because he found he was losing the habit of prolonged attention. Too much newspaper and novel reading had begun to show their evil effects, writes Hamilton M. Mabie in *Current Literature*. It is a serious question whether the ability to hold the mind to one line of thought has not been diminished by the inconsequence and frivolity of too much of the matter which appears in the average newspaper. As a rule, men who do serious intellectual work give a very limited amount of time to the newspaper, and read novels—apart, of course, from the masterpieces—as a recreation. Brightness, cleverness and quickness are very entertaining when one is dealing in a discursive fashion with a variety of unrelated subjects; but when it comes to real grappling

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"HE CRAVES A CHANGE OF FARE."
(A Cartoon by S. Hunter.)



MR. CONSTANT READER:—"Well, 'pon my word, I am getting a little bit weary of fowl for breakfast, dinner and supper for a straight month."

with any question or subject one ounce of concentration is worth a pound of versatility.

This is one reason why so few people relatively read the great books. With such uncalculated resources within reach it seems strange that the half-dozen of books of the first class should remain closed to an innumerable company who have only to put out their hands to possess them. The explanation lies in the fact that these great books make certain demands on their readers, and that the great majority of those who read are not willing to put forth any energy. They do not expect to co-operate with a writer; they expect to be diverted or carried along by him. Nothing which goes below the surface of the mind awakens any response in them, because they have never developed the power of attention; or, if they have possessed it, they have lost it by too much desultory and discursive reading. Such readers have lost the faculty of following a line of thought.

The newspaper disperses attention, so to speak, over a wide field by presenting a great number of subjects on the same plane of interest; the average novel relieves the mind of any necessity of co-operating with the writer; it asks the reader to be entirely passive; to sit on a cushioned seat at the stern while another rows the boat. No wise man will leave his newspaper unread; and no man who cares for literature or who needs diversion will put the novel out of his library. The trouble with the newspaper is that we give it too much time; and the trouble with the novel is that it is generally without literary quality, and that we read it too often. The great novels, being literature, cannot be read too frequently; they demand something of the reader; they do not pauperize him intellectually by giving without exacting a return. Readers who have accustomed themselves to habitual reading of inferior stories find Henry Esmond dull, and The Cloister and the Hearth prolix. To such readers, Wilhelm Meister and On the Heights are stretches of arid sand. They care for nothing which they cannot possess by merely glancing at the page.

John A. Cooper.

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THE FORGE IN THE FOREST.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS' excellence does not lie in his creative faculty, although he can create. His poetry has shown his limitations in this respect. His merit, whatever its degree, lies rather in his careful artistic training. He has studied poetry and prose, with all their attendant arts. He chooses always the right word, the best phrase, the proper construction; not a detail of his work but receives the closest scrutiny. He polishes every sentence with the utmost care, and every piece of work is thus as finished and as smooth as a good workman can make it. But, to my mind, he lacks the power which marks out an epoch-making writer. He will always be one of a class—although a rather high class.

After I read his new book "The Forge in the Forest," I began to look up what the critics were saying so as to get my cue—I always do that. I found that *The Bookman* says:

"Let us give it a hearty welcome, and assure our readers that it is a story to shake the torpor from the brain and to keep the soul alive. It is charged with romance, and works like wine . . . . . he has written a story that will repeat itself in our dreams for many a long day. The 'Forge in the Forest' is destined to an enviable popularity."

Some time last summer this same New York publication, in speaking of two books by Roberts and Scott, took occasion to remark:

"We wonder how long the poets will be in finding out that qualities which make poets may not make dramatists or tellers of stories . . . . 'Earth's Enigmas' and 'In the Village of Viger' are very well as experiments in prose . . . . which amounts to saying: Let Professor Roberts and Mr. Scott keep to verse and continue to rejoice us."

What a change in one short year! What a stern unbending standard of criticisim they must have in New York!

Yet perhaps the change in attitude is, to some extent, justifiable. "The Forge in the Forest" is the best piece of prose work that Charles G. D. Roberts has done—although that is not saying a great deal. His previous work possessed undoubted merit, but it was decidedly, undeniably flat. The drama, the intense feeling at a supreme moment, the tragedy of events were weakly handled. The themes were well chosen, the descriptions were magnificent, the colouring excellent—but there his power ended. In this new book, however, he seems to have overcome, to a small extent, this defect, this lack of power. Yet his description of "The Fight at Grand Pré" is exceedingly weak. M. J. Katzmann Lawson has given us a rather strong poetical picture of it; others have described it in all its details, and Roberts should have outdone them all. But he has failed. On the success of the attack might have rested some important step in the story, as there did on the Battle of the Plains of Abraham in the "Seats of the Mighty." But Roberts is not Parker, although they have similar weaknesses.

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The story is laid in the stormy days of Acadian history, a few years before the unfortunate expulsion of the tempest-tossed Acadians. The hero is Seigneur de Briart, a man true to the French cause, and as chivalrous as the best Frenchman of the early eighteenth century. The scene of the story is laid in the region about Grand Pré and Blomidon, a district which is watered by the storied Gaspereau and its four sister streams. De Briart crossed a cunning priest, the Black Abbé, and as a consequence is led into some strange adventures. A fantastic madman called Grul gives a pleasing mysticism to certain of the events. The two English ladies introduced are very interesting.

On the whole, the book may be safely recommended as one of the best of recent Canadian novels. Mr. Roberts knows the district thoroughly and has added the historic and the place interests to a rather delightful romance. Canadians, especially, will appreciate his piece of painstaking work.

The New York *Independent* says that it "is a romance pure and simple, told with quaint grace and diction. The characters are, most of them, Acadian creoles, and the main incidents of the story have a pleasing, melodramatic effect. Mr. Roberts' skill as a tale-teller shows well in the handling of scenes which, if presented less cleverly, would have been too savagely bloody for the taste of refined readers." The New York *Sun* remarks: "Mr. Roberts has woven his materials into a very charming romance." The *Tribune* says: "He has a naiveté which argues inexperience in the writing of fiction like this, yet the story takes hold of the reader with the force of a much more mature production . . . following the instinct of the old masters he has sought to make his men real characters, and to wrap them all in the glamour of the Acadian Peninsula." These comments will give the reader an inkling of the opinions of book reviewers who, unlike those on *The Bookman*, had nothing to retract and consequently less likely to go to extremes.

The book has a rather pretty cover design, a useful map and seven full-page illustrations. The publisher, Wm. Briggs, Toronto, is to be congratulated on the excellence of his work.

J. A. C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Devil's Dice," by William Le Queux,* has its character fully indicated by its title. It is an English story, although opening in Paris, and deals with a great mystery in which a young man, while unconscious, is married to a woman who dies as the ceremony ends, a young millionaire is wounded by an unknown hand, and other equally startling events occur in rapid succession. Yet the story is exceedingly pleasing, the climax being well worked up and the reader's interest well sustained until the denouement is reached. The author's treatment of some strong happenings is such that they are neither forbidding nor ghoulish.

At times the sentiment is somewhat strained, as on the first page, where the teller of his life's story is made to say: "My gaze has been lost in the azure immensity of a woman's eyes." Again, the events are not always those most usual or most natural; but then the world has condoned these faults in Anthony Hope, and why not in William Le Queux? The story is written for the great body of novel readers, and most of them will find it enjoyable.

Australia is supposed to have bees that have no sting, birds that have no song, flowers without perfume, fruits without flavour, animals that bear their young outside, cuckoos that sing only at night, cherries that grow inside their

* Bell's Indian and Colonial Library. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

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own stones, oysters that grow on trees, and trees that shed their bark instead of their leaves. To a great measure this is true, but not absolutely. Frederick S. Aflalo, in a recent work* on Australian natural history, states that "some of the birds sing remarkably well, some flowers are sweet smelling, some fruits of agreeable flavour, though of the majority in each case the verdict is unquestionably a just one. The animals do not bear their young in the pouch, but convey them to that convenient receptacle immediately after birth . . . finally, while the bark, and not the leaves, of Australian trees is deciduous, it is the thin outer bark only, and not the entire covering that peels off.

This book is extremely interesting, as an account of the natural history of "a fossil continent, a land which, long since cut off from the rest of the earth, has developed certain types of plants and animals peculiarly its own; a country that has now reached a stage of development at which, roughly speaking, Europe had already arrived centuries ago."

Its mammals are very extraordinary, being divided into three classes: 1. Placentals, including dingos, rodents, bats, dugongs, whales and seals; 2. Marsupials, including kangaroos, wallabies, opossums, koolas, flying squirrels, wombats, bandicoots, dasyures, pouched moles, etc.; 3. Montremes, including the duck-billed platypus and the echidnas. The latter are the very lowest creatures in the mammalian scale, and the author thinks they will ultimately be classed separately. The birds, reptiles, batrachians, fishes and invertebrates are also fully described and scientifically classified. There are a number of helpful illustrations.

"Palladia," by Mrs. Hugh Fraser,† reminded me very much of "The Prisoner of Zenda." The dialogue is not so sparkling and quick-moving as that of Anthony Hope, but there is more soul in the tale. Palladia is a twenty-year-old princess, living in retirement in her father's castle, the old Schaumburg Schloss. Having arrived at years of maturity, her father, the Prince of Schaumburg, decides that she shall be married and betrothes her without her knowledge or consent. The Grand Duke of Carinthia is to be the bridegroom, he being in need of a wife at that time. A sudden, secret marriage—most romantic in its attendant circumstances—takes place at the castle, and is followed by a greater ceremony, a few weeks later, at the young Prince's castle at Sombrudja. After the ceremony, and while the wedding feast is in progress, a dynamite explosion shakes the palace, and Palladia's sister, the young Princess Saya, is fatally injured. These untoward events keep the newly-married pair apart, and there are strained relations. The young wife is taken south to recover from her shock, and finally visits England. Here her husband goes to bring her back, and, while there, is killed. Palladia returns to her late husband's dukedom and is put on trial as his murderer.

It is a striking story with many striking characters. Old Count Mouravieff and his sister Demetria are two arch schemers whose actions serve to bring out the undertones of Court life in small principalities. The Shah Jehaugire, a barbarian on a visit to England at the time of Palladia's stay there, adds the necessary light humour to a part of the story. Colonel Denzil, who has charge of the Eastern Prince, is to a great extent the hero of the book, although the author never allows him to overshadow Palladia.

There are some beautiful passages in the book, and the one at the close of Chapter V., where the author rebuts the idea that life is either a thread or a lake,

*A Sketch of the Natural History of Australia, with Some Notes on Sport, by F. G. Aflalo: Macmillan's Colonial Library; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

† Macmillan's Colonial Library; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

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and explains that it is "a daily journey for daily bread and breath, for body's life—for soul's breath . . . " and then goes on to elucidate this fully by means of a beautiful simile. This passage impressed me more than anything that has come under my notice for a long time. It was artistic—grand—noble, and its author won my heart at once. There are many other parts equally strong, though much different in character, thus showing Mrs. Fraser to be no narrow artist.

"The History of The Holy Dead," by James M. Gray, D.D., Philadelphia, is published at 25 cents by the Fleming H. Revell Co., Toronto.

"Hero Tales from Sacred Story,"* is the title of the Rev. Louis Albert Bank's latest book. It consists of a series of eighteen Bible stories, clothed in modern language so that they appeal very strongly to our nineteenth century sense of appreciation. Each story is complete in itself and are so entertainingly put that they cannot fail to attract and hold the attention of youthful readers, a fact which of itself ought to warrant for the book a warm reception. Under the heading "The Sword Captured from the Giant," we have the old story of David and Goliath, and the chapter entitled "A Mark for the Archers," contains the story of Joseph, and so on in this new and fascinating setting we have brought before our minds once more the familiar stories of the many noble and inspiring deeds from the time of Samson to the days of Paul.

The book is handsomely bound and illustrated, the cover design being by George Wharton Edwards, and the illustrations half-tone plates from famous modern paintings and sculpture.

Nemo.

THE MYSTERY OF A BOOK.

Many persons have read with interest Zangwill's "The Master." A friend who summered with me last season on the shores of Minas Basin, was reading the book. When about a third of it was read she deliberately said: "This book was written by Mr. Hutchinson" (a former missionary from Nova Scotia to India, and now residing in London). She had years ago read a book written by Mr. Hutchinson, published while he was in India. She declared the style and life quality of "The Master" to be markedly kindred with that of Mr. Hutchinson's book. The description, too, of the life and physical features about the northern shores of Minas Basin and Cobequid Bay she declared could have been written only by one personally familiar with them. Some weeks later, a Judge of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia said to me: "Zangwill's Master was never written by an Englishman, for the 'swearing out of jail,' referred to in the story, was under a law peculiar to Nova Scotia. I have recently learned on trustworthy authority that Mr. George Hutchinson, the artist, resident in London, and a brother of the one-time missionary, visited Cobequid Bay last summer. He had with him a copy of "The Master" inscribed: "To my dear friend, George Hutchinson, from I. Zangwill." The illustrations of the book were supplied by him, and the work itself is supposed to be a history of George Hutchinson's own life. He left Nova Scotia when a lad, for London. But what about the first statement so deliberately made by the lady referred to above? Several psychological questions, in fact, suggest themselves.

T. H. R.

* "Hero Tales from Sacred Story," by Louis Albert Banks, D.D. 12 mo. cloth, illustrated, gilt top, 295 p.p. Price $1.50. New York, London and Toronto; Funk & Wagnalls Co.

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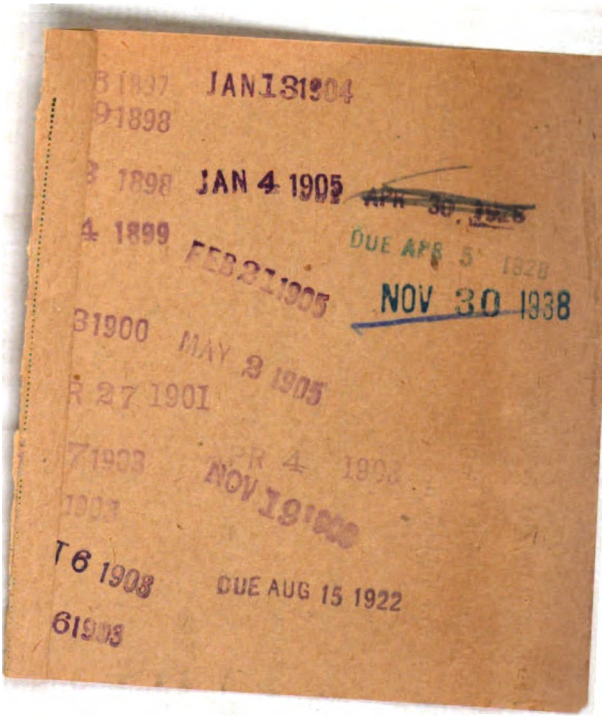
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